The Outlook

Volume 79 Saturday, January 7, 1905 Number 1

CONTENTS

THE WEEK

Political Chaos in Colorado 1
The Southern Vote in National Elections... 1
New York and Its Senator................ 3
Advertising on the Highways and in the Subway 3
The United States vs. a Paper Trust...... 5
The Pennsylvania-Western Union Decision.. 6
The Cotton Situation..................... 7
The Japanese at Port Arthur 8
Greek in the English Universities.......... 8
Christian Union in Canada................. 9
The Christmas Festival at Bethlehem...... 10
Aid for Children......................... 10
Forestry in New Hampshire 11

EDITORIALS

Reduction of Southern Representation in Congress 11
The Czar's Answer...................... 15
"As His Master"........................ 17
The Spectator........................... 18

CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES

A Parliament of Nations.................. 21
By Hayne Davis
Winter (Poem) 29
By Test Dalton
Election Traction and its Rivalry with Steam 31
By George Iles
The Bell (Poem) 40
By Louise Morgan Sill
The New Indian Commissioner............ 41
Portrait and Sketch
The Commanders at Port Arthur.......... 43
Portraits and Sketches
Gibraltar, The Mountain of Tarek......... 45
By Charles Wellington Furlong
The Prime Minister of Canada............ 55
Portrait and Sketch
The Man Beethoven...................... 57
By Daniel Gregory Mason
A New Year's Wish (Poem)............. 62
By Edith Livingston Smith
The Inner Life in German Sculpture....... 63
By Kuno Francke
A Morning Pledge (Poem)............... 71
By Charles P. Cleaves
The Burning of the Peggy Stewart........ 73
By Charles de Kay
Prince Peter Sviatopolk-Mirsky............ 77
Portait and Sketch
Katharine Bereshkovsky: A Russian Revolutionist................................ 78
By Ernest Poole
The Pot on the Fire 88
By Edith Rickert
BOOKS OF THE WEEK.............. 94

THE OUTLOOK is a Weekly Newspaper and an Illustrated Monthly Magazine in one. It is published every Saturday—fifty-two issues a year. The first issue in each month is an Illustrated Magazine Number, containing about twice as many pages as the regular weekly issue, and many pictures.

PRICE.—The subscription price is Three Dollars a year, payable in advance. Ten cents a copy.

POSTAGE IS PREPAID by the publishers for all subscriptions in the United States, Hawaiian Islands, Philippine Islands, Guam, Porto Rico, Tutuila Samoa, Shanghai, Canal Zone, Cuba, Canada, and Mexico. For all other countries in the Postal Union add $1.56 for postage.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—When a change of address is ordered, both the new and the old address must be given. The notice should be sent one week before the change is to take effect.

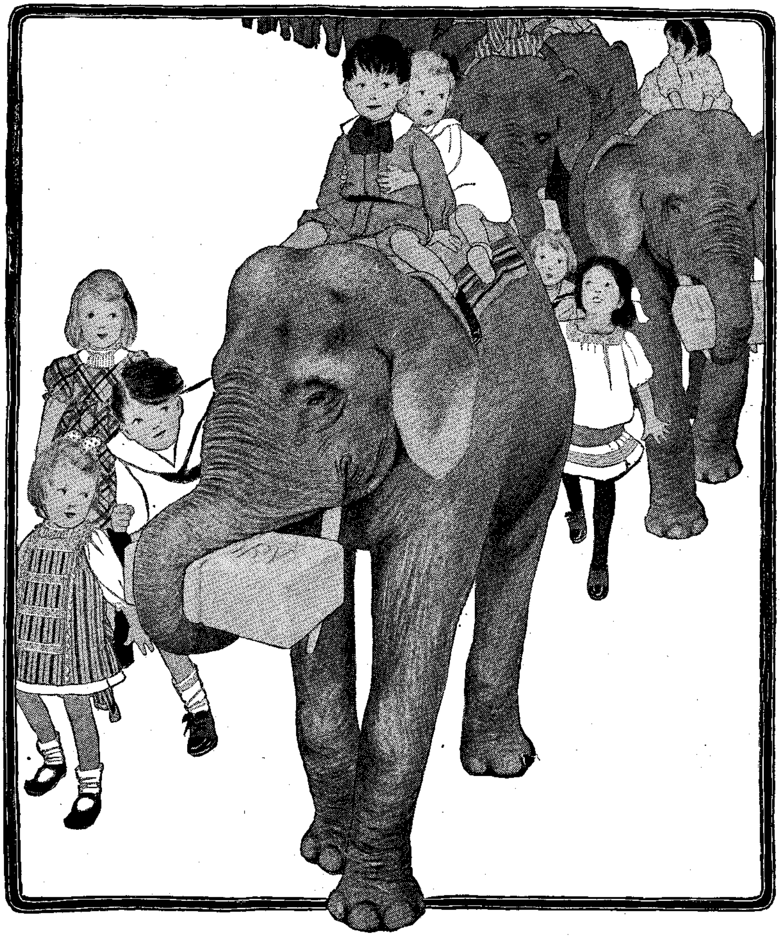
DISCONTINUANCES.—If a subscriber wishes his copy of the paper discontinued at the expiration of his subscription, notice to that effect should be sent. Otherwise it is assumed that a continuance of the subscription is desired.

HOW TO REMIT.—Remittances should be sent by Draft on New York, Express-Order, or Money-Order, payable to order of THE OUTLOOK COMPANY. Cash should be sent in Registered Letter.

LETTERS should be addressed:

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY
Chicago Office, 1436 Marquette Building
287 Fourth Avenue, New York

Copyright, 1905, by The Outlook Company. Entered as second-class matter in the New York Post-Office.



What makes this beast so reconciled
To be the friend of every child?
Why, 'tis because his trunk is packed
With IVORY SOAP, and he'll not act
As once he did in Timbuctoo
When ivory tusks (not soap) he grew;
For now he's clean, he's tame and kind.
The moral is not hard to find—
He holds it in his trunk up-curled:
'Tis IVORY SOAP, for all the world.

IT FLOATS.

A WORD OF WARNING.—There are many white soaps, each represented to be "just as good as the Ivory"; they are not, but like all imitations, they lack the peculiar and remarkable qualities of the genuine. Ask for Ivory Soap and insist upon getting it.

The Outlook

SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1905

Political Chaos in Colorado

The State of Colorado is still suffering the consequences of the long period of social and political disorder which has existed in that State. It was generally supposed that in the November gubernatorial election the Democratic candidate, Alva Adams, was chosen Governor and that Governor Peabody was defeated for re-election. There is, however, a serious contest which is now before the courts and is not yet settled. The Republicans accuse the Democrats of wholesale corruption and fraud, and the Democrats make similar accusations against the Republicans. The courts are now issuing writs and rendering decisions which the canvassing board and other officers are evading, and there is a general taint of lawlessness in the political atmosphere of the State. What the final decision of the courts will be it is at the moment impossible to tell. Despatches to the newspapers indicate that Governor Peabody is going to issue a message as though he were elected. A telegram to so influential a Republican journal as the New York "Tribune," however, speaks of Alva Adams as the Democratic Governor-elect. The most hopeful and clarifying statement which has so far come out of this political confusion is one issued last week by Mr. Adams:

> I have no question about my election by substantially the majority reported on the face of the returns. I believe if the frauds in outside counties could be unearthed my honest majority would amount to 20,000. *But I want no tainted seat. It is of far greater importance that extensive election frauds be unearthed and punished than that I or any other particular individual should be sworn in as Governor.*
>
> I don't know who committed the alleged frauds in Denver. I know nearly thirty men are in jail ostensibly for contempt of court, but really charged with election crimes. If they are of the character reported, I feel assured that there are men at liberty far more deserving of jail than those who are incarcerated. I feel that some of those in jail have been unjustly dealt with. But be that as it may, I want this investigation made; I want it to extend from the head to the foot, and I want the truth known.

If Mr. Adams is declared the Governor by the courts, and can inspire his administration and his fellow-citizens with the belief which he thus so well expresses, his election will have been well worth while.

❀

The Southern Vote in National Elections

Whatever theories we may hold regarding the disfranchisement of large groups of citizens in certain Southern States—whether such disfranchisement be regarded as an unmixed evil, as a necessary evil, or as a well-ordered working out of sane concessions to the highest form of political expediency—this at least is true: there is now and has long been a marked disparity between the vote cast in National elections by these Southern States and the vote cast by Northern and Western States of corresponding rank. Nor can this disparity be laid wholly to negro disfranchisement. In more than one State of the South the white vote is itself relatively small—in a few cases almost insignificant—as compared with the white vote of Northern States. In the accompanying table, the vote of each Southern State at the last Presidential election is compared with the vote of the Northern or Western State which approaches it most closely in population and in Congressional representation. It is shown, for example, that Alabama, which ranks eighteenth in population among the States of the Union, cast a total vote of 108,855 at the recent election, while Minnesota, which ranks nineteenth, rolled up a vote of 292,870. In other words, Minnesota sent one voter to the polls for every six of her total population; Alabama sent one for every seventeen. If, on the other hand, the entire colored population of Alabama be disregarded, and her million white inhabitants be accepted as the basis for comparison with Minnesota's million and three-quarters, it will be found that Alabama's ratio of voters to white population is one to nine, as against Minnesota's one to six. Alabama has no constitutional disqualification for illiteracy. In Louisiana, South Carolina, and Mississippi—States which have such a disqualification—the ratios are, respectively, one to twenty-five, one to twenty-four, and one to twenty-seven. California ranks next below Mississippi among the States, and has the same number of Representatives in Congress; the ratio of her vote to her population is as one to four and one-half. Mississippi has a negro population of 907,630, and a white population of only 641,200. Disregard her colored population altogether, as we did Alabama's, and her ratio is as one to eleven. Mississippi casts an average of 7,280 votes in each of her eight Congressional districts; California casts 41,443 in each of hers. In the border States of Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri we find a wholly different set of conditions. The vote of each of those commonwealths was heavier, in proportion to population, than the vote of Massachusetts, Kentucky's vote corresponding closely with Wisconsin's and Maryland's with Nebraska's. It should be remembered in this connection that negroes form 13 per cent. of the population of Kentucky, and almost 20 per cent. of the population of Maryland. In Virginia and North Carolina, where the blacks constitute more than one-third of the population, there is a marked falling off; but of the two States, North Carolina shows a decided lead, her ratio of votes to population being as one to

State	Population (1900)	Whites	Negroes	Rank in Population	Representatives	Total Vote for President, 1904	Average Vote of each Congress'al District	Ratio of Voters to Population
Alabama.....	1,828,697	1,001,152	827,307	18	9	108,855	12,095—	1 to 17
Minnesota....	1,751,394	....	....	19	9	292,870	32,541+	1 to 6
Florida........	528,542	297,333	230,730	32	3	39,307	13,102+	1 to 13
Washington...	518,103	....	....	33	3	145,151	48,383+	1 to 4
Georgia.......	2,216,331	1,181,294	1,034,813	11	11	131,191	11,926	1 to 17
Iowa.........	2,231,853	....	....	10	11	485,703	44,155—	1 to 4½
Kentucky.....	2,147,174	1,862,309	284,706	12	11	435,765	39,615	1 to 5
Wisconsin....	2,069,042	....	....	13	11	443,014	40,274	1 to 4½
Tennessee....	2,020,616	1,540,186	480,243	14	10	242,756	24,275+	1 to 8
Louisiana	1,381,625	729,612	650,804	23	7	53,908	7,701+	1 to 25
Kansas.......	1,470,495	....	....	22	7	324,590	46,370	1 to 4½
So. Carolina..	1,340,316	557,807	782,321	24	7	55,139	7,877	1 to 24
Arkansas.....	1,311,564	944,580	366,866	25	7	116,421	16,631+	1 to 11
Maryland.....	1,188,044	952,424	235,064	26	6	224,224	37,370+	1 to 5
Nebraska.....	1,066,300	....	....	27	6	225,652	37,607+	1 to 4½
Mississippi ...	1,551,270	641,200	907,630	20	8	58,243	7,280+	1 to 27
California	1,485,053	....	....	21	8	331,545	41,443+	1 to 4½
No. Carolina..	1,893,810	1,263,603	624,469	15	10	207,895	20,789+	1 to 9
New Jersey...	1,883,669	....	....	16	10	432,547	43,255—	1 to 4
Virginia......	1,854,184	1,192,855	660,722	17	10	130,544	13,054+	1 to 14
Missouri......	3,106,665	2,944,843	161,234	5	16	643,861	40,241+	1 to 5
Texas........	3,048,710	2,426,669	620,722	6	16	232,542	14,534—	1 to 13
Massachusetts	2,805,346	....	....	7	14	445,104	31,793+	1 to 6

nine, while Virginia's is as one to fourteen. New Jersey ranks next below North Carolina in population, and next above Virginia; in each of her ten Congressional districts an average of 43,255 votes were cast at the last election. In North Carolina's ten districts the average was 20,789, and in Virginia's, 13,054. Leaving out of account the border States already considered, we find that Virginia's ratio of one voter to fourteen inhabitants very fairly represents the actual voting strength of the South as a whole. The general subject of Congressional representation is discussed editorially on another page.

❀

New York and Its Senator The announcement that Governor Odell has "graciously consented to waive his personal preferences" and, for the sake of harmony in the party, agreed to the re-election of Mr. Depew as a representative of the State of New York in the United States Senate, settles a question concerning which the four million residents of New York have not been consulted. The only open question with regard to the representation of New York in the Senate appears to have been as to whether the mind of Governor Odell and the mind of Senator Platt could be brought into accord. The State of New York has been as completely ignored in the matter as if it had no existence; and it has been rightly ignored, because it has really assigned its political privileges and duties to these two gentlemen, the rival Republican bosses; neither of them in a large sense a public man, neither of them continuing in any way the traditions of statesmanship in the State; both of them skillful political mechanicians. They have looked at the matter of the representation of four millions of people in the highest legislative body in the country, and one of the foremost in the world, simply from the standpoint of party politics. Apparently the names of Mr. Choate and Mr. Root and of other men who ought to have been considered have not been mentioned. Mr. Depew, an amiable gentleman, a capital campaign speaker, and a man of considerable ability, but lacking entirely the breadth, the solidity, and the dignity of character and career which have been associated with the United States Senate, will be re-elected to a position which he has already held for one term without making the slightest impression on the National Legislature, and without apparently attracting any serious attention from his colleagues. The State of New York has not been represented in the United States in any adequate way since the day of Mr. Evarts. It has simply made its contribution to the group of political bosses, masters of political mechanics, who to a considerable extent have taken the place of the old type of statesman in the United States Senate. That this state of things will not continue indefinitely The Outlook is certain; but the most sanguine cannot see the end of a system which is a practical nullification of popular government. Other States are in the same situation as New York. They have assigned their political rights, duties, and privileges, executed an informal deed of trust, and become the mere beneficiaries of a group of men of very considerable practical experience and sagacity, who excel in the arts of the politician, but who are wholly lacking in the great qualities of statesmanship.

❀

Advertising on the Highways An important decision has been rendered by a Judge of the Supreme Court in New York City, more important in the principle involved than in the immediate issue decided. The lot on which the new library building is being constructed is surrounded by a high board fence; the Park Commissioner granted to a firm the right to cover this board fence with signs; a suit was brought by the Municipal Art Society to compel the removal of the signs; and the Judge decided that the signs must come down—that the Park Commissioner had no authority to grant such a permit. The language of the Court is as follows:

> It is too obvious to require demonstration that business advertisements painted on a board fence contribute nothing to the bene-

ficial use of the park by the public. The defendant Commissioner, then, had no authority, either by the express terms of any statute or by any reasonable implication, to grant a license for the exhibition of the advertisements, and his attempt to do so was illegal and void.

If the city authorities have no legal right to grant a permit to advertising agents to use the highways for advertising purposes, and that seems a legitimate deduction from this decision, it would seem to follow that they have a right to prevent their use without authority. This would not, however, imply that owners of property abutting on the highway might not use their property for advertising purposes. The remedy for such use would lie in an act of Legislature either requiring a license for all such exhibition of signs, or imposing a tax proportioned to the size of the sign or poster when exhibited anywhere except upon the store where the advertised goods are sold or the factory where they are made, and possibly imposing a tax even in such cases on signs exceeding a definitely prescribed size. We hope that this case may be appealed. It is the decision of a single judge, and it is desirable to obtain a more authoritative judgment upon the general principle involved.

❀

Subway Advertising

To residents of New York this decision is of special interest on account of its bearing on the Subway advertising. The Rapid Transit Commission in their contract gave by implication the right to the Interborough Company to put up advertising signs in the Subway stations, provided they did not interfere with the easy identification of stations. Some question has been raised as to the proper interpretation of this contract, but The Outlook does not question that this right is conveyed by the contract, provided that *(1) the Rapid Transit Commission had authority to grant such permit; and (2) the Interborough Company had a right to use the stations for advertising purposes if such permit were given.* The decision of Judge Scott that the Park Commissioner had no authority to allow advertising on a park fence at least throws doubt on the authority of the Rapid Transit Commission to allow advertising in Subway stations. The authority to grant "the right, privilege, and franchise to construct, maintain, and operate [such] railway or railways," conferred upon the Rapid Transit Commission, does not seem to carry by necessary implication authority to grant a privilege to carry on a general advertising business; and, to apply the language of the Court quoted above, it is too obvious to require demonstration that business advertisements covering the walls of a Subway station contribute nothing to the beneficial use of the station by the public. But even if the Rapid Transit Commission has authority to grant permission to use the station walls for advertising, it is doubtful whether the Interborough Company has authority to do an advertising business, or to lease its station walls for that purpose. In general, a chartered corporation has authority to do only those things for which it is chartered. The Interborough Company is chartered for a specific purpose; namely, to build and operate a rapid transit railway in the city of New York; and express authority is conferred upon it to own such real estate and construct such stations or other accommodations as are "necessary to accomplish the objects of its incorporation." It can hardly be claimed that covering the walls of its stations is "necessary to accomplish the objects of its incorporation," which are to build and operate a rapid transit railway. The courts, however, have held that a charter to build and operate a railroad carries with it, by necessary implication, authority to engage in other transactions incidental to its main business and advantageous to its passengers—as, for example, to lease and maintain a summer hotel at the terminus of the road, it appearing that such hotel would add to the business of the company and the comfort of the passengers. It is difficult to see how entering into a general advertising business is, properly speaking, incidental to the main business of the Interborough Company; certainly it does nothing to promote the comfort of its passengers. The authority of the Interborough Company is still further limited by the following express terms of the Rapid Transit Act: "Every corporation formed under this act shall have power: To take and hold such voluntary grants of real estate and other property as shall be made to it, to aid in the construction, maintenance, and accommodation of its railway or railways, *but the real estate received by voluntary grant shall be held and used for the purposes of such grant only*." As we understand the facts, the Subway stations are built on property belonging to the city and voluntarily granted to the Interborough Company; and if such is the case, its use of that property for any other purpose than the maintenance and accommodation of its railway or railways appears to be expressly prohibited by the Legislature. We hope that, if the city authorities cannot be induced to take action to compel the removal of the advertisements which deface the walls of the Subway stations, the Municipal Art Society will see its way clear to bring this question before the courts for their decision.

⁂

The United States versus a Paper Trust The United States Government has again taken legal action against a so-called trust, in a suit brought against the General Paper Company of Wisconsin by Attorney-General Moody. The General Paper Company is a small corporation of one hundred thousand dollars capital, organized, under the laws of Wisconsin, to act as selling agent for twenty-five great paper-manufacturing concerns of Minnesota, Wisconsin, and Michigan. The enormous product of the separate mills whose owners have formed the General Paper Company is controlled, as to prices, output, and shipment, by the latter organization. The profit made upon the paper sold in this way is distributed among the constituent companies *pro rata*. Thus the General Paper Company is not, like the United States Steel Corporation or the Standard Oil Company, a great amalgamation of smaller concerns owning outright the real estate, plants, and other assets of the original establishments; it is a holding and operating company like the Northern Securities Company. The paper-mills which have combined in the General Paper Company preserve their own corporate existence, presumably control their own local self-government, and simply pool their product through one agent personified in the General Paper Company. The claim is made, largely by newspapers which buy their paper from the mills in the combination, that this is a method of restraining trade in violation of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law. It is alleged that the General Paper Company, acting in its capacity as the controlling representative of the various mills, not only dictates prices and quantity of output, but determines from what mill the purchasing newspapers shall buy their paper. That is to say, if The Outlook were published in Grand Rapids, Wisconsin, and wished to buy its paper of the Itaska Paper Company of that place, the General Paper Company might say to it, No, you shall take your paper from the Grand Rapids Paper and Pulp Company. The petition to the court, which constitutes the first move in the action of the United States, alleges that, owing to this combination or trust, all competition in the manufacture and sale of news print paper has been restricted and the price greatly increased.

⁂

Regulation the Remedy The Outlook has frequently expressed the opinion that legislation cannot prevent great industrial combinations and ought not to prevent them; that processes of manufacture have been improved and the efficiency of labor increased, and, on the whole, the quality of goods raised and prices lowered, by proper combination. But if combinations are to be permitted, their advantages will be lost to the public and their dangers enhanced if they are not strictly regulated by the Government. It is doubtful whether the manufacture of a staple article can ever become a monopoly in the strict definition of that term. There is nothing, so far as we can see, in a great combination of paper manufacturers to prevent any other person from entering into the making and selling of paper. We doubt if even under the Sherman

Anti-Trust Law a real amalgamation of the twenty-five mills acting through the General Paper Company into one corporate entity like the Steel Trust could be proceeded against. We therefore do not attach very much importance to the present case, except in so far as it is a step in the direction of defining the powers of the Federal Government in regulating or controlling corporations. The public, in all these cases of outcry against trusts—which often spring, no doubt, from real suffering and injustice—should remember the distinction pointed out by Mr. Garfield between the legislation which attempts to prohibit monopoly and the legislation which prohibits rebates, discriminations, and unfair competition. It is far more important that a combination like the General Paper Company should be prevented from selling paper to one publisher at a lower price than that exacted from his competitors, than that all the paper-mills of the country should be stopped from forming one gigantic corporation. It is also wise to remember that certain industrial activities cannot well be carried on in combination. A staple or uniform product may be made advantageously not only by machinery, but in a machine fashion. Industrial products, however, which depend for their value, in a large part, upon individual taste and individual initiative, can never be well made in combination. The entire public, for example, would severely suffer if all the architects of the United States should enter into a great combination the executive officers of which determined all designs and working plans, even if the cost of building houses was greatly reduced thereby. There is every indication that in the future industrial staples will be produced and sold by great combinations under Government regulation, but the time will never come when there will not be a demand for individual labor, intelligence, and design in those products into which artistic taste or refinement enters.

❀

The Pennsylvania-Western Union Decision The Supreme Court of the United States has decided favorably to the Pennsylvania Railroad Company the suit of the Western Union Telegraph Company against it. This suit involved the right of the appellee to remove the appellant's telegraph poles from the railroad property. The main question in the case is the interpretation of the Act of July 24, 1866. In that Act the following clause occurs:

> Any telegraph company now organized, or which may hereafter be organized, under the laws of any State, shall have the right to construct, maintain, and operate telegraph lines . . . over and along any of the military or post roads of the United States.

Section 3,764 in Volume II. of the Compiled Statutes of the United States reads as follows:

> The following are established post roads:
> All the waters of the United States, during the time the mail is carried thereon.
> *All railroads* or parts of railroads which are now or hereafter may be in operation . . .

The Western Union Company rented the right of way from the Pennsylvania Company under a twenty-year contract. On its expiration, and in conformity with its terms, the Pennsylvania Company asked the Western Union Company to vacate the premises, making meanwhile a contract with the Postal Telegraph Company to place other lines there. The Western Union Company declined to do so, although it had agreed that its right of way should cease with the expiration of the contract. Nevertheless it still contended that the necessary implications from the Act of 1866, permitting telegraph companies to use post roads, were that such companies might appropriate for their poles and lines a part of the rights of way of railroads upon paying just compensation, thus claiming the power of eminent domain. The Pennsylvania Company contended that while the Act gave the Government's consent to telegraph companies to construct lines along post roads which were not the property of private corporations, it gave no right to appropriate private property; in other words, it gave no sweeping rights of eminent domain. When the case came before the Federal Courts in New Jersey and Pennsylvania a year ago, conflicting decisions, which were reported at the time by The Outlook, were rendered. The judgment of the Federal Court in Pennsylvania has now been affirmed by the Supreme Court.

In the opinion read by Justice McKenna, Justice Harlan dissenting, the Supreme Court declined to go to the extreme of making a railroad right of way public property. While the right of way of a railroad is property devoted to public use, while it has often been called a highway and as such is subject to a certain extent to State and Federal control, it has always been recognized that a railroad right of way is so far private property as to be entitled to the benefit of that provision of the Constitution which forbids its taking except under the power of eminent domain and upon payment of compensation. The Act of 1866, added Justice McKenna, does not grant the right to telegraph companies to enter upon and occupy the rights of way of railroad companies, except with the consent of the latter, or grant the power of eminent domain. Justice Harlan's dissent is based upon his interpretation of the Act as being intended to give to a telegraph company accepting its provisions the absolute right to put its wires and poles upon any post road—a public highway established primarily for the public convenience—if the ordinary travel on such road be not thereby interfered with. As The Outlook has already pointed out, the Federal legislation under which the Western Union Company claims to have been delegated the right of eminent domain includes the following provision:

> The United States may, for postal, military, or other purposes, purchase all the telegraph lines, property, and effects of any or all companies acting under the provision of the Act of July 24, 1866 . . . at an appraised value to be ascertained by five competent, disinterested persons, two of whom shall be selected by the Postmaster-General of the United States, two by the company interested, and one by the four so previously selected. (U. S. Revised Statutes, 5,267.)

Thus the public has a right to take over by purchase and manage the telegraph as it manages the post-office. Why should it not avail itself of this right?

❀

The Cotton Situation Last week, on the publication of the Government's report showing that the present cotton crop was superabundant, certain planters in the South recommended the burning of a million bales, so as to keep up the price, and it is reported that a few bales were actually burned. This year's crop runs about a million bales ahead of the largest ever known before. It is declared by a Southern paper "a more deplorable circumstance to the South than the defeat of the Democratic party," for "it means a loss to this section of twenty million dollars, or, at least, it cuts short what seemed a promise at the opening of the season of that sum." This news is certainly different from what we heard not very long ago—that the Southern soil was becoming impoverished, that the negroes were getting too lazy to pick the crop, that the boll-weevil's ravages would amount to millions of dollars' damages. These forebodings had a decided influence abroad, but not so great an influence as the tremendous cotton speculation by which such a "corner" was obtained as to frighten England, France, and Germany into the immediate consideration of an increase of cotton-growing territory. A British Empire Cotton-Growing Association was at once formed and received a royal charter. Much has been hoped from its endeavors to make use of the Sudanese fields. France quickly followed this example in the French Sudan; in Cambodia, too, the already successful cotton cultivation is being extended. Nor has Germany lagged behind. The Government has offered a price in advance for colonial crops raised, and premiums have been given for the best crops. The Colonial Office has furnished gins and bale-presses free of charge, and a steamship line has offered free transport. The Reichstag has voted funds necessary to construct railways in the cotton countries; the German statesmen are right in their conviction that nothing tends to develop cotton-growing so much as the establishment of railways. The increase, then, in the world's supply bids fair to be an important factor in determining the relative advantages to planters, manufacturers, and consumers. However the first two classes may be affected, the last will not object to be clothed as cheaply as possible even if low prices come from large production.

Japanese Gains at Port Arthur

The capture by the Japanese last week of Rihlung Fort, together with the occupation during the previous week of one or more of the Kikwan forts, gives the besiegers a strong foothold in the inner or eastern line of defenses at Port Arthur. It does not follow, however, that the central positions will be taken immediately. The mutually supporting and mutually defensive forts outlying from the citadel and town of Port Arthur are so numerous and so skillfully connected that it has been truthfully said that taken together they really form the equivalent of seven Sevastopols. The Russian engineer, General Kondratchenko, who planned these stubborn defenses, was killed, it is reported, in one of the recent assaults. Military critics will unite in according him an equal place as a military engineer with Todleben, the man who earned fame and honor by constructing the Sevastopol fortifications. The capture of Fort Rihlung, on the mountain of the same name, was effected only after the loss of a thousand men, killed or wounded, by the Japanese. It followed months of sapping and mining, and was begun by the explosion of seven dynamite mines, followed by the charge of Japanese infantry under cover of a terrible bombardment. It is thought that the possession of Fort Rihlung and Fort Kikwan will partly at least isolate the ridge forming the western defenses on which are situated the great forts called Antseshan and Itseshan, which have so far balked all attacks. The newly captured forts stand at the east of this ridge, and 203 Meter Hill, now firmly held by the Japanese, is to the south. Thus, while in a measure the Japanese have penetrated beyond the outer circle, the strongest part of this circle still remains intact. Fort Rihlung is only two miles from the outskirts of the town of Port Arthur, and this proximity may indicate that this tremendous siege, which has hardly any historical parallel, is approaching its crisis; on the other hand, it is not at all improbable that the Russians, under General Stoessel's indomitable leadership, may hold out for weeks and possibly months to come. Admiral Togo has made his formal report on the operations at Port Arthur, and has returned to Tokyo, where he has been received with tremendous enthusiasm. His report details the facts regarding the destruction or disablement of practically the whole of the Russian fleet, with the exception of some destroyers. Even the battle-ship Sevastopol is now reported aground and very seriously damaged. Admiral Togo for the first time reports the Japanese naval loss in these operations; it consists of one battle-ship (the Hatsuse), three cruisers, and two gunboats. The naval interest now centers about the Baltic Fleet, the two divisions of which are supposed to be approaching a rendezvous northeast of Africa, possibly the Chagos Islands. There are repeated rumors that Japanese cruisers have been seen in the neighborhood of Singapore, and even that a Japanese squadron of some size is in that neighborhood. The last hardly seems probable, and is not confirmed positively; but it is not unlikely that Japanese cruisers have gone even this distance (more than twenty-five hundred miles) from home in order to watch and report on the course taken by Admiral Rojesvensky's naval force.

⁂

Greek in the English Universities

A hotly contested fight over Greek has been going on for some weeks at both the great English universities, and there has been a great outpouring of opinion, wise and unwise, temperate and intemperate, on the subject at the universities and in the newspapers. The question of the compulsory study of Greek is the question of the old education; that is to say, the education which used as its material largely what are called the humanities, and which endeavored to infuse into its teaching a large cultural element. The question has come up before the two universities in different forms. At Oxford it is proposed to so change the present requirements as to permit candidates for honors in science and mathematics to secure their degrees without a knowledge of Greek, a proposal which was voted down in congregation by a vote of 200 to 164, a majority ominously small when the traditions of Oxford are taken into account. The proposed change at Cambridge is much more radical and inclusive; all candidates for a degree, under this modification of existing conditions, would be exempt from the study of Greek, unless they voluntarily elected it. The discussion lasted three days, and was then postponed until some time after Christmas. The arguments presented turned largely on the elements which the Greek language and literature bring into education.

❀

An Argument for Greek

Professor Jebb, who has now become Sir Richard Claverhouse Jebb, the eminent professor of Greek at Cambridge, whose delightful lectures on Greek literature on the Percy Turnbull foundation at the Johns Hopkins University have not been forgotten, contributed a good deal of humor to the discussion by presenting New Zealand as a land without Greek and then showing what happens in such a land. A professor in New Zealand, Sir Richard declared, had heard "Andromache" pronounced "Andromash," and "Boötes" "Boots," and had actually seen in print the words "Cupid and Sich." These references to New Zealand have evoked a tempest of wrath on the part of residents of that country who happen to be in England; and what started as a discussion of the merits of classical education has now widened into what may be called a colonial controversy. Lovers of the classical—and there are not a few, in spite of the prevalence of scientific ideas in education—will be very reluctant to have Oxford and Cambridge surrender those traditions which have made them in large measure centers of culture for generations, and will find much to commend in Mr. Churton Collins's argument in the "Nineteenth Century." Mr. Collins is an extremely capable and outspoken literary critic. After pointing out that the Rhodes bequest is likely to bind together all parts of Greater Britain and to establish a closer relationship between all parts of the English-speaking peoples, Mr. Collins claims a kind of educational leadership for Oxford and Cambridge in this great federation, not because of their age or their educational superiority—for science and some other studies are probably better taught elsewhere—but because they are "centers of the humanities in the most comprehensive sense of the term."

> By virtue of their relationship to the humanities, and by virtue of that relationship alone—not by virtue of what they simply share in common with other universities here and over the sea—can Oxford and Cambridge claim that place which every English-speaking nation gladly and proudly concedes to them. To subordinate the interest of the humanities to the interest of science, as is becoming, perhaps inevitably, more and more the tendency in both universities, is deliberately to dethrone themselves.

A correspondent of the New York "Tribune," who has made a study of the American students at Oxford, reports that the classics take a second place with these students, the greatest number devoting themselves to the School of Law, while less than one-third enter for science, modern languages, literature, and theology. There are hundreds of institutions in which scientific education, both abstract and professional, is taught in every possible form; there would be no injustice, therefore, in continuing to give the humanities their ancient predominance in the two oldest universities in the English-speaking world.

❀

Christian Union in Canada

During Christmas week an important conference was held in Toronto. About a hundred and fifty representatives of the Methodist, Presbyterian, and Congregational Churches assembled, pursuant to instructions of the chief courts of these several bodies, to see if an organic union were practicable. From adverse criticism and comment which had appeared in the newspapers, much fear was felt lest the movement should be blocked at the very start. The recent death of Principal Caven, to whom the movement largely owed its inception, and who in the delirium of his final illness dwelt much upon it, was felt to be an irreparable loss. Dr. Warden, Missionary Secretary of the Presbyterian Church, was made permanent Chairman, and the Rev. Dr. Sutherland, Missionary Secretary of the Methodist Church, Secretary of the joint conference. Dr. Warden read the great prayer of our Lord for his Church in the seventeenth chapter of John, and St. Paul's panegyric on love in the thirteenth of First Corinthians, and several leading ministers led in prayer. He then stated the history of the movement: that it sprang out of a proposition of the General Conference of the Methodist Church in Canada, and had won the concurrence of the Presbyterian General Assembly and of the Congregational Union. The day was spent in consideration of questions of doctrine, polity, and the office and training of the ministry. The representatives of the different Churches vied with one another in kindly and Christian courtesy. While some difficulties were frankly stated, yet they were met in a most brotherly spirit of conciliation. The delegations of the several Churches met separately in the evening to decide whether they should go forward to the appointment of committees for working out details of a proposed basis of union. This was a vital and crucial occasion, for lack of concurrence here might wreck the whole movement. The reports to the joint conference all expressed cordial concurrence. Committees were nominated of forty each on doctrine, polity, administration, the ministry, and of fifteen on law. These will report to later sessions of the joint committee. A great religious movement has thus advanced another stage in its progress.

⁂

The Christmas Festival at Bethlehem No other community in the United States, probably, could celebrate the Nativity as Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, celebrated it last week. On Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday Bach's cheerful and moving "Christmas Oratorio," interspersed with other compositions by Bach, including the stirring five-part "Magnificat" and the wonderful unaccompanied eight-part motet "Sing ye to the Lord," was given in the Moravian Church. The chorus consisted of the Bach Choir, a musical institution of which the whole country has reason to be proud, composed of voices from Bethlehem and neighboring towns. The orchestra consisted mainly of amateur players. The soloists, with two or three exceptions, were professional singers. The conductor was Mr. J. Fred Wolle, whose intimacy with the works of Bach, whose genius for leadership, and whose unspoiled enthusiasm made this festival possible. The occasion was genuinely a celebration rather than a performance. Technical excellence there was, especially in the spirited singing of the chorus, every member of which sang with heart as well as voice. The immensely difficult choral works of Bach, so far from discouraging these singers, have awakened in them an ambition that has increased with every year since the Bach Choir was organized. More than that, they have created in Bethlehem a musical spirit without which technical excellence is as a tinkling cymbal. It is doubtful whether anywhere else in America the emotional quality of Bach's music is interpreted as it is in this Pennsylvania town. Bach wrote most of his choral works in honor of the various church seasons and for performance in the Protestant church of which he was cantor. The traditions of the Moravian Church in Bethlehem are such that these works are naturally given in Bethlehem under conditions such as those to which these works were originally adapted. The Christmas Festival, consisting of works grouped about the Nativity, will be succeeded on the 12th, 13th, and 14th of next April by a Lenten Festival, consisting of the St. John Passion Music and other Passion-tide music, and on the 1st, 2d, and 3d of next June by an Easter and Ascension Festival, when the Mass in B minor will be given, with other works of Bach appropriate for the season.

⁂

Aid for Children No form of philanthropic effort appeals alike to the heart and the mind more forcibly than that which aims to give helpless children a chance to be useful, happy, and good—to the heart because of the instinctive love and sympathy for child needs; to the mind because to make good citizens and industrious, honest men and women we must begin with the children. The

Children's Aid Society has been engaged in this work for more than half a century, and, as always, its annual report shows an amazing amount of practicable, sensible, and profitable endeavor. Thus, to take but a few of many graphic figures, over thirteen thousand children have received relief in their homes, over fourteen thousand have been enrolled in the Industrial Schools, over twenty thousand children and women have had outings in the country or at the seaside, while 464 children have been placed permanently in family homes. What such facts as these indicate statistically is brought out in the way of human feeling through the incidents told and the letters received from those who have been helped—both touching and stimulating are these details, which show that the Society puts into everything it does patience, discrimination, and kindliness. Nearly half a million dollars has been paid out by the Society in a year, and it could readily use double the amount for its varied forms of effective help and instruction. The Secretary, Mr. C. Loring Brace (105 East Twenty-second Street, New York), would be glad to send information or to receive contributions to this most worthy and necessary charity.

⁂

Forestry in New Hampshire It has long been supposed that the New Hampshire forests were being cut away faster than were those in any other part of the country; but we would seem now to have reached a pause in the wholesale tree-destruction hitherto characteristic of that State. Of their own accord, many New Hampshire landowners and lumbermen have adopted a policy, first, of more gradual cutting, and, secondly, of replacement. The experience of Europe has now actually touched the mind even of the hard-headed but short-sighted dealer in lumber; he has come to realize that his tracts of forest should yield to him not only present but future profits, even if, in order to reap the latter, there must be some immediate sacrifice and abstention. We are glad to record the fact that the policy of quick returns among the lumbermen is now beginning to give place to the policy of permanent and self-sustaining business.

⁂

Reduction of Southern Representation in Congress

We advise those of our readers who do not keep The Outlook on file to cut out for future reference the paragraph and table on another page concerning the Southern vote in the recent National elections. The figures there given make it clear that the proportion which the votes cast by white voters bears to the white population in certain Southern States is in striking contrast with the proportion which the votes cast by white voters bears to the white population in Northern States possessing approximately the same population. Whether this is because the amended Constitutions in the South excluding the illiterate and the paupers from the suffrage have disfranchised more white voters than the North has generally supposed, or because the full white vote of the South has not been brought out, owing to the political apathy caused by the fact that the South is solidly Democratic, so that the result of the election is known beforehand, in either case it is clear that the ratio which the votes cast bears to the population does not of itself establish the fact that the negro has been disfranchised, still less does it afford any measure of the extent of such disfranchisement.

Broadly speaking, the South may be said to believe in a qualified or limited suffrage, the North in an unqualified and unlimited suffrage. So far as this states the difference between the sections, we agree with the position of the South. We think the suffrage is not a natural right to be exercised by every man who has come to years of discretion, but an acquired prerogative to be conferred upon those who have established, as a condition precedent, the ability to exercise it honestly and intelligently. The qualifications for such exercise should be very simple. They should be such that any man of reasonable ability and integrity may be able to comply with them. The conditions of suffrage embodied in the Southern State Constitutions appear to us not unreasonable. According to those Southern Constitutions, any man, black or white, may vote if he has education enough to read and write the English language, thrift enough to possess three hundred dollars' worth of taxable property, and patriotism enough to have paid his poll tax. We should rather see the qualifications for suffrage raised to this standard in the North than lowered below it in the South.

This is not, however, the only question raised by the proposal to reduce the representation of Southern States in Congress. That proposal involves a very fundamental problem: On what, in a democratic community, should representation be based? There are three bases possible, and all three have been actual in political history.

(1) Representation may be based upon the existence of a definitely organic community, regardless of what the size of the population or the number of voters may be. Thus, every State in the Union is represented by two Senators in the United States Senate. Rhode Island, with its population of less than half a million, has the same representation as New York, with its population of over seven millions; Texas, with its population of three millions, as Florida, with its population of a little over half a million. (2) The representation may be based upon the number of voters. This was not the basis of representation according to the original Constitution; but it was made a basis of representation by the XIVth Amendment, not for all the States, but for any State which by any action taken subsequent to that Amendment should deny or abridge the right to vote for any other cause than participation in crime. The language of the Amendment is as follows: "When the right to vote . . . is denied to any male inhabitants of such State, being twenty-one years of age and citizens of the United States, or in any way abridged, except for participation in rebellion or other crime, the basis of representation therein shall be reduced in the proportion which the number of such male citizens shall bear to the whole number of male citizens twenty-one years of age in such State." (3) The third basis of representation is that which prevails in most States of the Union in State elections, and which prevails in all States of the Union in all Federal elections, except as the basis is changed by the clause above quoted. In most, if not all, States of the Union in State elections, and in all States of the Union which have not since the adoption of the XIVth Amendment modified the conditions of suffrage, representation is based, not upon the number of voters, but upon the number of the population. "Representatives," says the Constitution, "shall be apportioned among the several States according to their respective numbers, counting the whole number of persons in each State, excluding Indians not taxed." Thus, comparing two Northern States: Massachusetts in the last Presidential election cast 445,000 votes. She is represented by fourteen Representatives, because she has a population approximating three millions. Iowa cast 485,000 votes, forty thousand more than Massachusetts; she has but eleven Representatives in Congress, because her population is only a little more than two million three hundred thousand. Massachusetts has a qualified, Iowa a relatively unqualified, suffrage.

In our judgment, the representation in a republic should be apportioned according to population, not according to the number of voters. The representative is not elected to represent the voters, but to represent the population. If in a given election district a Republican is elected by fifty majority and goes to Congress, he does not go to represent merely the Republicans who voted for him, he certainly does not go to represent as a body the Democrats who voted against him; he goes because he is elected by a majority of the voters to represent the entire district, the women as well as the men, the non-voters as well as the voters, and the minority that voted against him only as he represents the entire population. This is the basis of representation, we think, in the Constitutions of all the States, certainly in the Constitution of the United States, except as it has been modified by the XIVth Amendment.

Granted, however, that there is something to be said for the theory that representation in Congress should be apportioned according to the number of voters in the State, and something to be said for the theory that it should be apportioned to the population of the State, there is nothing to be said for the theory that in some of the States it should be apportioned according to the number of voters, and in others according to the population. But this is what the XIVth Amendment in effect provides. It makes an unjust discrimination between the States. It provides a different basis of representation for different States. For those whose suffrage has been changed since the adoption of the XIVth Amendment it bases representation on the number of voters; for those whose conditions have not been changed since the adoption of the XIVth Amendment it bases representation on the size of the population. It is not right to inflict this penalty upon States which by Constitutional methods limit the suffrage, provided that limitation is not based on race or color. This is the one fundamental principle which those who are demanding a reduction of Southern representation in Congress must consider.

The Outlook is opposed to any such proposed reduction, for four fundamental reasons.

I. Such reduction, based on the number of voters in the Southern States, assumes that the members in Congress are elected to represent the voters. They are not elected to represent the voters; they are elected to represent the population—the non-voting population, as the women and children, no less than the voting population.

II. It establishes two bases of representation—one, the number of voters for certain States; the other, the entire population for other States. It is unjust to condition the Congressional representation of Southern States upon the number of votes cast, and of Northern States upon the size of the population. If the representation is to be based in any State upon the number of votes cast, it should be based in all the States upon the number of votes cast.

III. It is unjust to the negro. The avowed ground for reducing such representation is that certain Southern States have by their recently adopted Constitutions disfranchised the negro. This is not true. Their Constitutions have not disfranchised the negro; if they are disfranchised, it is not by these Constitutions, but in spite of them. But if it were true, it would not be right for Congress to reduce the representation, and allow the disfranchisement of the negro, because he is a negro, to remain. Some Southern journals are advocating such a reduction of representation, because when it has been effected by the North, the North can no longer demand suffrage for the negro on the same conditions as suffrage for the white man. They are right in thinking that if the North does thus reduce representation, it will deprive itself of the right to demand suffrage for the negro, whose disfranchisement it has accepted as the basis of its political action. The Constitution provides in the XVth Amendment that "the right of the citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any State on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude." If this clause of the Constitution has been violated, it is the business of Congress not to accede to the violation and reduce the political power of any State which has been guilty of the violation; it is the duty of Congress to take whatever steps are necessary to prevent such violation and to secure the restoration of the suffrage to any one who has been deprived of it on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude. But if the Republican party should reduce the representation of any Southern State on the avowed ground that it has denied the right of suffrage to citizens of the United States on account of their race or color, it would effectually estop itself from demanding that such persons should exercise the right of suffrage which had been unconstitutionally denied to them. In other words, it would concede that the negro might be denied all his Constitutional rights, provided the North could get in return a larger relative representation in Congress. Whatever the intent of those

75446

who are pushing for a reduction of Southern representation, this would be the effect of their action if they should succeed.

IV. We are opposed to the proposed reduction of Southern representation in Congress because it is a wholly ineffective remedy for whatever wrong has been perpetrated, and because there is another and perfectly effective remedy which the Republican majority in the House may apply if they have the courage of their convictions. We have said, and we repeat it with emphasis, that no Southern State by its Constitution has directly or indirectly denied the right of any negro to vote on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude. Every negro has a constitutional right to vote, in every Southern State, provided he has intelligence enough to read and write, thrift enough to accumulate three hundred dollars' worth of property, and patriotism enough to pay his poll tax. It is, however, said that such negroes are, in point of fact, refused registry, and therefore refused the right to vote. Whether this be so, and how far it is so, we have no means of judging. But if it is so, the remedy is not an attack upon the Constitution which gives the negro a right to vote, but an attack upon the officers of his State who refuse to execute the provisions of their own State Constitution. The Supreme Court of the United States has pointed out to Congress the course which it may pursue, in saying that the remedy for any injustice perpetrated under the Southern Constitutions is political, not judicial. If in any State of the Union any citizen of the United States is denied his right to vote in a Federal election, on the ground of race or color, or on any other unconstitutional ground, Congress has a right to set that election aside and order a new election. Congress has no moral right to say to a State, You may deprive some of your citizens of the suffrage provided you will lessen your representation in Congress. It should say to the election district which deprives its citizens of their Constitutional right to vote, You shall not have any representation in Congress until you act in your elections according to the Constitution of the United States. To permit Federal elections to be unconstitutionally and illegally carried, provided those who are guilty of violating the Constitution in the election will consent to a lessened representation in Congress, is to refuse to come to the aid of those Southerners who desire to see their own Constitutions honestly lived up to, to make a compact with those Southerners who desire to violate the provisions of their own Constitution, to desert those citizens whose Constitutional rights it is affirmed have been disregarded, and, under pretense of enforcing the XIVth Amendment, to acquiesce in the practical abolition of the XVth Amendment.

There are certain important Constitutional questions involved in the proposal to reduce Southern representation in Congress, which we have not here considered. They are such as: Does attaching an educational and a property qualification to the suffrage deny the right to vote within the meaning of the XIVth Amendment? Is that Amendment mandatory, so that Congress has no option but to reduce the representation of States which have adopted an educational qualification, as has been done by Massachusetts and by Virginia? Has the XIVth Amendment, providing for a reduction of representation for any State which denies or abridges the suffrage except for crime, been superseded by the XVth Amendment, which prohibits any State from denying or abridging the right to vote because of race or color? These are important questions, and we may hereafter consider them. Our object in this article has been to discuss the issue upon broad ethical grounds, and upon those alone.

To recapitulate: Basing our conclusions upon those grounds alone, The Outlook has this to say respecting the proposal to Congress to reduce Southern representation on the affirmation that citizens of the United States have been denied the right to vote on account of race: first, that it assumes a false basis of representation and one inherently undemocratic and un-American; second, that it is inherently unjust to the Southern States, because it proposes one basis of representation for one State, and another for another State; third, that it is unjust to the colored citizens of the United States, because it proposes to leave them without a remedy in order to get for the North a preponderating political influence in Congress; and, fourth, because it is a policy of timidity which dares not do the thing which ought to be done to remedy the alleged injustice, if it is really being perpetrated.

❀

The Czar's Answer

In an indorsement made on certain resolutions submitted to him by the Chernigov zemstvos, the Czar declared, as reported in The Outlook last week, that questions of State administration are of no concern to the zemstvos, which are to deal entirely with local matters as defined by the law. These words were interpreted in some quarters as indicating a disastrous defeat of all hopes of reform; in other quarters, however, they were accepted as indicating not so much a reactionary spirit as a determination to uphold the autocracy and to make it an instrument of reform in the administration of the Empire. This impression is confirmed by the Czar's manifesto addressed to the Senate the day after Christmas. The demand for a constitutional government is conspicuously ignored; and it is announced in the most definite and authoritative way that the Russian Government is to remain autocratic. The Czar pledges himself to care untiringly for the needs of the country, "distinguishing between all that is real in the interests of the Russian people and tendencies not seldom mistaken and influenced by transitory circumstances." If this decree is taken as the complete expression of the Czar's ultimate intentions, it may mean, as The Outlook has suggested, that he proposes to continue to be the absolute ruler of all the Russias, but to rule for the good of his people and in a benevolent spirit.

The most important matter discussed in the decree relates to the results of the investigations of M. de Witte concerning the conditions of the peasants and his proposals for the betterment of those conditions. The abolition of serfdom by Alexander II. did not put the peasants on a level with the other citizens of Russia, and they have occupied a peculiar status before the law, as have the Indians in this country. The mir, or village commune, has remained the unit of peasant organization. Under this communal system, which dates from a remote past, and of which traces are to be found in India, the land is owned in common by the peasants composing the mir or commune, is divided into arable and pasture land and re-allotted among the members of the commune at short intervals; and the commune is responsible for taxes and for debts incurred on its behalf. In the allotments of lands made at the time of the emancipation there were wide variations in fruitfulness and value, and conditions have materially changed since the emancipation. There has been a great increase of population and a consequent increase of the demands of life. With this increasing pressure of population and increasing difficulty of sustenance in localities there has been a limitation imposed on the peasants, who, although ceasing to be serfs, have not become free men, for they are bound to the soil. The rulers of any commune have it in their power to forbid any peasant to leave the place of his birth; and as many of the communes are heavily in debt, the temptation to keep an active and productive man in a locality is readily seen.

The proposals of M. de Witte, so far as they are known here, provide for the full liberation of the peasants by placing them on an equality with other classes in the Empire. This is to be done by advancing money at reasonable rates by the State instead of allowing them to become the prey of money-lenders. It is on account of the dullness of the Russian peasant and the shrewdness of the Hebrew money-lenders that the latter have incurred much of their unpopularity in the Empire. It is understood that M. de Witte's plan also provides means for the transfer of peasants from one community to another; and that larger provision is made for local self-government by the creation of communal boards or administrative groups in addition to the provincial or district zemstvo. In his decree the Czar announces that conferences are now being held by men selected from the highest administrative officers, who are considering all questions relating to peasant life, for the purpose of bringing laws regarding peasants into harmony with the general Imperial legislation. This seems like the promise of a real and fundamental reform, whether the Czar so intends it or not; for the first step toward the realization of self-government in the Russian Empire must be the education of the peasantry in the exercise of political rights; and any lasting reorganization of the Russian system of government ought to begin in the peasant communes rather than at St. Petersburg.

The Czar also announces that effective measures will be taken "for safeguarding the law in its full force as the most important pillar of the throne of the autocratic Empire, in order that its inviolable fulfillment for all alike shall be regarded as the first duty by all the authorities and in all places subject to us, that its non-fulfillment shall inevitably bring with it legal responsibility for every arbitrary act, and that persons who have suffered wrong by such acts shall be enabled to secure legal redress."

The value of this proposed action depends entirely on what the Czar means. If he means that regular and inviolable legal procedure shall take the place of the arbitrary interpretation and application of the law which now obtains and has obtained for years in Russia, he is announcing a reform of the first magnitude; but everything depends on the interpretation of the Imperial will, and time only can act as an interpreter. The further announcement that steps should be taken to bring about "the unification of judicial procedure and to secure independence of the courts throughout the Empire" would seem to justify the hope that the Czar means, so far as is consistent with his conception of autocracy, to substitute regular for arbitrary methods of procedure. The decree closes with the announcement that for the further development of measures already introduced for the protection of workingmen in workshops, factories, and commercial establishments, the question of the introduction of State insurance for workingmen is being considered.

It is due, perhaps, in large measure, to the Czar's situation and to the fact that he is not a man either of extraordinary ability or of unusual force, that it is impossible to define with any certainty his temper or his real attitude toward the great questions now uppermost in the Russian Empire; for this decree, like everything else he has done, admits of two widely different interpretations. It is definite in its uncompromising reaffirmation of the principle of autocracy. It is definite also in its proposals for the betterment of the conditions of the peasants—proposals based on a thorough examination by a thoroughly competent man of liberal sympathies. Even in this matter, however, the Czar may be influenced by other than progressive tendencies. The peasants are the foundation of his authority; it is their blind and passionate loyalty that supports the throne, and the alleviation of their condition may be part of a policy to bind them still more closely to the present ruler. There is nothing in the decree concerning the abolition of the passport system.

The announcement in regard to the unification of the laws and the independence of the courts is a very indefinite reply to the passionate demand of Russia for the substitution of trial by law for trial by administrative process; and the silence of the decree in regard to the demand for popular representation in the Government and for some share in its responsibilities is, in its way, as significant as positive denial would have been. Events are moving rapidly in the Empire. There is evidence that the Czar is not wholly unaware of the significance of this movement; that he is not wholly indifferent to the desire of the Russian people for greater freedom of action; but it remains to be seen whether he proposes ultimately, by autocratic processes, to give them freedom of action, or whether he is endeavoring to still the agitation of the moment by alleviations of industrial and social conditions without any real concession of political rights.

"As His Master"

The New Testament lays stress on the fact that we are to be like Christ; not merely followers of him in act, but partakers of his spirit. If we have not his spirit, we are none of his; he is the first-born among many brethren; we are joint heirs of God with him; we are to be as our Master; as he was, so are we to be in this world; we are to be one with him and the Father; rooted and grounded in love, we are to be filled unto all the fullness of God. How are the disciples of Christ to understand the ideal thus put before them, not only by the Apostles in their letters, but by Jesus Christ himself in his expressed aspirations for his followers?

The unique distinction in the character of Jesus is his consciousness of oneness with God: "I and my Father are one." This oneness he describes as consisting in seeking his Father's will, speaking what his Father teaches him, judging as his Father judges, doing the works of his Father who works through him—ethical terms all. Never has the immanence of God in man been more intensely felt or more vividly expressed. It was a conception foreign to the thought of his contemporaries. It was beyond the highest thought of the great religious teachers who had preceded him. It is true that the experience of the Jewish nation and pre-eminently of its spiritual leaders had prepared the way for the supreme revelation of God as dwelling in man and with man which awaited the coming of Immanuel. The Hebrews were not philosophers; the Old Testament is not a book of philosophy. It is a witness or series of witnesses to an experience. The prophets saw God, they did not philosophize about him. Not to go outside the book of Psalmody, the Psalmist saw God in nature: "He sendeth the springs into the valleys." "He causeth grass to grow for cattle, herb for the service of man." "The trees of the Lord are full, the cedars of Lebanon which he hath planted." The Psalmist no less saw God in the national history: "He brought them forth also with silver and gold." "He spread a cloud for a covering; and fire to give light in the night." The Psalmist saw God also in the ordinary experiences of his individual life: "By thee have I run through a troop; by my God have I leaped over a wall." It is difficult to reconcile these and kindred experiences with a conception of God as one who dwelt apart from the world which he had made; and yet other expressions indicate such a conception. Probably there was no clear conception—only experiences which were never formulated into a clear and consistent philosophy. But, however this may be, in Christ's time such visions of an indwelling God as are afforded by the Plowman's Ode in Isaiah (xxviii. 23–29) and the speech of Moses in Deuteronomy (xxx. 11–14) had disappeared from the Hebrew Church; the Scribes knew nothing of such experiences.

To his unspiritual countrymen Jesus' affirmation of filial oneness with God naturally seemed a blasphemous derogation from the divine majesty, and punishable as such. Even his immediate disciples never rose to the height of Christ's thought. It finds, as he had intimated it would, an interpretation in their experience after Christ's death. "In him we live," said Paul. "He that dwelleth in love," wrote John, "dwelleth in God, and God dwelleth in him." But not even the Apostles use the divine name, Father, quite as Jesus uses it. They do not reach the tone of filial freedom, familiar, loving, reverent, which sounds through all that he affirms of his relation to God. His will, his thought, his speech, his deeds, are not his own, but his Father's. His whole life is suffused with the consciousness: "I am in the Father, and the Father in me."

It is evident that Jesus Christ not only possessed, but was possessed by, a truth of life which modern thought has but recently reached—the immanence of God. Of this he made himself to all time the representative, though still but poorly understood as such. To understand him as such representative the modern is more able than the ancient. For there is a striking affinity between Jesus' expressions of his God-consciousness as an experienced fact and truths of modern discovery—the unitary nature of all moral being, divine, angelic, human, that ethics insists on; the unitary nature of all life, whether in its aboriginal fount or its multitudinous rills, that biology teaches. Philosophy also affirms not only that the finite is ensphered in the Infinite, but also that the Infinite is self-limited in the finite. All this serves to interpret the God-consciousness of Jesus as a fact which, though it surpasses all other human experience, does not essentially transcend the capacity of human thought, but is imitable and reproducible. For so thinking there appear grounds, both intellectual and emotional, that can hardly be deemed inadequate. The intellectual ground is given in truths but recently affirmed by science and philosophy, especially in the teaching of modern theism, which conceives of God as related to the world and man quite otherwise than as Jesus' contemporaries thought. The emotional ground is given in the recorded practices in which Jesus yielded himself up to be possessed by his one great thought of the embosoming and indwelling Father, till it filled him with its power to transfigure the earthly into the heavenly, the human into the divine —his mountain retreats for solitary meditation, his nights of vigil in prayer alone with his Father, practices to which the efforts of saints in all ages to obtain the beatific vision furnish analogies.

The immanence of God has thus far been incorporated in our theology more than in our religion. It is assented to by the intellect rather than embraced with the heart. The Fatherhood of God is also a conception still but half realized, an accepted thesis, not a dominant feeling; reflected in its incompleteness from its natural mirror in the fact of human brotherhood, which as yet is so imperfectly conceived and inconsistently applied even by religious men. At this earlier stage of religious consciousness, rarely rising above a conception of God as the omnipresent Ruler, it is not strange that the God-consciousness of Jesus seems unapproachable, inimitable, and the effort of religious self-realization "in the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ" is stayed half-way in a "practicing of the presence of God." Yet every one who assents to the truths of which Jesus made himself the representative—the immanence and the Fatherhood of God—must in consistency adopt as his ideal the typical saying of Jesus, "I am in the Father, and the Father in me." In the coming renascence of the Christianity of Christ its watchword, "Back to Christ," must bring us back to its central, fundamental, vitalizing fact, the God-consciousness of Jesus, and must inspire earnestness to realize it, both as the divine secret of his power as the Redeemer of men, and the secret of power in the effort of the disciple to be as his Master.

The Spectator

The Spectator has a friend who is a good American citizen, of a radical temperament. Recently he was discussing American manners, especially on the streets and street-cars, and, to the surprise of his hearers, he declared that the manners criticised so severely were but the evidence of the true democratic spirit; that the prevailing idea was that if a man's coat was shabby, he must step aside, sacrifice his comfort and even his rights to the better-dressed individual. To him the negro who swore at him roundly, and asserted his rights to equality, was a far more hopeful American citizen than the one who accepted his color as the badge of inferiority, the stamp of servitude. It was a startling declaration, but it found supporters. Aggressiveness they declared a most desirable trait. It was the evidence of ability and courage, the essentials of success. This view, again, was combated. The opposers asserted that aggressiveness was not the evidence of ability; that it was in most men conceit, without justification or foundation.

❀

The Settlement Worker had been a listener, and when appealed to responded quietly. "I have been listening and at the same time have been running rapidly over the lives of the boys and girls we have known, whose careers we have helped to make, and I find that we have often given and made opportunities for those who have needed to be discovered, and whose discovery has been a revelation to us, though we have known them for years. It has not been the aggressive ones who have possessed the traits that met either our preferences or our first interest. I do not say that aggressiveness has not focused our attention, but if we have opened doors to the aggressive it was because they possessed other traits. Nor do I think that one has succeeded whose aggressiveness was not restrained or modified when he entered the business world. The ones for whom we have sought opportunities have been those who have had good manners coupled with ability, and these are the ones who have succeeded. Aggressiveness is the evidence of physical energy, and education and experience may direct it to a positive good. But without direction it becomes extreme selfishness, or brute force, and I cannot conceive of either of these evolutions as desirable in the individual or for the national good. That is the conception we give the foreigners who come to us, I fear. We trade on their ignorance or timidity. As they gain in knowledge they imitate the manners we have made familiar to them. What we call 'bad manners,'" she added gently, "is, I sometimes think, lack of self-consciousness due to concentration, quite as often as due to selfishness. Up and down the whole social scale we are living financially and physically at an extravagant rate. We cannot afford to be considerate of others, and our bad manners form one of the results. To me it seems that to claim that bad manners are the evidence of the true democratic spirit is to hold the belief that democracy is a leveling down, not a leveling up, process, and that view I refuse to accept." Even the radical was silenced, and his eyes were alight with admiration for the gentle disciple whose quiet force had changed a neighborhood.

❀

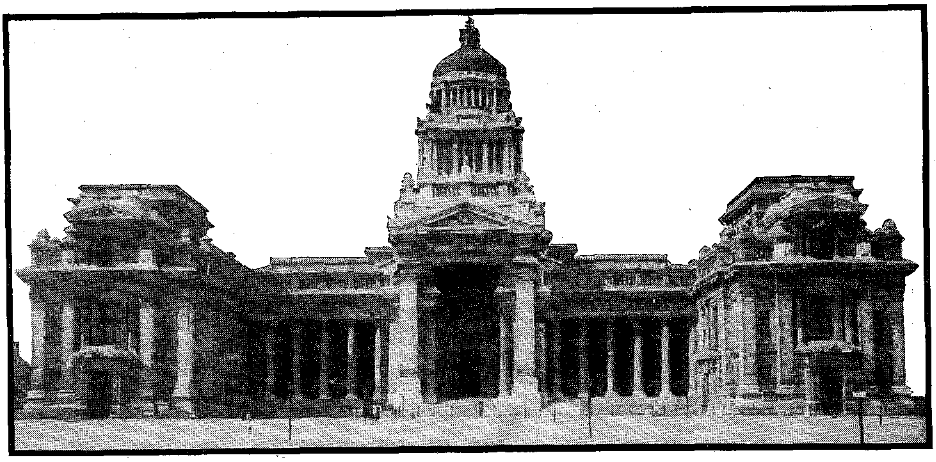
It was but a few days afterwards when the Spectator was passing through a crowded foreign neighborhood in New York. There was the usual line of pushcarts on each side of the street, with the clamoring, gesticulating women bent on supplying the household needs at the lowest cost. There was a scream, followed by complete silence. Before the crowd recovered its voice there was another scream. A carriage stood at the corner. From a near-by doorway rushed a woman holding a little baby in her arms, pursued by four men. With the movements of a cat she twisted and turned through the crowd with the evident intention of eluding her pursuers. The driver on the carriage followed her, while the men, interfered with by the crowd, tried to overtake her. She was talking rapidly, as she half ran, dodging the crowd. A tall, powerful, aggressive man spoke to those about, who doubtfully obeyed his instructions. The woman found herself hemmed in; the four men pursuing her found her protected from them by a circle of angry men and women. The manner of one of the pursuers showed authority. He pointed to the woman as he talked. The tall man listened, and as he listened became the ally of the pursuers. Suddenly he turned, snatched the baby from the arms of the woman, who had drawn close to him, handing it over the heads of the crowd to one of the four, a pale man, who seemed to be bewildered and numbed. The aggressive man was now occupying the center of the stage. His change of attitude would have made a comedy were it not that the elements of a tragedy were too prominent. The women in the crowd now rose in their wrath. A mother was being separated from her baby; their protesting cries were added to the mother's shrieks. A policeman appeared, walking threateningly toward the man who seemed to control the situation. He could not explain, and was frightened because he faced the law in uniform. The woman made a dash for her baby, and clasped it and the man holding it in her arms. The officer read the paper one of the men handed him. He ordered the crowd to make room for the carriage, which drove close to the crying woman. The aggressive man, now a sad one, responded to the request of the officer and helped to lift the struggling woman into the carriage. Again silence fell on the crowd, but this time it was the silence of sympathy, not of rage. One did not know how the knowledge spread through the crowd, but each one told the story to a neighbor. The mother was insane, and had tried to kill herself and her baby in the night. They were taking her to the hospital; she would get well; the little stout man was the doctor, the pale man the husband and father. At last the carriage door was closed. The aggressive man, holding the baby with the tenderness of a woman, surrendered it reluctantly to the father, who mounted the seat beside the driver. He patted the arm of the father encouragingly as the carriage started. In a moment he was back at his favorite spot in the sunshine leaning against the corner of a house. The crowd had melted away. Business had fallen off; mothers, sad-eyed and sympathetic, had gone home to their babies. Who would dream of the knighthood hidden in that man whom no man trusted? He was the same inert mass he had been before he had risen to defend a woman; the only one of the scores of men there who dared to interfere, to question the right of pursuit. Two hours later the man still stood there, but the street had not yet recovered its wonted appearance.

❀

It was the last street in the city where one would have expected to find sentiment, but who can make roads for the feelings of men? The houses were tumbling; one was actually propped up; the people matched the houses. There was perfected harmony in the environment: pavements, sidewalks, houses, and people formed a depressingly discouraging whole. The children were dirty and profane, and were children only in years. Even the babies in broken, rickety carriages and soap-box wagons were wizened and old. An old school building at the corner had age and decay written all over it; everything in the neighborhood spoke of poverty and neglect except the station-house diagonally across from the schoolhouse. What could be done for such a region? Even the street-sweepers slighted their task when they worked on the two blocks that formed this street. Out of the damp, dark basement of one of the houses came a woman with a baby on her arm. The Spectator was not a stranger in this neighborhood. "I was goin' to ask you if you'd look after that tree." She pointed to a sickly-looking tree, with a few leaves fluttering on its lifeless-looking twigs—one could not call them branches. "We're goin' to move," she continued, "and my boy is worryin' about that tree. He calls it his tree. He brought it from the country where he went for two weeks one time, and planted it there in that hole. That was six years ago. He's watched it, sittin' beside it with a stick to keep the boys away from it. There ain't a boy in the neighborhood who ever tried to hurt it that he hasn't licked. I've taken a hand myself more'n once when he was gettin' the worst of it. He is that fond of the tree, many's the black eyes he's given and got takin' care of it. Now we're goin' to move, and the cop says he can't have it. He says it's city property, which it ain't. The city never did a thing for it. Look at the fence me boy put about it to keep the horses off." (The fence was made of barrel staves and heavy wire.) "If we waited for the city to put a tree here, we'd be dead before it was done. I thought maybe you could get it put before the schoolhouse. The principal would look after it; she likes me boy. My boy would not feel so bad if he thought some one would take care of it. He sits beside it every night when he gets home from work. Will yer try to get it put in front of the school?" The Spectator promised. "God bless yer; Johnny will stop fretting."

❀

The Spectator found that by the time he had complied with all the red tape necessary to accomplish the moving of that tree at least five periods of administration of the city government would be part of its history, each head of the department having authority over the tree holding different views as to the preliminaries necessary to accomplish its removal. The Spectator lives in dread of meeting the owner of the tree.



THE INTERNATIONAL COURT-HOUSE

The home of the Hague Peace Tribunal, presented by Andrew Carnegie, is to be an exact replica of the Palace of Justice at Brussels, of which the above is a photograph

A Parliament of Nations

By Hayne Davis

WHEN Tennyson foresaw "a Parliament of Man, a Federation of the World," as the condition which would accompany permanent peace, he came out of the realm of poetry and prophecy into that of practical politics; it would be truer to say he made these two worlds one by conceiving the machinery which the peace sentiment must have in order to become effectual. And at St. Louis, on October 13, 1904, the Interparliamentary Union, a body composed of more than two thousand members of National Parliaments, declared for the creation of an International Parliament, to convene periodically, as the next practical step toward the ultimate substitution of judicial decisions for war between nations. The significance of this can be comprehended only by realizing who these men are that have thus rallied around this idea. Every member of this organization is a member of a National Parliament. This requirement keeps out of it all mere dreamers, for idealists who can win seats in a National Parliament can make realities of their ideals. The doors of the Interparliamentary Union being open to every member of every National Parliament, what sort of men will enter this Union? Those members of National Parliaments who most desire to improve international conditions. The two thousand men who compose this Union are, therefore, among the best of national lawmakers, the ideal practical politicians of our times. Of these two thousand, those came to the twelfth session of the Union at St. Louis who had the cause of peace most at heart, who would neglect their private interests and to a certain extent their pressing public duties, and incur the considerable expense attendant upon a trip to America. Heretofore the sessions of this Union have taken place in Europe and within a day's journey from nearly every European capital. It required six weeks' time and considerable outlay of money to attend the session at St. Louis. And the delegates came without knowing what would be proposed or adopted, but resolved to do all that was possible to advance the cause of peace. The ocean acted, therefore, as an additional sifter, so that the members of the Interparliamentary Union who were present at the St. Louis session were the choice men of the Union, and these were the choice men of National Parliaments, and these the chosen representatives of the people of every important nation of Europe except Russia and Spain. The small body of two hundred who assembled at St. Louis was, therefore, like Gideon's band, the most worthy of taking part in a great undertaking. They had had experience in politics and government and understand both. They were men of courage and constancy, and not afraid of large undertakings.

When the Conference convened in the Hall of Congresses, all the nations of the world were assembled outside, demonstrating to each other at the greatest international exposition ever held how indispensable every nation is to the well-being of all the others. At each national capitol the proper department of the Government was working out plans for vast expenditures in preparation for wars expected to grow out of international commerce. In each nation the people were toiling to produce what would soon be consumed in this preparation for wars, which would eventually engulf great multitudes of the people also. Two great nations were actually in the horrors of war because they do not know, or, knowing, will not do, the things that pertain to their peace.

The whole world, sickened by the daily reports of carnage in the Far East, was longing for some practical plan that would prevent the recurrence of such catastrophes.

On the second day of the session a resolution was introduced by the American delegation, which will be recognized some day as one of the great political documents of the world, and which is given below:

> *Whereas*, Enlightened public opinion and the spirit of modern civilization alike demand that differences between nations should be adjudicated and settled in the same manner as disputes between individuals are adjudicated—namely, by the arbitrament of courts in accordance with recognized principles of law;
>
> The Conference requests the several governments of the world to send representatives to an International Conference, to be held at a time and place to be agreed upon by them, for the purpose of considering—
>
> First, the questions for the consideration of which the Conference at The Hague expressed a wish that a future conference be called;
>
> Second, the negotiation of arbitration treaties between the nations represented at the Conference to be convened;
>
> Third, the advisability of establishing an International Congress to convene periodically for the discussion of international questions;
>
> And this Conference respectfully and cordially requests the President of the United States to invite all the nations to send representatives to such a Conference.

What could this body of men do under such circumstances? They all came from nations that are founded on the parliamentary idea in government—*i.e.*, on the idea that laws should be evolved by a body in which the governed have representatives. Most of them came from nations in which there are local parliaments for local affairs, and a federal parliament for affairs common to the federated States, such as exist in the United States. Reason, the political history of their several nations, the peace and prosperity of the world, demanded that they adopt the resolution. The national lawmakers present at this twelfth session of the Interparliamentary Union voted unanimously for this memorable resolution. The resolution requested the President of the United States to take the lead in making it effectual by inviting the nations to assemble in conference. When this body called on the President and presented this resolution (September 24, 1904), and the President announced that he would comply with their request, the first official action in the most important political movement of history was taken.

The President has fulfilled his promise to the Interparliamentary Union by issuing the invitation. The nations are sending their acceptances. Great Britain, Switzerland, Austria-Hungary, Italy, have already done so, and when this article appears, all the nations invited will doubtless have responded, and most of them favorably.

The time and place of the meeting and the subjects to be discussed are now being diplomatically considered.

The President has suggested The Hague as the proper place. He wishes the thought of the world to be centered upon The Hague as the seat of International Arbitration, the first General Assembly of the Nations having met there,

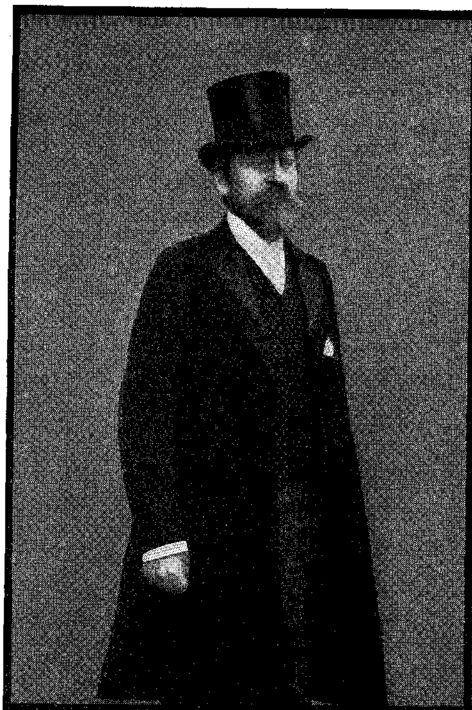
THE FOUNDER OF THE INTERPARLIAMENTARY UNION

William Randal Cremer, Member of the British Parliament, the English carpenter and labor unionist, who originated the Interparliamentary Union, has been made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, and was recipient of the Nobel Peace Prize of $35,000 in 1903; he devoted the money to the cause of Peace

the Court of the United Nations being established there, and its court-house being now in process of construction there, from a fund provided by Mr. Andrew Carnegie, the foremost American advocate of international arbitration, and upon land donated by the Dutch Government.

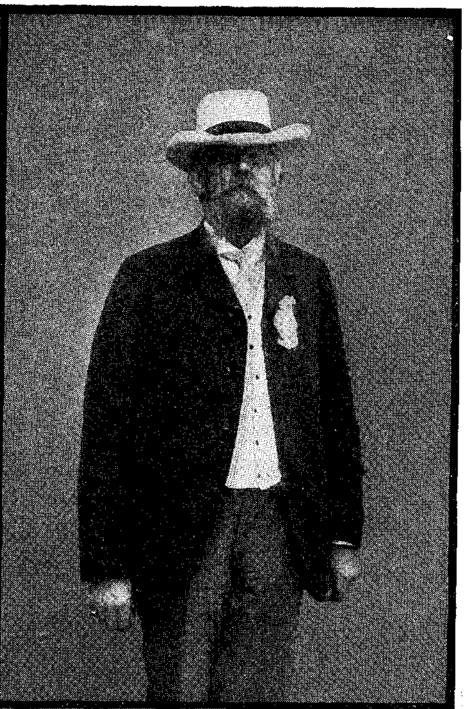
The idea of a governmental system for the administration of justice among nations has gone far toward practical realization, therefore, when it is taking form in an actual Palace of Justice of the United Nations.

Just how far it has gone is not generally realized, owing to the fact that



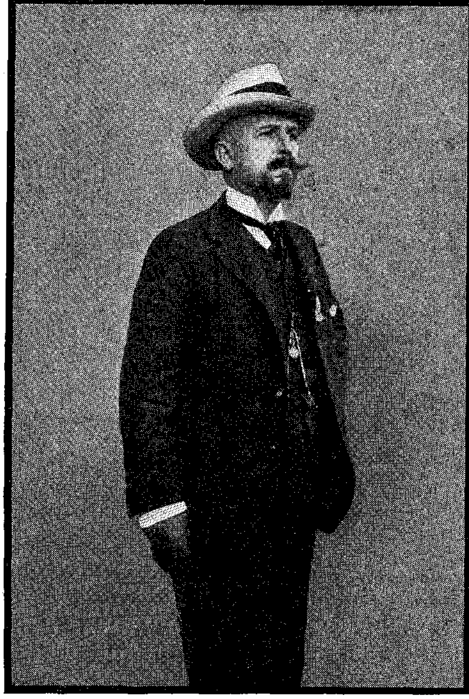
ERNST BECKMAN

President of the Liberal Union party of Sweden; President of the Swedish Delegation to the Interparliamentary Union



JOHN LUND

Vice-President of the Nobel Peace Commission; President of the Norwegian Delegation to the Interparliamentary Union

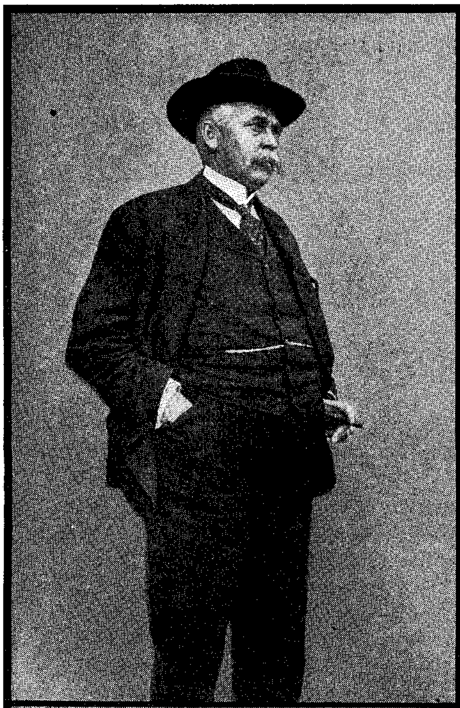


MARQUIS DI SAN GIULIANO

President of the Italian Delegation to the Interparliamentary Union; formerly a Cabinet Minister of Italy

DR. TYDEMAN

President of the Delegation from Holland to the Interparliamentary Union; Member of the Dutch Parliament

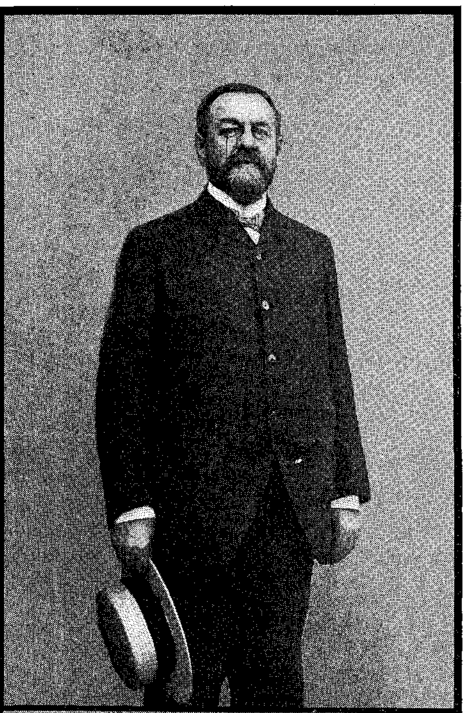


JAMES S. SLAYDON

Member of Congress from Texas; Member of the Congressional Committee which received the Foreign Delegates

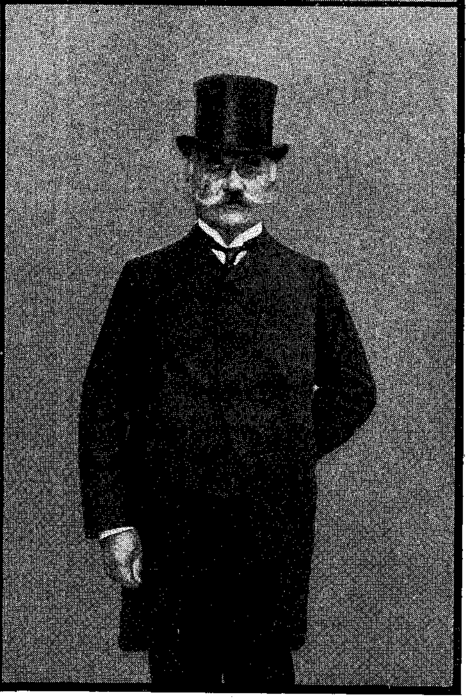
SIR PHILIP STANHOPE

President of the British Delegation to the Interparliamentary Union; one of the originators of the Interparliamentary Union



GEORGES COCHERY

President of the French Delegation to the Interparliamentary Union; Vice-President of the Chamber of Deputies



DR. ALBERT GOBAT

Secretary of the Interparliamentary Union; President of the Swiss Delegation; Recipient of a Nobel Peace Prize

RICHARD BARTHOLDT

Member of Congress from Missouri; President of the Interparliamentary Union for 1904; author of the Resolution asking the President to call a Conference of Nations; organizer and President of the Arbitration Group in the Congress of the United States

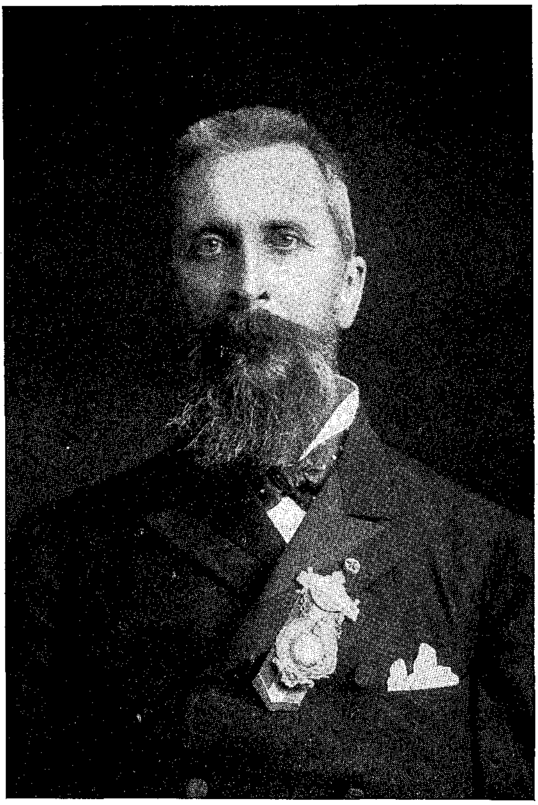
men have not considered carefully what the constitution of this court at The Hague really means. When that court was organized, a political union of nations was actually formed, feeble but alive. It includes twenty-six nations—all the world except Central and South America. The treaty of The Hague is its first Constitution, just as the Articles of Confederation were the first Constitution of the American Union. The nations that united to constitute this court have reserved their right to try their contentions on the battlefield instead of by submission of evidence to this court. But the court is none the less a reality, and therefore there is now a Union of Nations, very imperfect in form and endowed with but a small measure of power; but it exists and has begun to operate. And the Conference to convene soon will be charged with the duty of doing something to make this existing Union of Nations more perfect, thus hastening the day when judicial decisions, according to recognized principles of law, can, through its agency, take the place of war.

The things that can be done are clearly outlined by the Interparliamentary Union. Reasonable rules can be added to those that already exist for mitigating the horrors of war, by exempting private property from seizure during war, by forbidding the bombardment of undefended places, by clearly defining property that may lawfully be seized during war, also the rights and duties of neutrals, the rights of the belligerents in regard to intercepting mail, etc. But all these mere mitigations of the evils of war will fail to satisfy enlightened public opinion of our day. And the demand of the Interparliamentary Union for treaties of arbitration so drawn as to found the Hague Court solidly as a permanent part of the world's judicial machinery by giving it jurisdiction, just as State and National courts have, and for a World's Congress, will awake response in the depths of the human heart in every land. Men will be quick to see that this is the practical plan for perpetuating peace, and a little reflection will show that this would permanently secure for every Nation without cost all the legitimate and right things which they now spend vast sums to keep by force, and which are really insecure until the war era has come to an end.

When this Conference convenes, the delegates will not be insensible to these facts, nor to the great things achieved by the delegates sent to The Hague in 1898. That was the first General Assembly of the nations. The delegates arrived at The Hague with a confused idea as to what they had come for, and many of them were without hope of accomplishing anything of permanent or great value. But they were impelled by a power that was beyond their comprehension, and out of this Conference sprang, as I have said, a Union of Nations.

The delegates to the coming Conference have the work of the first Conference before them; the defects of the Union created by that Conference have been made plain; a clear plan for perfecting this Union has been suggested. And it will be impossible for intelligent, patriotic, experienced statesmen of the world to depart from this second Conference without taking steps that will carry the world far toward the day of permanent peace.

At its 1895 session, which was held at Brussels, the Interparliamentary Union declared for a permanent Tribunal of Arbitration. In 1899 such a Tribunal was constituted. At its 1904 session this Union declared for a Congress of Nations to supplement this court. How long will it be before the Congress as well as the Court of the United Nations is a part of our governmental machinery? How long after this Congress comes into being will it be before war between nations becomes unlawful, just as war between American States is now unlawful? These are the gravest political questions of our day.



COUNT ALBERT APPONYI

Privy Councilor to the King of Hungary; President of the Hungarian Delegation to the Interparliamentary Union; ex-President of the Hungarian Parliament

Having been invited to accompany the Interparliamentary party on its tour of the country, by the Hon. Richard Bartholdt, Chairman of the Committee of Congress appointed to entertain the foreign delegates, I had the privilege of coming in touch with a number of the distinguished parliamentarians from abroad, and of ascertaining their views on the ultimate outcome of this movement.

It was inspiring to find such men pressing forward with clarity of judgment and strength of purpose to that condition of international politics which is consistent with permanent peace.

What Mr. Cremer says is perhaps deserving of the greatest consideration, for he is the man who foresaw most clearly, nineteen years ago, that a world movement for treaties of arbitration could be inaugurated, and who has led in the actual conduct of that movement in its present state, when the announce- of a new treaty of arbitration is received as a matter of course. As the Interparliamentary train was drawing near Washington, and the question of the President's action on the resolution was under discussion, Mr. Cremer authorized me to say for him, among other things: "If the President calls the Conference, as requested, he will take his place in history as the first ruler who called for a working political union of nations, for such an organization is bound to come into being. The organization of the American States was the first step, the organization of the United States was the second step, the organization of a world-wide union of nations in the image and likeness of the United States will be the third and last step in the proper political organization of the human race into one body composed of many members fitly joined together."

When the movement for treaties of arbitration, which he foresaw, is at its climax, he sees, from this height, the inevitableness of a perfect political organization coextensive with humanity's widest commercial activities. And he has proven that he is a true political prophet.

The Hon. Richard Bartholdt, President-elect of the Interparliamentary Union and author of the resolution of St. Louis, said: "The first Conference of the nations was called by the Czar—the representative of autocracy; the second will be called by the great representative of democracy—the United States. And every shade of political opinion between democracy and autocracy will be represented at the Conference, and will be found in favor of international arbitration as the practical plan for perpetuating peace and securing justice among nations."

Dr. Gobat, Secretary of the Interparliamentary Union, and President of the Swiss delegation, said: "As a court for applying principles of law to controversies between nations issued out of the Hague Conference, so a Congress or Parliament for discovering those principles of law can issue out of the Conference contemplated by this resolution."

Vladimir Ritter von Gniewosz, Chamberlain to the Emperor of Austria, said: "The members of the Interparliamentary Union have all been chosen by the people among whom they live to represent them in their most vital political interests. They know nothing which will so contribute to the welfare of their own nation and of all mankind as the carrying out of the resolution of St. Louis."

Count Albert Apponyi, Chamberlain to the King of Hungary, said: "This resolution calls for the application of the fundamental idea of democracy to international affairs by the constitution of a Congress of Nations in which every nation shall have representatives. It is right, therefore, that the United States—the greatest representative of democracy in the world—should lead in this movement."

John Lund, ex-President of the Norwegian Senate and Vice-President of the Nobel Peace Prize Commission, said: "The call for this World's Conference is the most important political move ever made. We do not expect the International Parliament to come into being perfect in form and power. Every national parliament has grown gradually. So the International Parliament, once created, wiil grow in usefulness and power with the centuries."

The Marquis di San Giuliano, ex-Cabinet Minister of Italy, said: "It is a great step forward that this idea [a World's Parliament] was accepted by representatives of almost the whole civilized world. The United States is the Nation to lead in this work, being great and powerful, and renowned for its practical spirit, and at the same time predisposed to peace both by tradition and character."

Sir Philip Stanhope, the President of the British Delegation, said: "Members of national parliaments must stand for an International Parliament, or deny the principle on which their nation is founded. How can they stand for a parliament for State affairs, a parliament for inter-State or national affairs, and for something else for international affairs, when that something else must be chaos always and war periodically?"

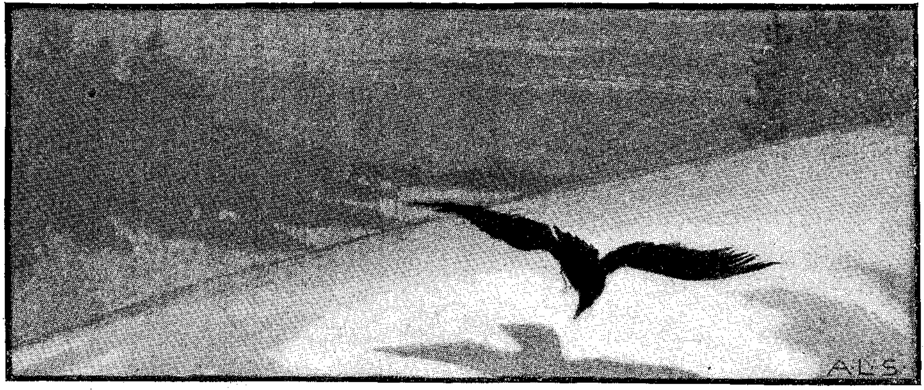
M. Georges Cochery, ex Secretary of the French Treasury and Vice-President of the Chamber of Deputies, said: "France believes in her principles for application to international intercourse as well as to the intercourse between her own citizens. France and the United States are brothers, born of the same movement of ideas. And it is right that the United States lead and that France and all nations join in the application of these ideas to international affairs."

Ernst Beckman, President of the Liberal Union party of Sweden, and author of standard works on America and on social and economic questions, said: "The resolution of St. Louis and the President's call for the Conference mark the beginning of that long period in which international jurisprudence will be developed by a system of international political organization, as national jurisprudence has been developed by a system of national political organization."

Dr. Tydeman, President of the delegation from Holland, said: "There is now no Old World, no New World, but one world—the whole world. It will be a grateful work to the President and the people of the United States to lead the world on to the establishment of justice by international arbitration and organization. The development of the United States has prepared the people of America for this work."

The action of the Interparliamentary Union, and the call for a conference of nations based on its resolution, is a prelude to the actual birth of a World's Parliament, and this sketch of what was done by the Interparliamentary Union to advance this idea, and what is hoped for by its leading members, would be unpardonably defective if nothing were said of the last supper taken by these workers for the world's welfare before they dispersed. The night after the President had announced that he would call the Conference as requested by the Interparliamentary Union, supper being over, Mr. James L. Slayden, of Texas, was called upon to propose a toast to the man most worthy to be toasted on that memorable occasion. He said, in response, that some day Great Britain will rear at the seat of the Parliament of Nations a monument more majestic than that which now stands in London to the memory of Wellington or any other military hero, and that it will be reared to the English carpenter and labor unionist, William Randal Cremer, who created the Interparliamentary Union, which has brought into practical politics this idea of a World's Parliament as a means of perpetuating peace.

A day came for the British Parliament to be born, and it was born. A day came for the United States Congress to be created, and it was created. The day will come for the World's Congress to be constituted, and it will be constituted. It was the dream of prophets and poets of the past; it is the hope of practical men of the present, for the preservation of the peace of the world and the salvation of mankind from the horrors of war.

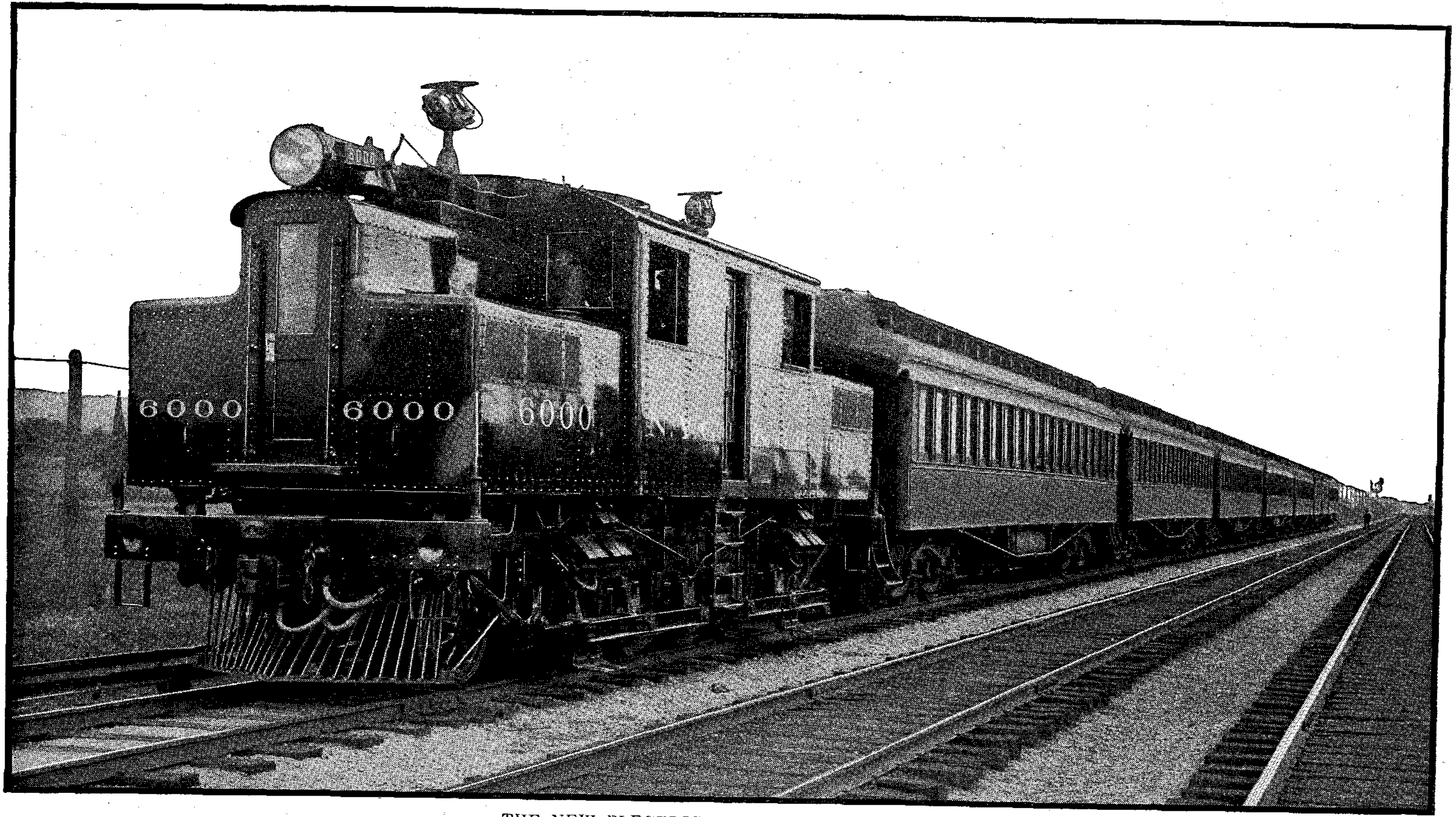


Winter

By Test Dalton

Drawing by A. L. Scherzer

In the Lowlands, opal pale
Shadows mark in misty veil
The sleeping tree and frozen rail.
On the Hill, the cloudy light
Shivers on the wearied flight
Of the drooping bird of night.



THE NEW ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVE NO. 6000

This locomotive is one of fifty, now in process of construction, which are to be used by the New York Central Railroad for hauling through and local passenger trains between the Grand Central Station and Croton, 34 miles distant. In recent tests at Schenectady this locomotive, with a train of eight cars, attained a speed of 63 miles an hour in a four-mile run

Electric Traction and Its Rivalry with Steam

By George Iles

Author of "Flame, Electricity, and the Camera"

LAST November the mightiest locomotive ever built sped along four miles of track leading out of Schenectady, New York. In an ordinary run this huge engine exerts 2,200 horse-power; at a spurt, when it has a hill to climb, or an unusually heavy load to draw, it can put forth 3,000 horse-power. So much for the gain in leaving fuel, furnace, and boiler at home, while their full impulse, as electricity, is derived from a few pounds of iron sliding on a special rail. The electric cars on which we ride every day, just like common bicycles, have toothed wheels that slow down the swiftness of the electric motor to the moderate gait desired in the propelling axle. In the Schenectady locomotive, this gearing, with its friction, its liability to hurt and harm, is omitted; each motor turns directly on an axle of its own. Another strong point in the design is that sixty-nine of the ninety-five tons weight of the engine rest on its driving-wheels, conferring a degree of tractive efficiency never before approached. Because of its gigantic power, so effectively placed, this locomotive can get up speed much more quickly than a steam apparatus—a point of importance in a heavy suburban traffic with frequent stops. Drawing eight cars, and limited to but four miles of run, this engine attained a speed equal to sixty-three miles an hour. Yet more, because the machinery is comparatively light and its motion purely rotary, it delivers blows to the track and receives shocks in return much less severe than in the case of a ponderous steam locomotive with its piston moving to and fro instead of round and round. This tells us one reason why the repairs of an electric railroad are much less costly than where steam is the immediate motive power. Another weighty factor is, of course, that the furnaces, boilers, and engines of a power station are worked under conditions of shelter and economy in vivid contrast with the exposure and waste unavoidable by a steam locomotive. Plainly enough, the feat at Schenectady gives a new edge and bite to electricity in competition with steam as a means of transit. The Schenectady engine is one of fifty, under construction by the General Electric Company, which are to haul through passenger trains between the Grand Central Station, New York, and Croton, thirty-four miles distant on the main line of the New York Central road, and between that station and White Plains, twenty-four miles away on the Harlem division. A speed reaching sixty-five miles an hour has been agreed upon for this service.

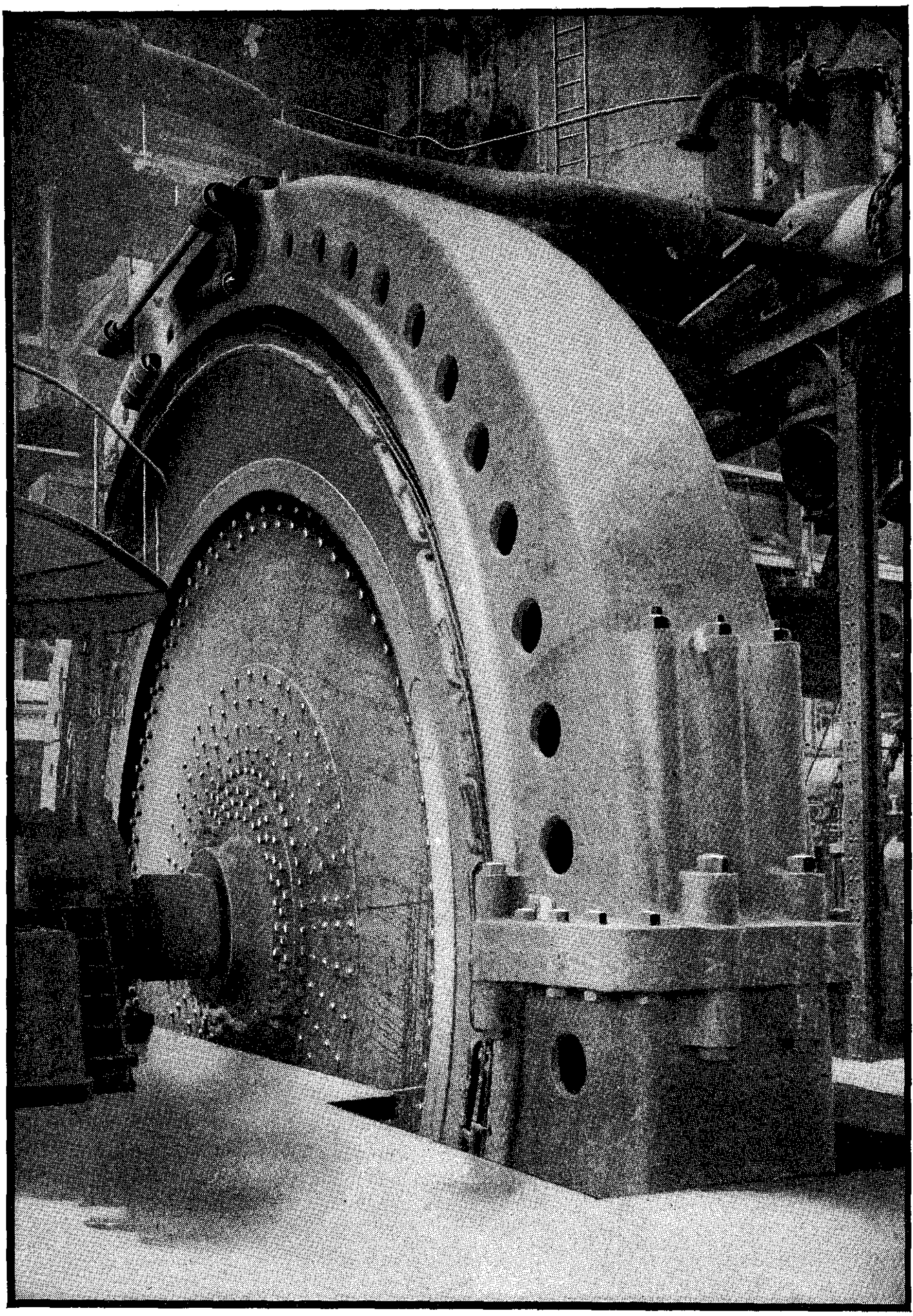
Such a replacing of steam by electricity on one of the chief highways of America prompts the question, In the near future what other lines are likely to follow suit? First of all, let us note similar transformations now under way. On the Long Island Railroad eighty miles of track will be ready next summer for electric operation, including service to Rockaway Park and Far Rockaway. By tunnels under the East River, through New York City, and under the Hudson River, this road will eventually unite the shores of Long Island with those of New Jersey, forming part and parcel of the Pennsylvania Railroad system. In New York City the tracks of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad begin at Mott Haven; thence to New Rochelle, twelve miles, there is soon to be an electrical installation of six tracks, two for freight, two for local passenger trains, two for expresses. For some miles of its line from Hoboken it is understood that the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western Railroad will at an early day employ electricity as motive power. Taking a stride half-way across the continent, we come to Denver, where the Colorado and Southern Railroad is about to equip its line of thirty miles to Boulder with electricity in place of steam.

All these cases, it will be remarked,

are providing for heavy suburban traffic, and all but one of them have the metropolis of America, with its stupendous business, for its focus. But other large cities of the Union are being closely scanned by electrical engineers, with a view to capturing an immense local transportation now conducted by steam. Boston, the center of a cobweb of railroads, is regarded as likely to fall under electric sway before long. Washington has planned a vast and splendid union station, to be approached by tunnels; what more probable than that electricity will here score another triumph, and at length actuate trains all the way through Baltimore and Philadelphia to New York? Chicago, perhaps beginning with the Lake Shore tracks of the Illinois Central Railroad, may soon be added to the territory wrested from the steam engineer by his electric rival. Chicago, be it noted, has completed fifteen miles of her subway for freight, to be electrically actuated. The line will be extended so as to include every railroad freight-house in the city, and the premises of leading shippers as well.

At the head of the trunk lines of America are men thoroughly aware of the advantages of electric propulsion. But in their hands are immense investments of capital which would become largely worthless if the steam locomotive were banished from its place, even were banishment possible. At this stage of the electric art it is, as a rule, only for runs comparatively short, with traffic uncommonly large, that steam can with gain be superseded by its rival. On this point let us hear from Mr. L. B. Stillwell, chief electrical engineer of both the Manhattan Elevated Railroad and the Subway, New York. He says that to warrant electrical installation a steam railroad should handle every day not less than ten thousand tons of freight on each mile of its double track. An average American railroad carries but one-twelfth this amount. Indeed, the only considerable lengths of line that come up to Mr. Stillwell's figures are the stretch of the Pennsylvania road between Jersey City and Pittsburg, and the roads bringing iron ore and coal into Pittsburg. Of course, as trunk lines approach great cities their traffic far exceeds his requirement, and therefore in and near such terminals we are likely to see one electric plant succeed another with steady pace.

But if the ousting of the steam locomotive in America may prove a slow affair, Europe is in a different case. In many of her districts the populations are extremely dense, and where these enjoy cheap fuel or water-power the electric revolution may proceed both swiftly and soon. During October, 1903, in a series of remarkable runs between Zossen and Marienfelde, near Berlin, an electric locomotive attained a speed of 131 miles an hour. It is plainly feasible that the German capital can be joined to Hamburg by a service at once more rapid and pleasant than that of steam. Between Liverpool and Manchester—34½ miles apart—an electric line is under construction on which trains are to run through in twenty minutes, or at the rate of 103½ miles an hour. Switzerland, with magnificent water-powers, with engineering talent unsurpassed in all the world, is considering the electrification of her entire railroad system. Sweden, with dear fuel, many large waterfalls, and illimitable freightage in her beds of iron ore, is discussing a similar course, together with new and extensive lines, wholly electrical. Our neighbor, Canada, counts as one of her chief resources the vast water-powers which dot her map for much of its breadth between ocean and ocean. Dr. Robert Bell, director of the Geological Survey of the Dominion, reminds us that the St. Lawrence from Lake Ontario to Montreal has a descent of 233 feet, quite abrupt in places; of the energy here available but a trifling part is as yet in harness. Scarcely less valuable as a source of power is the Ottawa River, which, between Lake Temiscaming and Montreal, has a descent of about 600 feet. Apropos of the line to the Pacific coast to be built by the Grand Trunk Railroad Company, Dr. Bell tells us that north of Lake Winnipeg abundant power is to be had from the Nelson River, the Athabasca and its tributaries; and that toward the Rocky Mountains the Peace River develops a rapid cur-

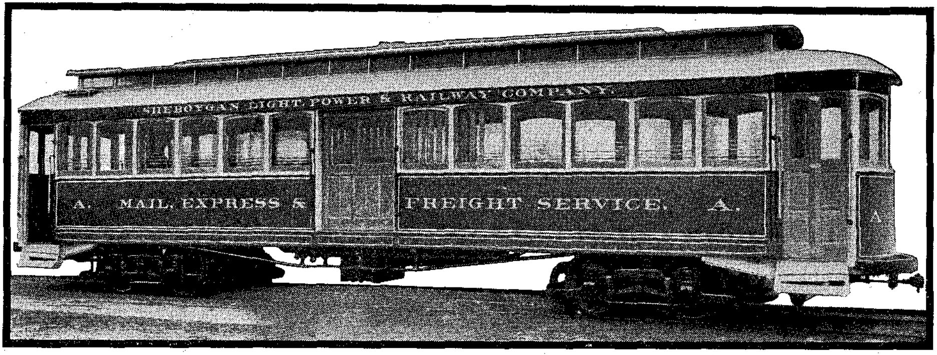


A GIANT ELECTRIC GENERATOR

This generator, one of a large number used in the new Subway Power House in New York, develops 2,700 horse-power, or enough to propel a train of 54 Subway Cars at a speed of 45 miles an hour

rent. Between that river and the Pacific shore are many waterfalls whose great height makes up for comparative smallness of stream.

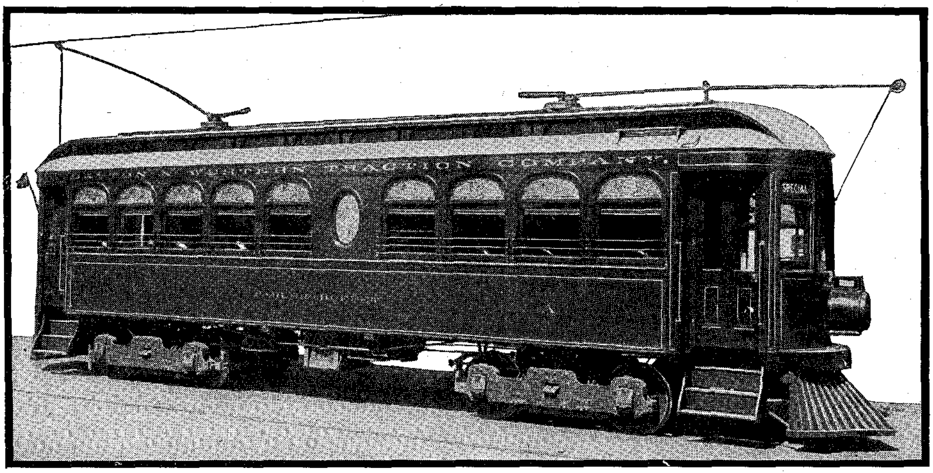
While the electrification of American railroads, so far as their main stems are concerned, moves forward with cautious tread, it is worthy of note that two East-


SHEBOYGAN LIGHT POWER & RAILWAY COMPANY
A. MAIL, EXPRESS & FREIGHT SERVICE. A.
A.

MAIL, EXPRESS, AND FREIGHT CAR
Used on the trolley lines of Sheboygan, Wisconsin

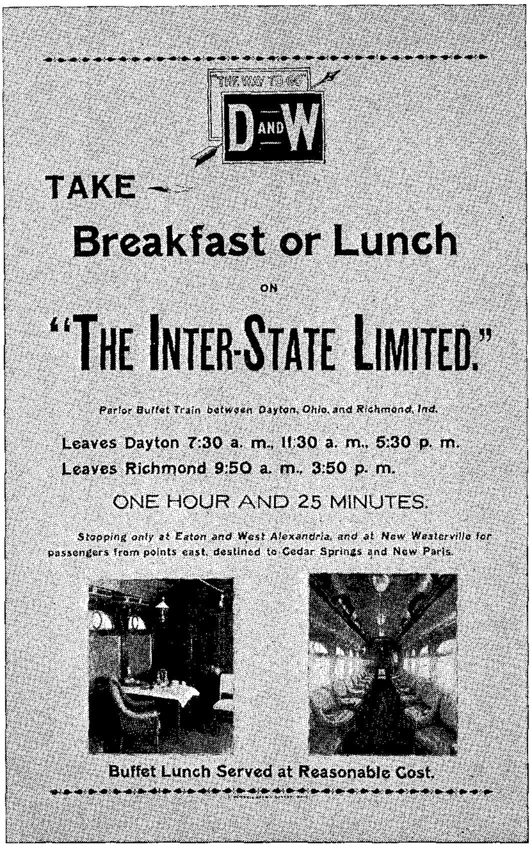
ern systems have adopted electricity for some of their branches; on the Boston and Maine Railroad forty-six miles are thus operated. While fifty-six miles are similarly worked on the New York, New Haven, and Hartford road, no further conversions of the kind are contemplated. Last year this company acquired the trolleys centering in New Haven, together with other electric lines of importance, the whole to be extended and conducted in harmony with the interests of the system as a whole. Other corporations, facing keen rivalry by trolley lines, have been obliged to reduce their fares nearly one-half. Of the severe competition between steam and electricity let one example suffice: Until about four years ago the New York Central Railroad had all the local business between Schenectady and Albany, carrying on its seventeen miles of track about twenty thousand passengers a month. Then an electric line entered and captured the field, soon expanding the old-time travel no less than six-fold by its low fares, a service four times more frequent, and a line which takes a passenger a much longer part of his whole journey than does the steam road. Let us look at the time-tables of the rival routes. The quickest steam train occupies thirty minutes, the trolley requires forty-seven; the steam fare one way is thirty-four cents, with sixty cents for a return ticket; the trolley charges twenty-five cents for a trip one way, forty cents for a return ticket. It is reported that the electric line, branches and all, has been bought at a goodly price by the interests whose territory it so formidably invaded.

This brings us, in a glance all too



PARLOR-BUFFET CAR

This car is used on "The Inter-State Limited" between Dayton, Ohio, and Richmond, Indiana. The distance of forty miles is covered in 1 hour and 25 minutes rapid, to a brief survey of the interurban lines, steadily gaining mileage, especially in the Middle West. Many of these roads were at first suburban; as they ran through public highways, they had to suffer unwelcome restrictions of speed; it soon became their policy to buy rights of way as the steam roads have done. All that has followed upon electric transit as a means of spreading cities into surrounding areas has been repeated by the interurbans in equal boons. In addition to giving country homes to uncounted thousands of city folk, they offer everybody quick, ready, and cheap travel on a scale impossible to steam locomotion. They bring thousands of new faces to the public library and the art museum of the city, to its concert rooms and lecture halls, so that city and country exchange their best influences as never before. All this is in full view when we take a glimpse at the region which centers in Dayton, Ohio, with interurban lines of 452 miles, enfolding in their sweep Urbana, Columbus, Hamilton, and Cincinnati. Let us note how these roads have put a subsoil plow into business otherwise dormant, how they make the small shipper glad for the first time in his life. Upon 220 miles of these lines the Southern Ohio Express Company picks up cans of milk, cases of eggs, crates of berries, packages of tobacco, from a thousand farmsteads. In the larger business of carrying grain and live stock the expansion is constant, so that the day seems near at hand when the company will find profit in placing a switch at every farm along its lines, sending cars there for everything the farmer has to sell. And the countryman finds Dayton as good a place to buy in as to sell in; its merchants offer better and cheaper wares than are to be had in the home village or the neighboring small town. Cars that bring into the city wheat and oats, poultry and butter, return to the country laden with clothing, tools, machinery, and furniture bought at the best advantage.


THE WAY TO GO
D AND W

TAKE →

Breakfast or Lunch

ON

"THE INTER-STATE LIMITED."

Parlor Buffet Train between Dayton, Ohio, and Richmond, Ind.

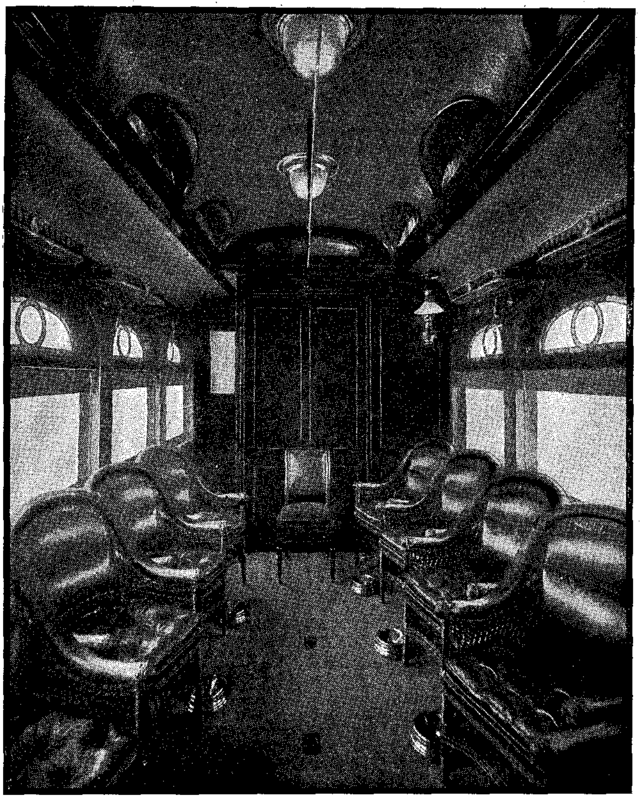
Leaves Dayton 7:30 a. m., 11:30 a. m., 5:30 p. m.
Leaves Richmond 9:50 a. m., 3:50 p. m.

ONE HOUR AND 25 MINUTES.

Stopping only at Eaton and West Alexandria, and at New Westerville for passengers from points east, destined to Cedar Springs and New Paris.

Buffet Lunch Served at Reasonable Cost.

A line to Piqua, independently controlled, may be taken as a model of the best interurban management. A freight solicitor, without fee, calls up farmers and finds out what they have to sell; he then ascertains where in town a sale can be effected, often closing a transaction on the spot. This line carries sheep, pigs, and cattle into a stock-yard of its own, whence dressed meat is despatched on a considerable scale. A cold-storage department, about to be established, will add to this branch of the business, and collect from the farmer, at his very door, vegetables and fruit paid for in cash at current prices. The quick and frequent transit of this road, as of every similar line, makes it preferable to steam transportation. Fruit, vegetables, and live stock arrive at market in the pink of condition and command the highest prices. Often electric



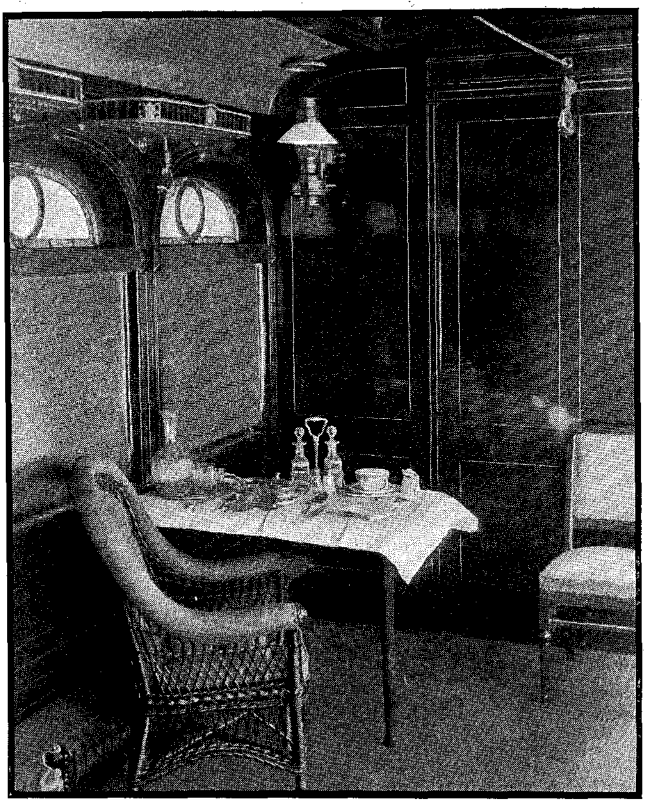
PARLOR CAR
Interior of the car shown on a preceding page

carriage occupies but six hours, where a steam line, impeded by the cross-currents of a great city's traffic, demands thirty-six hours. During the summer this Piqua line buys artificial ice at a low figure and distributes it at a respectable profit. The passenger traffic is cultivated as shrewdly as the freight business. A picnic ground and a club-house are objective points for thousands of excursionists from June to October, special rates being granted. Ordinary fares are one and a half cents a mile; books good for six hundred miles are sold at one and a quarter cents a mile. These books are available on any interurban line in Ohio and connecting roads in Indiana, forming a traveler's currency well worthy to be copied by other States.

Another Dayton road, the Dayton and Western, runs to Richmond, Indiana, forty miles off, and enjoys a large and increasing through business. Its track construction is admirable; steam lines are crossed by viaducts, three of which cost $50,000. High speeds, therefore, are safe, and "inter-State limited" trains run thrice daily between Dayton and Richmond in eighty-five minutes—that is, at twenty-eight miles an hour. Buffet luncheon is served, saving the traveler's time, who, furthermore, if he stays at a hotel passed by a train, can have his baggage left there without delay or fee.

Indianapolis, a larger city than Dayton, has interurban lines aggregating no less than 484 miles, with seventy miles more under construction. These roads come together in a freight-house which might serve a great trunk line; adjoining is a handsome union station whose upper floors form an office building of the best type. The chief system which centers here is that of the Indiana Union Traction Company, which, apart from fifty miles in the city, has 211 miles beyond the city's gates. Its train to Muncie, fifty-seven miles off, takes but two hours and ten minutes; a train to Logansport, eighty-one miles distant, runs through in three hours. Handsome parlor cars are provided; baggage up to 150 pounds, a bicycle, or a baby carriage is carried any distance for twenty-five cents; touring or theater cars are to be had for the asking. The electric roads of Indianapolis have taken local business almost completely from parallel steam lines, and they exhibit the usual creation of a vast traffic undreamt of before the electric motor took to the road.

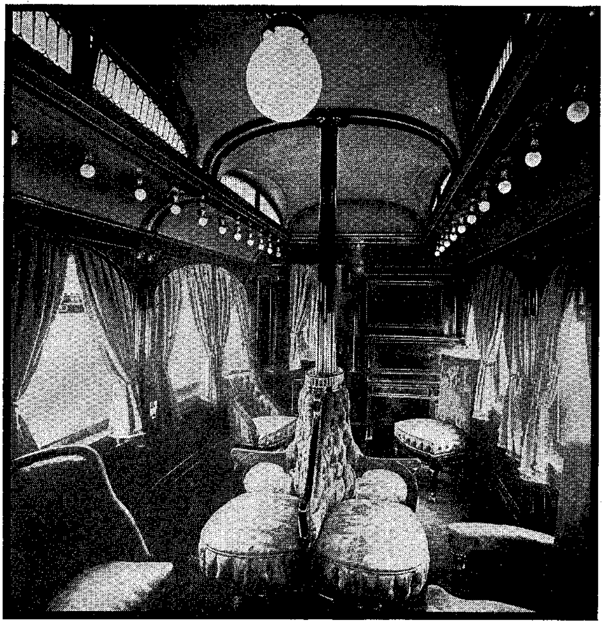
Buffalo is one of the chief centers of steam transportation in all America. Yet, thanks to enterprise and Niagara, it shows us a fine network of interurban routes. The International Railway, operated by electricity generated at the Falls, joins Buffalo to Olcott Beach on Lake Ontario, where a charming summer resort has been developed. As with all other interurban lines of the best kind, the roadbed and rails are such as might serve a first-rate steam road, while the equipment is capable of rising to a speed of a mile a minute. During the summer and fall express cars bring to Buffalo the berries, plums, cherries, grapes, apples, and peaches of Niagara County; a large and growing freight business is also transacted. A branch unites the city with Niagara Falls; passenger cars are despatched every fifteen minutes of the day, express cars run every hour. A continuation of this road skirts the Niagara Gorge and River, affording full views of the cataract; with Lewiston as its half-way station, it affords the most marvelous scenic route on the globe.



BUFFET CAR
Interior of the car shown on a preceding page

As interurban systems expand from their centers they meet one another, so as to offer through routes of astonishing length. Detroit is one of the chief centers of interurban traffic in America. The Detroit United Railway, which includes the chief local roads, has within the city 192 miles of track, and outside Detroit 323 miles. Gaps, each of but twenty to thirty miles, are all that now separate the city from Buffalo, Cincinnati, and Springfield, Ohio. Between Detroit and Toledo, fifty-eight miles, the Detroit, Monroe, and Toledo Short Line has run experimental trains in but two hours, and intends to adopt their rate of speed on its time-table. A sleeping-car service will probably be installed at an early day on the principal lines radiating from both Detroit and Toledo. Interlacements and extensions such as those common in Michigan, Ohio, and Indiana are not unknown in the Eastern States. By next summer all the links in the trolley roads between Boston and New York will be completed; the first stretch of the line, of rare picturesqueness, taking the traveler from Park Square, Boston, through Newton, Wellesley, Framingham, and Shrewsbury to Worcester.

As a rule, interurban lines have done good to their owners as well as to the public; in some cases, however, enterprise has outstripped opportunity and the financial result has been disastrous. It is worth while, therefore, to hear an authoritative word as to the field which should exist before an interurban line is provided. It comes out in cold, hard experience that one community differs widely from another in its value, per head, to a railroad. In other words, the travel habit is strong in some regions, weak in others, and should be carefully



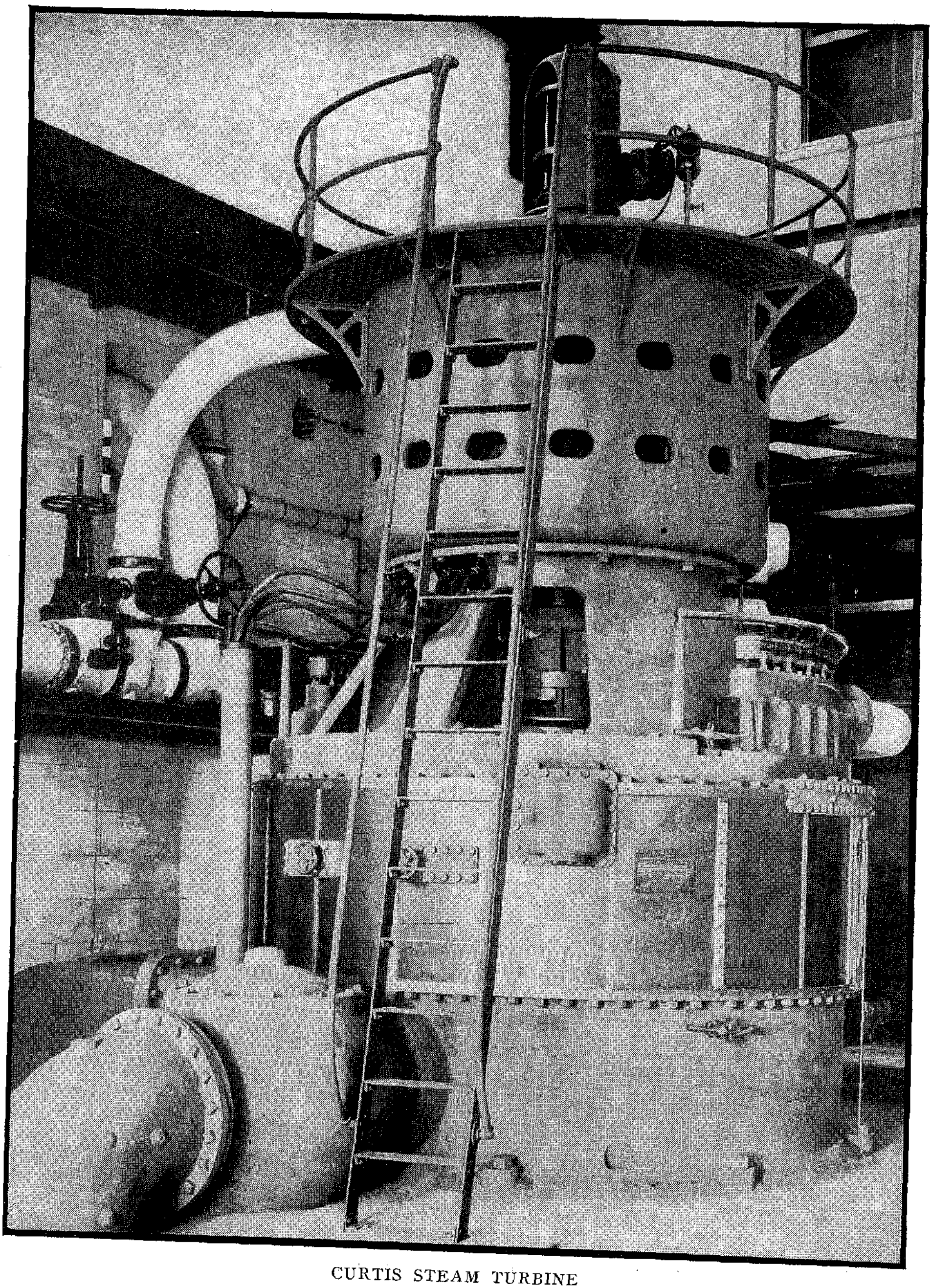
INTERIOR OF A PRIVATE CAR

This car is manufactured by the St. Louis Car Company

observed as a preliminary step. Mr. W. C. Gotshall, an electrical engineer of mark, in his "Electric Railway Economics," has compared fourteen populations, each served by an interurban system; one of these groups traveled thrice as often per head as another; in numbers the two groups differed but little. Assuming an average development of the travel habit, an interurban road requires a population of at least a thousand along every mile of its country stretches, apart, of course, from the city populations at terminal points. It is further declared by competent engineers that the whole cost of such roads should not exceed $25,000 a mile. In this field, as in every other, the investor does well to beware of the men whose business is the sanguine promotion of enterprises rather than their conservative management.

It is not so much between cities as within cities themselves that electric traction finds its most gainful scope, most notably, of course, in New York. During 1902 the Manhattan Elevated Railroad replaced its steam locomotives by electric motors, increasing the capacity of the line by one-third, and reducing its operating expenses from more than fifty-five per cent. to less than forty-five per cent. of its gross receipts. It is in the enormous power-houses of New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago that economies are worked out for the behoof of smaller plants throughout the Union. Much the largest and best power-house in the world is that of the Interborough Rapid Transit Company, at the foot of West Fifty-ninth Street, New York. Its engines and dynamos, when all awhirl, are to send 100,000 horse-power as electricity into the motors of the subway system. A view is here presented of one of the giant dynamos employed; its revolving part weighs 332,000 pounds, has a diameter of thirty-two feet, and turns seventy-five times a minute. When completed, the equipment of this wonderful station will include three Westinghouse-Parsons steam turbines. These machines and the Curtis steam turbines are steadily gaining ground in preference to reciprocating engines; they are lighter, simpler, more even in motion, less costly in maintenance, and more economical of steam under the wide fluctuations of demand for current incidental in a traction service.

To-day the electric trackage of the United States is 33,000 miles or so, about one-eighth that of the steam railroads; it is estimated that their earnings during 1904 were $220,000,000, about one-fifth the total receipts of the steam lines. So far as in cities the electric motor outpaces the horse, it has saved time, and therefore lengthened human life, to an extent which, could it be measured in money, would reach stupendous figures. In many cases a passenger is content, not to save time, but to be carried farther than in old days by the horse-car, so that he may build a house in a suburban path instead of in a crowded street, and rear his children in pure air, in quiet, comfort, and safety. In very



CURTIS STEAM TURBINE

This form of engine is being largely used, in place of the old form of reciprocating steam engine, to drive dynamos for the generation of electric power

many instances this man could either not afford to pay for steam transit, or steam service does not go where he could buy a home-site at a price within his means. It is in just such development of business with people of comparatively limited income that electric transportation finds its main strength and confers new benefits. Steam roads seek large trainloads to be moved long distances; an electric freight and express service coins dimes into dollars by picking up market-baskets, bundles for the seamstress and the laundress, a bunch or two of saplings for the orchard. The trunk lines of America, with their wide-spreading branches, enable merchants in the cities and the larger towns to replenish their counters and shelves every day. Stocks, therefore, need not be so large as of old, when, let us say, a whole winter's goods were laid in by October; the change reduces the amount of capital required, the outlays for rent and insurance, the liability to shrinkage and deterioration of values. The interurban roads are extending these advantages to that hitherto little-aided man, the village storekeeper. In the morning he can telephone his wants to Toledo, Cleveland, or Detroit; in the afternoon the ordered wares are on his shelves. More important still are the benefits bestowed upon the farmer, the market-gardener, the dairyman, or the stock-breeder. To-day the smallness of his capital is not the drawback it would have been ten years ago. With an interurban line passing near his home or in front of his door, with a cheap telephone at his elbow, and enjoying a free rural mail delivery, he can sell his produce when he pleases and at the best market prices, paying a very light tax to the middleman, or often completing a transaction with a directness that leaves the middleman out altogether.

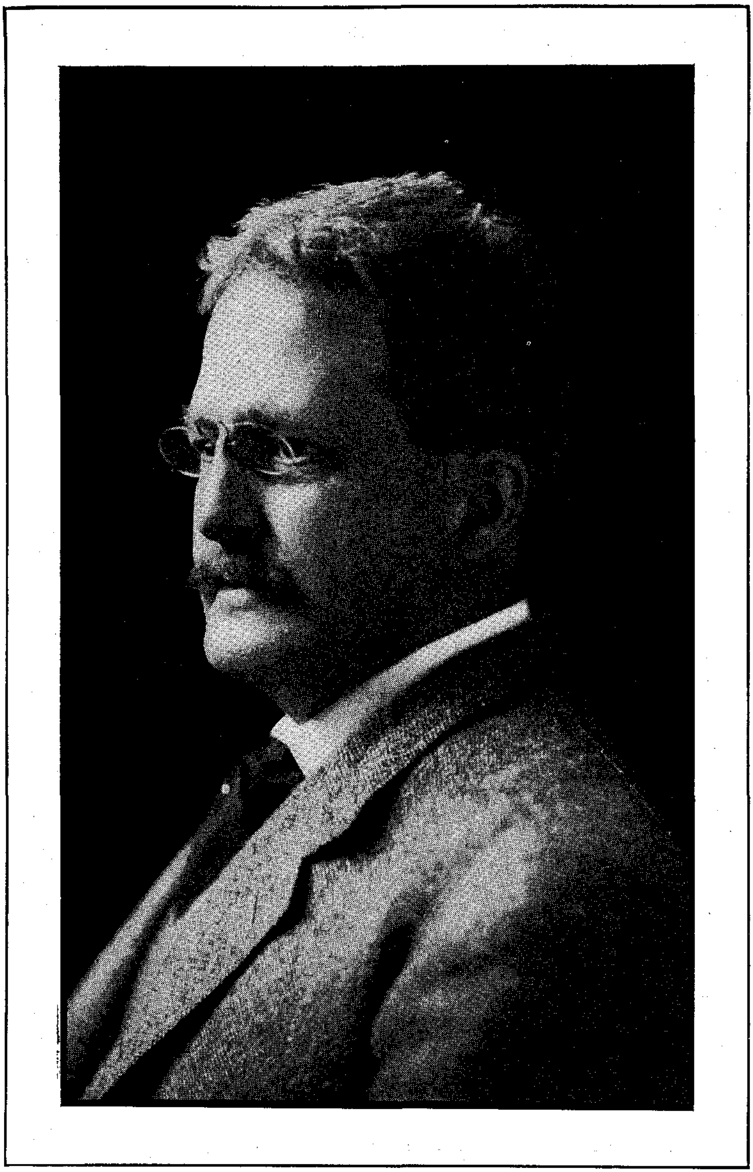
Much the larger part of the steam traffic of America cannot for many years yet be in peril of electric rivalry, but within the important field in which competition exists and is growing we are likely to see a sharp fight before peace is declared. As soon as the stronger party has measured the strength of his antagonist, he will make terms with him; interests now at war will be adjusted and merged, each supplementing the other. To the electrician will fall the tasks he can best perform, to the steam engineer will be intrusted the work most profitably left in his hands.

The Bell

By Louise Morgan Sill

He died. . . . Alas, they said, what promise died
With him—what youth, what eloquence, they sighed—
They who had left him lonely days to live,
Withholding then what now they fain would give.

But his rich grave, that to the living seemed
So dark, had brimmed with starlight as he dreamed,
And far away a muted bell set free
Rang in immortal choirs his ecstasy.



PHOTOGRAPH, COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY CLINEDINST

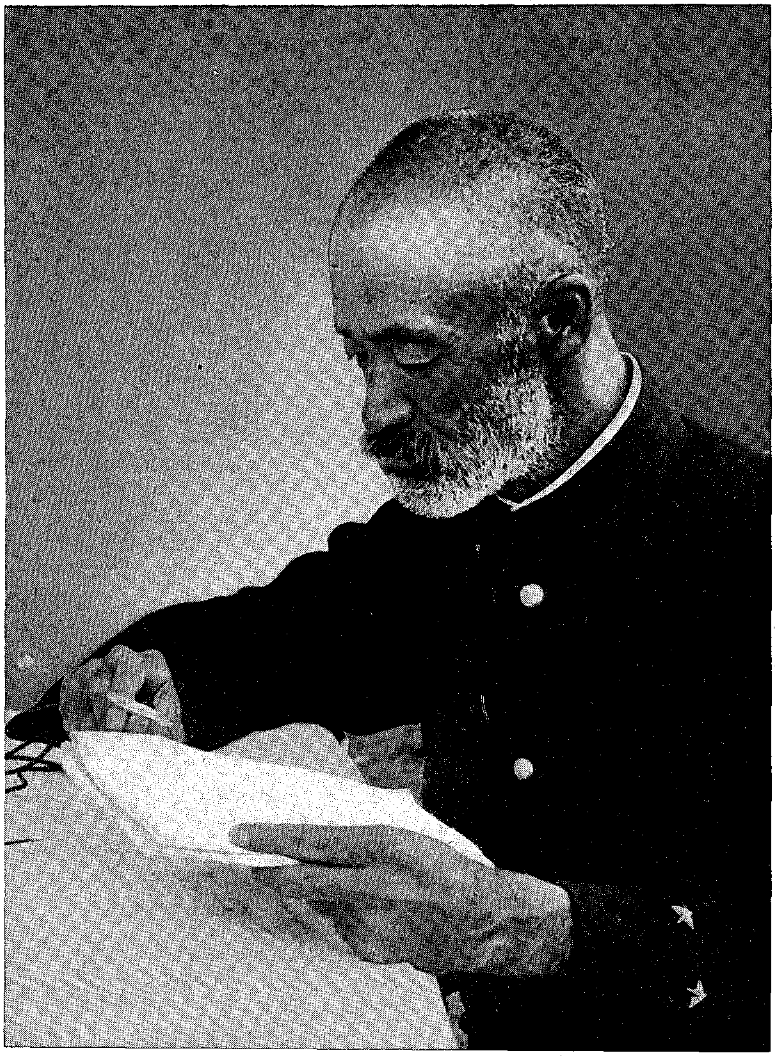
The New Indian Commissioner

IN selecting a veteran newspaper correspondent, Mr. Francis E. Leupp, for the responsible office of Commissioner of Indian Affairs, President Roosevelt paid a compliment to the profession as well as to the man, and, by a pure coincidence, the month in which the President had occasion to rebuke malicious and ill-bred newspaper stories was that in which he bestowed special honor on a fair-minded and thoughtful representative of the press. Mr. Leupp has been Washington correspondent for the New York "Evening Post" for nearly twenty years. He has never been a partisan, and his letters have always been readable and well informed. Special experience and observation as to Western affairs and Indian government have made him peculiarly fit for this special post.

GENERAL STOESSEL
In Command of the Port Arthur Garrison

The Commanders at Port Arthur

A FOREIGN journal well says that General Stoessel remains the possessor of one of the few Russian reputations enhanced by the war. Audacity, persistency, discipline, administrative genius, endless resource, have made his defense of Port Arthur the wonder of the world. From articles which have appeared in Paris and St. Petersburg journals, and have been in part republished in translation in this country, it appears that while General Stoessel's name indicates German origin, it is probable that he is in fact a Swede and the grandson of a Swedish army officer, while his father served with honor in the Russian army, and, like his son, was a member of the Orthodox Church. General Stoessel's ability as an organizer is, in part at least, the result of his thorough training in early days in the Pavloff Military Academy, where he was a fellow-student with Kuropatkin. He served with credit in the Russo-Turkish War, and since then has held several military administrative positions in Siberia and

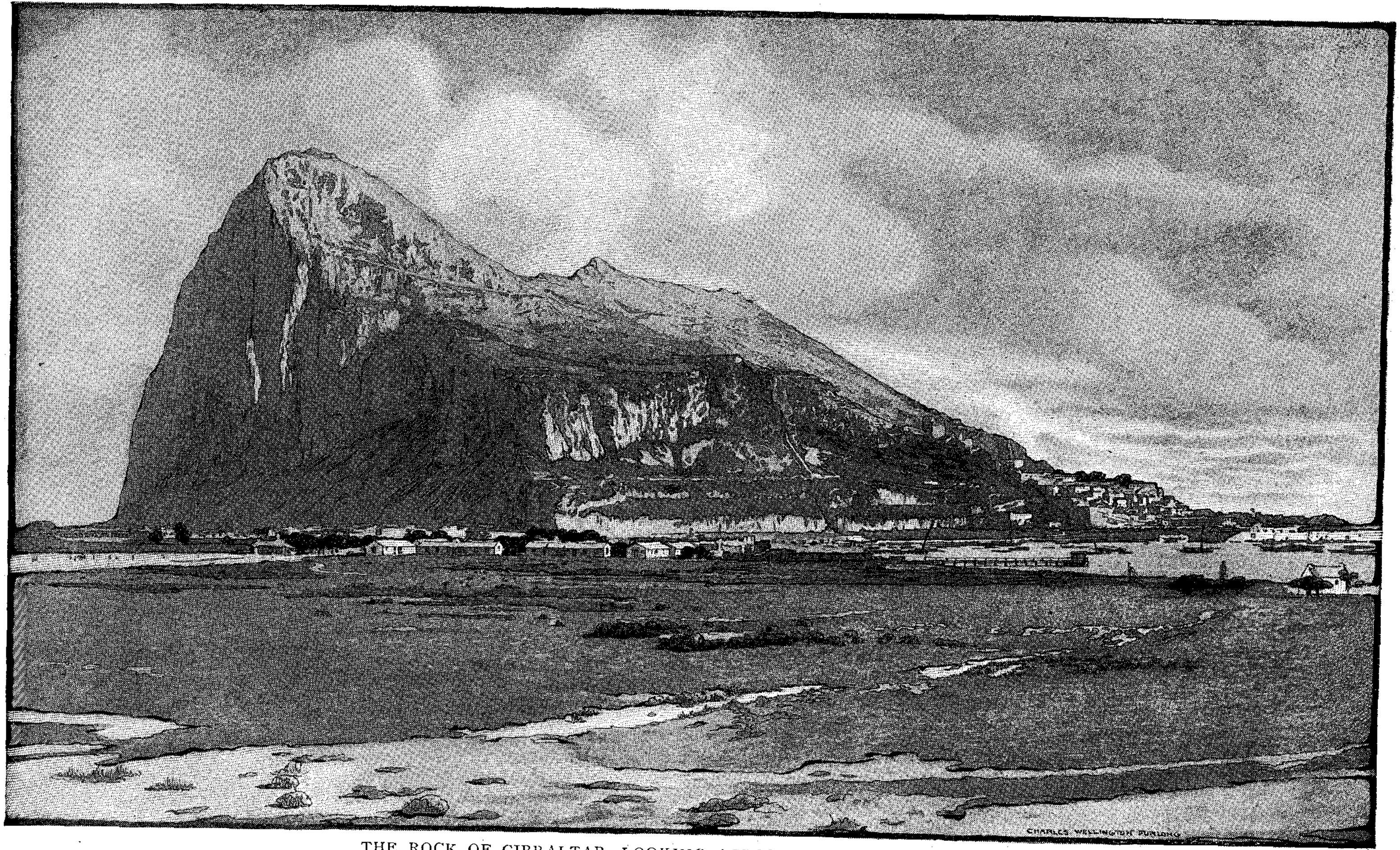


GENERAL NOGI

In Command of the Japanese Army before Port Arthur

elsewhere. A St. Petersburg paper says that Stoessel's first act in the siege of Port Arthur was to institute the most thorough rules as to maintaining order within the city. Such minute regulations were made as that every house must have a tub of water before its door to guard against fire, that no one might leave his dwelling after eight o'clock at night, and that lights might be maintained in houses only upon condition that thick curtains obscured the light. Another interesting act was the assembling of the five hundred women left in the city and their organization into various associations to assist in preserving order and comfort.

Opposed to General Stoessel has been the grizzled Japanese veteran, General Nogi. On the day of his receiving command he heard of the death of his son at the battle of Nanshan, and said, "I am glad he died so splendidly. It was the greatest honor he could have. As for the funeral rites over his memory, they might as well be postponed for a while. A little later on they may be performed in conjunction with those of the two other members of his family—of Hoten, his brother, and of myself." Since this was said, the son and brother has perished in a gallant assault at Port Arthur.


CHARLES WELLINGTON FURLONG

THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR, LOOKING ACROSS THE NEUTRAL GROUND

GIBRALTAR

The Mountain of Tarek

By

Charles Wellington Furlong

With Drawings by the Author

RECENTLY the headlines of our leading dailies spelled Gibraltar in no uncertain type. Our attention was centered for a while on this ancient northern Pillar of Hercules, and it was shown that, except for British leave, the Russian squadron must have returned home, or attempted, without adequate coaling facilities, the longer voyage to the East by way of the Cape.

While it did not require the indiscretion of a Russian admiral to emphasize its strategic value as a military and naval base, yet in times past, incredible as it may seem, it was only popular sentiment which prevented Britain's representatives from bartering its restitution to Spain, Florida at one time being the proposed exchange.

My introduction to Gibraltar was impressive. My journey had lain through central Spain; her rugged, snow-capped mountains had been left behind; the penetrating chill of the early spring had given way to the more balmy airs of the undulating Andalusian plain. As we rushed southward, the character of the country again changed, and plain was transformed to highland. The shadows lengthened, and the shades of the magnificent old cork-woods threw their dusky tones across thickly wooded ravines and glens, blending the colors of hundreds of ferns and wild flowers in their misty films.

Perched high up on the rugged peaks, silhouetted against the twilight sky, I occasionally saw the remains of characteristic old Oriental hill forts, which, with Moorish villages inhabited by a half-Moorish peasantry, still bear their Moorish names. Soon the moonless night shut out the panorama, and the stars seemed only to intensify the darkness. The dim lamp went out as the train jogged and swerved around bend and curve. A sudden flash of blinding white light lit up every corner of the compartment, disappeared, and flashed again. I turned for information to my traveling companion, an Englishman, and Traction Engineer of the Bobadilla Road.

"Searchlight from the Rock, about six miles off. Hear those three guns in rapid succession? They're from Upper Signal Station, Elliott's Batteries, or North Bastion, and will be repeated in a few seconds; it's the general alarm signal at Gib—sham battle, you know, state of siege for six days."

Shortly afterwards I was crossing the Bay from Algeciras on the deck of a small steamer. Ahead of me was Gibraltar. The whole expanse from Dockyard Fort to Upper Signal Station, from Union Galleries to Europa Point, and the series of casements along the Line Wall, seemed perforated with opened doors of a great blast furnace. Guns boomed and belched forth, heavy ordnance mingled its roar with the spiteful fire of the secondary batteries and the ripping of the rapid-fire guns. The great Rock stood out dimly against its dark-blue background, like a huge, crouching sea-monster.

Gibraltar's importance as a stronghold began when the Phœnicians visited it and named it Mons Calpe, and the Carthaginians erected their watch-tower from which to observe the galleys of their Roman enemies. It was held in turn by the Romans until 412 A. D., when the Goths wrested it from them. During this time, however, it practically remained uninhabited. Early in the eighth century, in the beautiful spring of the south, when the fragrant broom covered the hills with gold and the oleanders fringed the rivers with their scarlet blossoms, a flotilla of Moorish galleys containing some twelve thousand men, under their chief, Tarek-Ibn-Zeyad, thrust their prows on the beach of Algeciras, and at the foot of Mons Calpe. Here, several feet up the side of the rock, Djebel Tarek (Mount of Tarek), this leader erected a stately castle. The Gibraltar of Great Britain is the Gibal Tarik of the Moors. All that now remains of this structure is a fragment of broken wall and the Torré de Homenage, in which the Moorish Bashaws took the oath of allegiance. Their weathered and battle-scarred walls have been passive witnesses from the times of bows and arrows and battering-rams to the days of siege guns and mortar batteries.

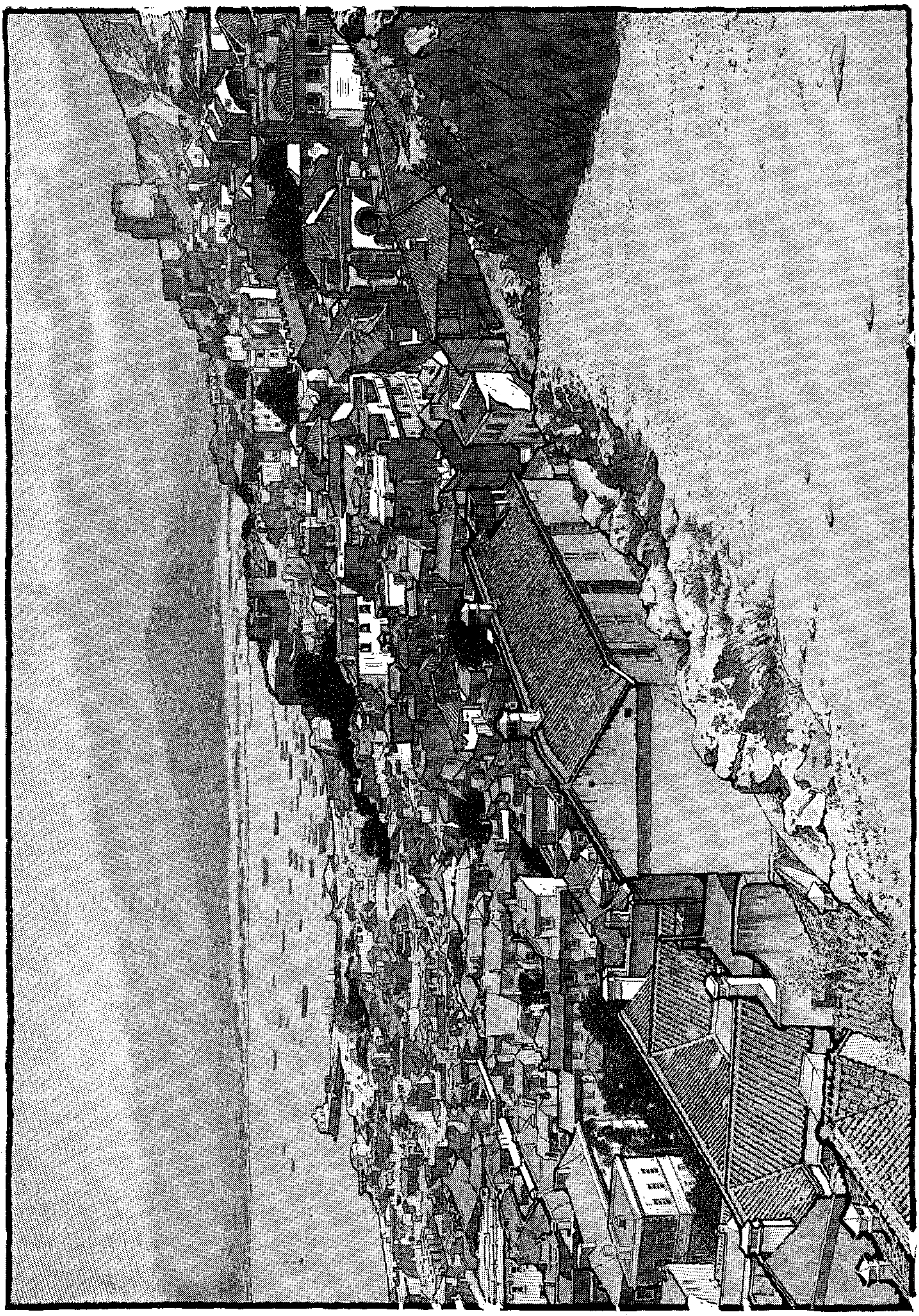
Through the period of their infidel dynasty of eight hundred years, Moorish troops used the Rock as a port of entry to their Spanish dominions, and through it poured a continual influx of Moslem immigrants who overran the country. As here the Moors first landed, so from here, when the Cross was again victorious over the Crescent and the supremacy of Spanish arms was again assured, the last remnant of that race was expelled from Spain, embarked in galleys, and cast destitute on the shores of Africa.

From 1462 until 1704 the Rock was held by Spain, not, however, without some obstinate attempts by Mohammedan corsairs to retake their lost possession.

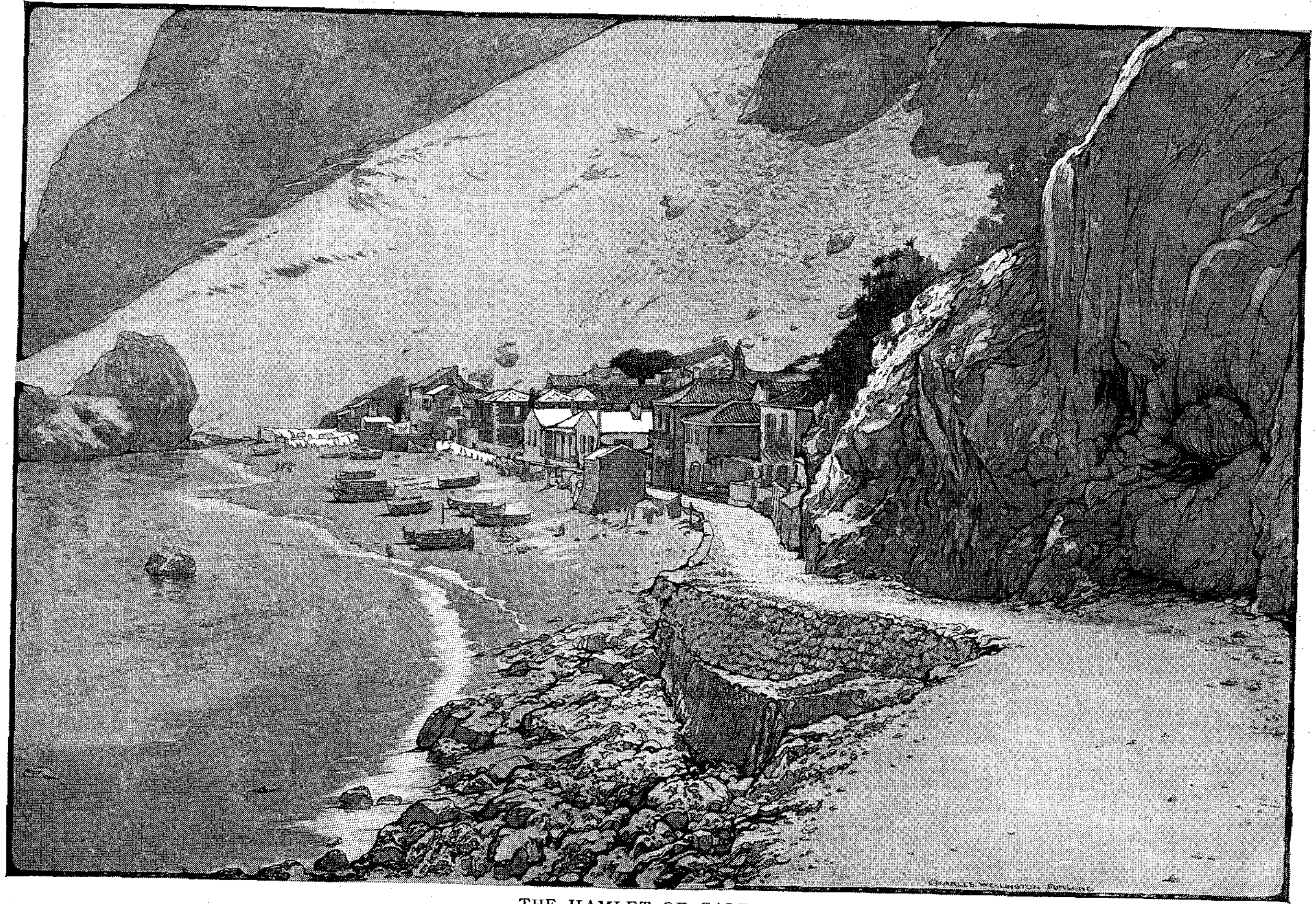
During the summer of this latter year, Sir George Rooke, with his squadron and a small land force, captured it after a siege of three days.

From 1309 until 1705 it stood eleven sieges, six of which were successful. Since then the British have resisted three sieges, the last, in 1779, being known as the Great Siege of Gibraltar, during which the garrison of about six thousand men repelled for nearly four years the combined attacks of some sixty-one thousand French and Spanish troops, our American Revolution affording Spain the incentive for this siege. The sufferings of the garrison and inhabitants from starvation and scurvy, reducing them to devouring reeds and thistles; the excavation of the galleries in order to bring a flanking fire to bear on the enemies' works; how General Ross made his sortie from the Red Sands at midnight and destroyed the Spanish intrenchments on the Neutral Ground, and the failure of Chevalier d'Arcon's stupendous scheme of combined attack by land and sea—these are the most interesting episodes of the siege, whose history is crowded with minor deeds of heroism and strange incident. The British loss, all told, was 1,231 men, that of the enemy over 6,000, and the cost of the siege to the latter was over twelve million dollars.

Seen from the west, across the rippling, sparkling blue of the Bay of Algeciras, the huge mass of Jurassic limestone, marble, and red sand slants its broad side abruptly 1,396 feet to Highest Point. From here, north and south, a bristling ridge divides Gibraltar into two natural divisions. Way below, at the base of its more gradual western slope, under the protection of its great guns, nestles its terraced town, like the steps of an amphitheater as they surround the naval arena of the Bay. The more precipitous eastern side, with its great landslides of weathered rock and residual soil, gives striking contrasts of line and mass. This side, with the exception of fortified parts and the little colony of Catalan Bay towards its northern end, is practically uninhabited by man; but, well out of his reach, a troop of wild Barbary apes holds high carnival. Here they live on the sweet roots of the palmetto, making occasional raids into gardens on the western slope. In the numerous caves and shadows of the cactus and underbrush, small rabbits, badgers, a few foxes, the genet cat and



THE TOWN OF GIBRALTAR

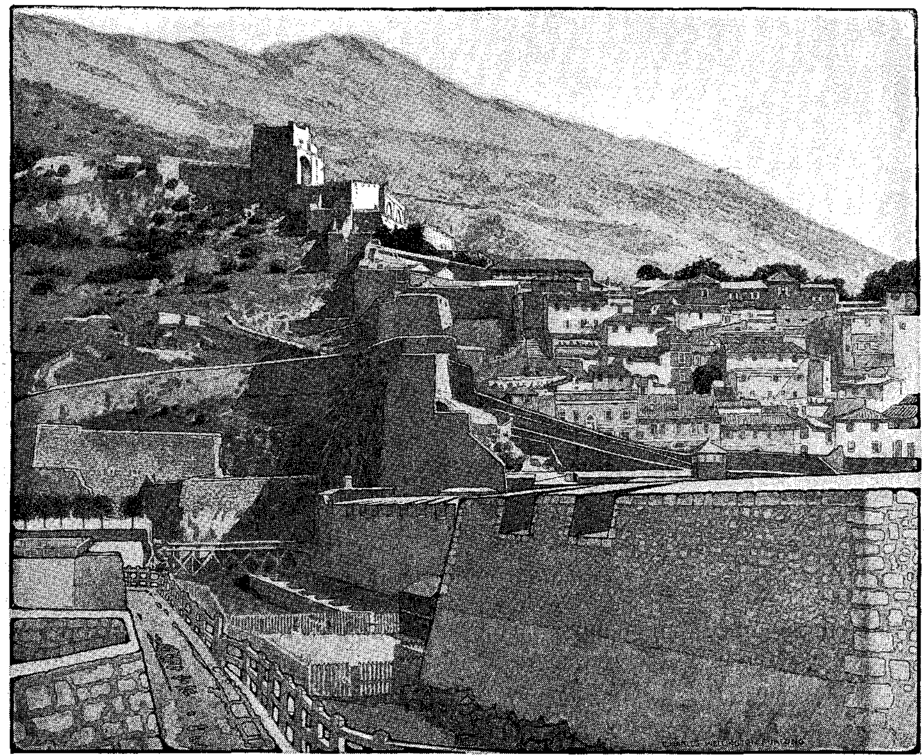

CHARLES WELLINGTON FURLONG

THE HAMLET OF CALETA

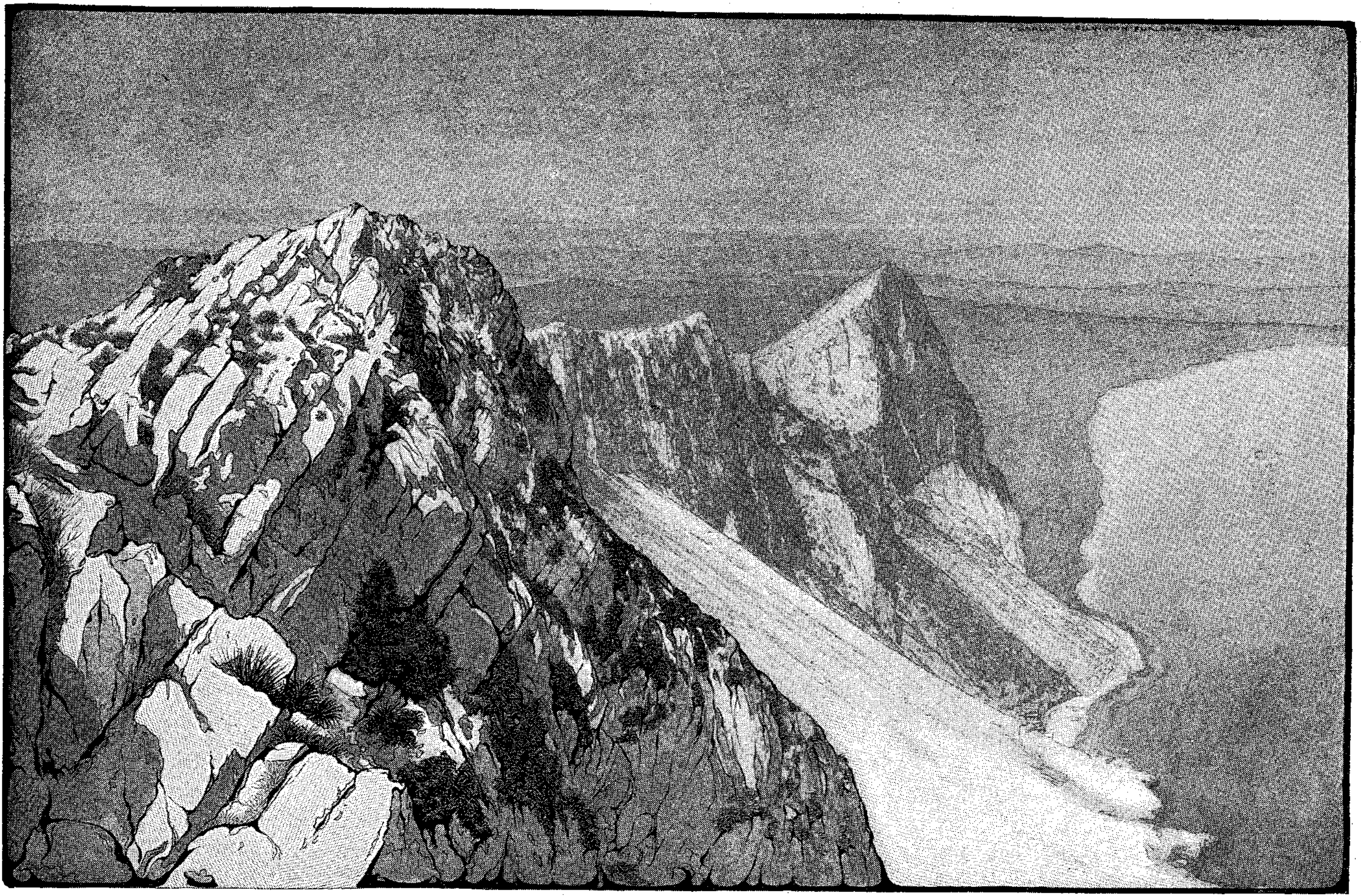
partridge, prey upon one another and the neighboring poultry-yards, or feast upon the berries and tender blossoms of some four hundred species of flowering plants; and high up on the sides the eagle, vulture, osprey, and falcon have their eyries.

Between the vertical wall of the north end of the Rock and the little Spanish town of Linea, the market garden of Gibraltar, inhabited mainly by laborers, smugglers, and ex-convicts, stretches a narrow, sandy isthmus. Half-way across this are the British lines, within which lie a pleasant garden, race-course, and athletic grounds, known as the North Front. Between the British lines and those of the Spaniards at Linea lies the Neutral Ground, traffic and travelers across it being restricted to its one highway, a road patrolled by Spanish guards. This is a thoroughfare for several thousand Spaniards who straggle over in the morning to work on the fortifications, or to sell their garden produce to garrison and town, and at night pour back again over the road to Spain. Here, on either hand, are often seen little groups arranging goods, or contriving schemes to smuggle contraband through the Spanish lines, at which each person is well inspected. A barbed wire fence coincides with the Spanish beat for the purpose of keeping smugglers' dogs from getting through, for this is one of the many ways by which contraband is run in from the free port of Gibraltar.

Nestled snugly at the back of the Rock, in an out-of-the-way cove called Catalan Bay, is the hamlet of Caleta, where lives a little isolated colony, descendants of Genoese fishermen. Their diminutive cottages and parish church of St. Mary's emphasize the height of the great towering Rock above them, big fragments of which, together with the loose soil, have from time to time come crashing down on the red-tiled roofs of their little homes. Along the shore, just south of Catalan Bay, traces of prehistoric human remains were recently discovered, and in caves on this side of the



THE MOORISH CASTLE



THE EASTERN SIDE OF THE ROCK

Rock fossil remains of the elephant, rhinoceros, ox, bear, hyena, and many smaller mammals, birds, and fishes have been found.

Starting at the Market, where the Tangerine Moors are in evidence, and strolling along the busy little thoroughfare of Waterport Street, one will find Jew, Gentile, and Moslem from all parts, while the plaid skirts and red and blue jackets of the Services go far to brighten the somber, neutral tones of the town and Rock.

The direct administration of the town is civil, and its laws are enforced by municipal police. The orderly and cleanly character of Gibraltar contrasts strongly with that of its Spanish neighbors across the Bay and Neutral Ground. There is one fact, however, that must never be lost sight of: Gibraltar is, above all else, a fortress, and if circumstances demand, her twenty-six thousand inhabitants, no less than her garrison of six thousand men, are subject to the order of the military governor.

One of the first precautions of the military is to maintain a high standard of health among its troops, water, food, and sanitation naturally being its chief considerations. Gibraltar is mainly dependent on the rainfall for its water, which is collected in great tanks, while the auxiliary supply from wells on the North Front and a large condensing plant in Southport Ditch have greatly bettered conditions. Its food, particularly meats, fish, and fruit, is carefully inspected. Its sanitation is regulated by a board of commissioners, and, recognizing the limited area of its 1,266 acres, special attention is given to restricting the number of inhabitants, the regulations in governing the admission and residence of aliens being based upon the absence of all *right* to a residence, the military expediency to exclude all foreigners, and to prevent overcrowding. The prerogative of the governor to expel all persons he does not deem desirable has always been recognized and exercised.

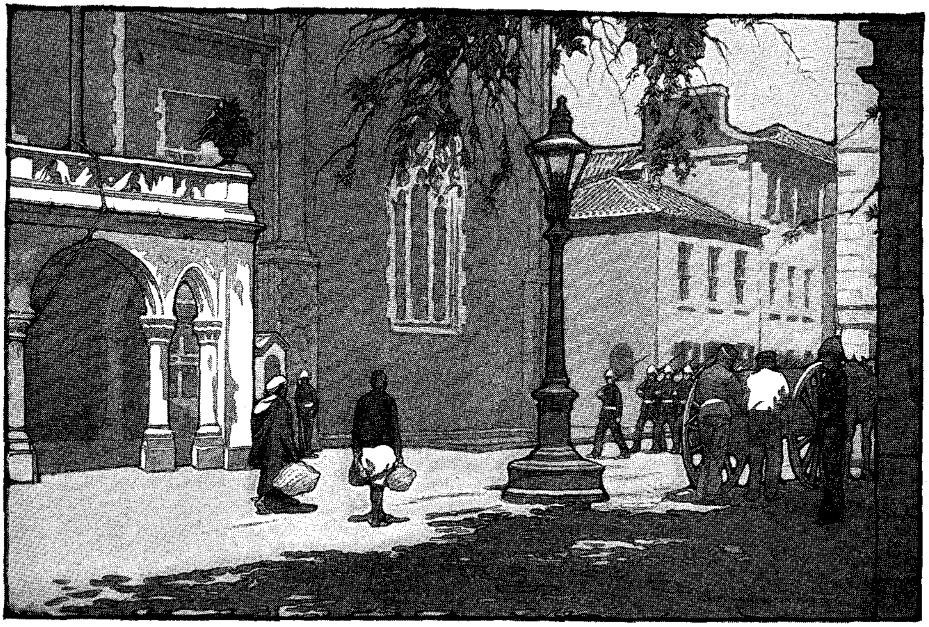
For a little garrison town tucked away in one corner of the Mediterranean, opportunity for varying the monotony of garrison life seems unusually prolific. Ample provision is made for public education, and various funds, institutes, and asylums are provided for the poor. When the black Levanter blows, officers and men may seek, in their off hours, the pleasant interiors of their respective clubs, libraries, theaters, recreation-rooms, or mission homes. A number of these are provided with game-rooms and skittle alleys for the men, and are open to the crews of visiting ships of war. Smoking concerts take place during the winter months, the entertainment being provided in turn by each regiment, corps, and department. But when the wind from the west clears the dense cloud from the Rock and dries up its unwholesome moisture, Tommy hies himself to the bathing places or extensive athletic grounds of the North Front, where football, cricket, track and other sports are universally indulged in.

Of the various forms of healthy amusement open to the "officers and gentlemen" of Gibraltar, none is more noted than the Calpe hunt, which occurs in Spanish territory, while no less enjoyable are the opportunities offered by the jockey, golf, polo, yacht, and various other clubs, to say nothing of more protracted hunting excursions for wild pig in Morocco and ibex in the Sierra Bermeja.

Gibraltar's most vital usefulness to Great Britain undoubtedly depends on three things: its impregnability to withstand assault, its effectiveness in controlling the Straits, and its usefulness as a coaling station and a base of operations.

Since Great Britain's occupation, her ablest engineers have spared no thought or pains to perfect its elaborate scheme of batteries, galleries, and intricate subterranean works. Besides British workmen, several thousand Spaniards from Algeciras and Linea are employed daily on new works or improving the old, and the lighter guns of former days have given way to heavier ordnance. The expenditure for military protection alone, in a single year, has reached nearly a million and a half dollars.

It has been suggested that a formidable European power co-operating with Spain could, by mounting heavy guns



THE CONVENT

The residence of Sir George White, now in command of the Rock

and batteries on the neighboring promontories, use them effectively against Gibraltar. That an enemy's fire might reach the height of Gibraltar's upper works there is no doubt, for it is recorded that Rock Mortar, the highest piece of ordnance on the Rock, was dismounted several times by Spanish shells during the Siege. But this theory seems to demand no serious consideration.

Since Gibraltar became a British fortress, only once has an attacking force succeeded in effecting a landing. This occurred the year following British possession, when, led up the secret Shepherd's Path by a Gibraltar goatherd, to St. Michael's Cave, some five hundred Spaniards hid over night; and early in the morning, passing over Charles V. Wall, they overcame the Middle Hill Guard, only to be immediately annihilated by the British Grenadiers.

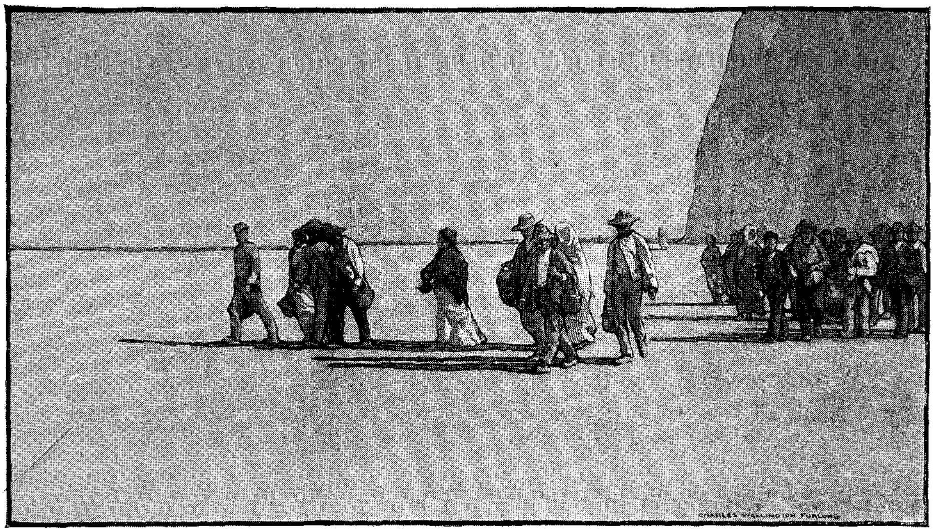
But Gibraltar then might be likened to raw material; to-day she is a finished product, the world's most formidable fortress, with its bastions and masked batteries, tier upon tier of fortifications, unsurpassed galleries of marvelous size and shape, hewn out of the solid rock, at whose openings are mounted the best artillery; tunnels and caves, in which are stored vast supplies of food, ammunition, and other necessaries well out of reach of an enemy's shot and shell, while the only approach to the town by land can be flooded at short notice.

The possibility of the Rock batteries, with their powerful ordnance and high-angle guns, controlling effectively the fourteen miles of water between her and the African shore, is an open question. It is true that new guns of the most effective design have recently been mounted on her highest batteries, and no one who has seen target practice from the Rock with her smaller guns can doubt the efficiency of these larger ones. None but the highest and most trusted officers definitely know their range, and as questions about heavy ordnance at Gibraltar are not welcomed, and as the rules governing the inspection of her upper works have of late years been made so rigid, it is impossible to estimate the value of the batteries at that range. It seems to me there is a fair possibility that vessels at full speed, hugging close the African shore, might get through with comparative safety, even in clear weather; while in dense fogs or storms they could go through unseen. Then, again, the heavy dark mist-cloud, which so often envelops the upper half of the Rock for days at a time, would make accurate aim exceedingly difficult and uncertain. So, as Great Britain could not mine the Straits, but one thing remains to make Gibraltar really the "key to the Mediterranean," and that is, a strong and effective squadron acting in conjunction with the land batteries. This Great Britain has, and I believe her control of the Straits cannot be reasonably questioned.

As a coaling station and base of operations its value and position are unique. A splendid naval harbor, now perfected by the completion of a new mole, enormous coal supplies always on hand to replenish the bunkers of her navy and merchant marine, three enormous dry-docks capable of accommodating the largest battle-ships and cruisers of His Majesty's Navy, and a signal station 1,294 feet above the sea, from which vessels can be reported forty miles away, are the equipment of the Rock, from whose highest central eminence Britons watch with ceaseless vigilance the Straits and its approaches.

Since the opening of the Suez Canal the importance of Gibraltar has greatly increased. Placed on one of the greatest waterways of the world, on the direct route of vessels in the India, China, and Mediterranean trades, it is now one of the most valuable coaling stations between the United Kingdom and the East. So, by Gibraltar, Great Britain not only controls the Straits, but she has an unequaled naval and military base from which to operate in time of war.

When the sides of this Lion Rock of Britain are sun-scorched with summer heat, and its bristling mane is enshrouded beneath the lowering folds of dark storm-clouds, we feel its mighty strength for war; but when, after the autumn rains, as by magic, its sunburnt sides exchange their somber browns for a varied brilliant color coat of beautiful flora, flowering orange, fig, almond, pomegranate, and soft patches of velvety grass, and when below, in the waters of its beautiful bay, vessels of all nations constantly come to draw on its vast coal supplies, and as quietly and swiftly pass away, east and west, on their missions of trade and industry, we know that, mighty as is its strength in war, yet mightier for peace is Gibraltar, where high up against the azure blue for two hundred years the Union Jack has unfolded the three crosses of St. George, St. Andrew, and St. Patrick to the winds and breezes of two continents and two seas.



SPANISH LABORERS CROSSING THE NEUTRAL GROUND

PHOTOGRAPH BY MONTMINY & COMPANY

SIR WILFRID LAURIER

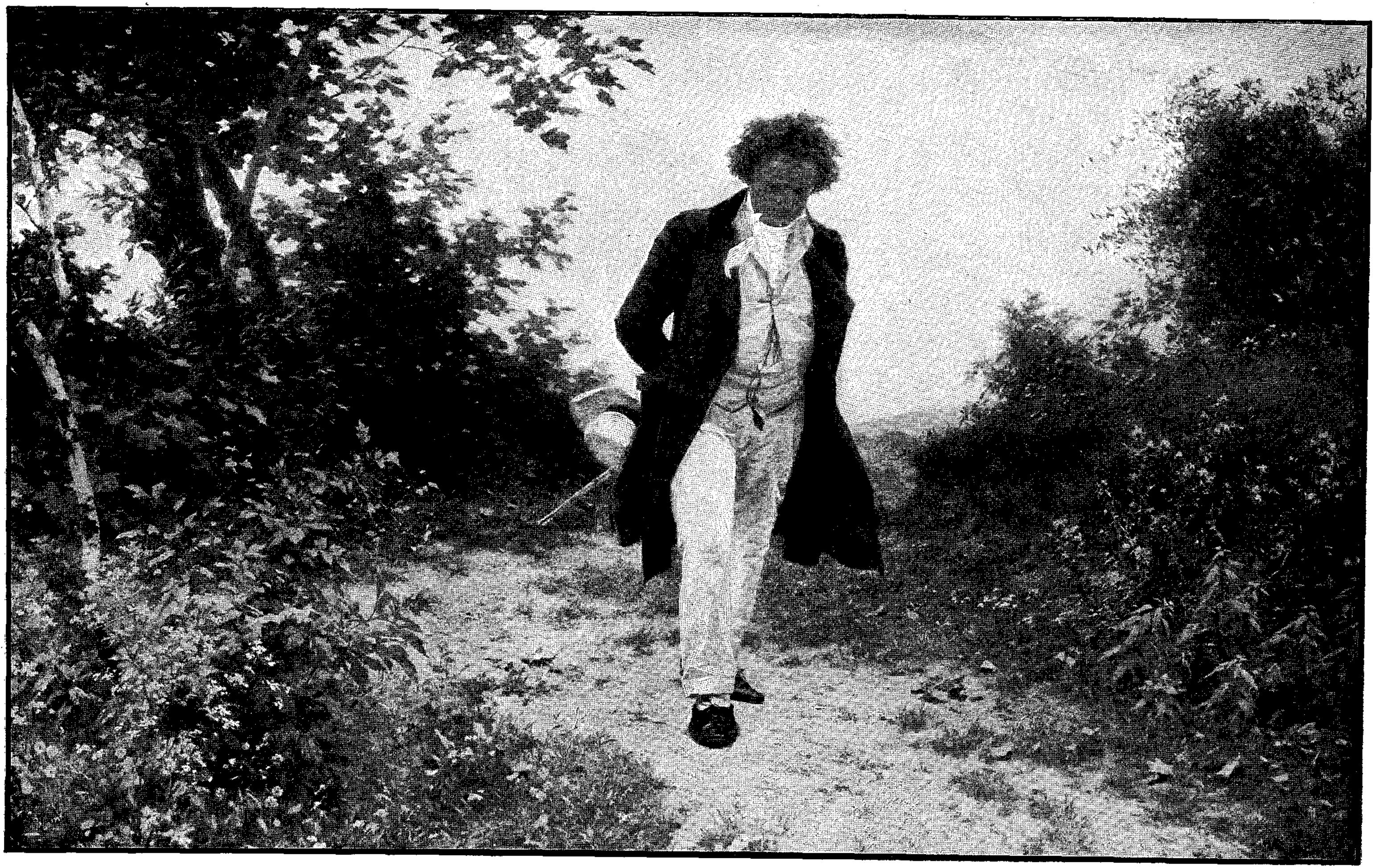
The Prime Minister of Canada

"EASILY the first statesman of Greater Britain" is the eulogistic reference of the London "News" to the French-Canadian now entering upon his third term as Prime Minister of Canada. Sir Wilfrid Laurier's elevation to the leadership of the Parliamentary Opposition in 1887 was an experiment viewed by many with misgiving; the intrusting of the helm of public affairs to him eight years later was another experiment attended by even more doubt. The anxiety was natural. Member of a race by birth, tradition, and institution alien from the great majority of the people of Canada, it might well have been asked whither the course he would steer should lead. That it is leading to the Larger Canada dreamed of by the Fathers of Confederation would seem to be the opinion of the Canadians as expressed on the two occasions when he has since appealed to the country.

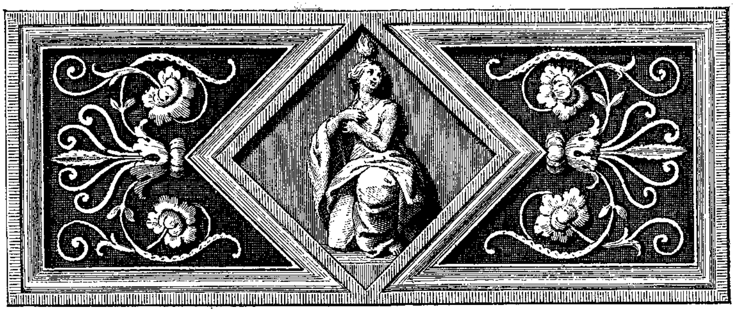
Whence his success? The answer carries us back, on the political side, to the days when he practiced law and studied politics in the Lower Canada of the early sixties; on the personal side, to his boyhood in his native village. Qualities essential to the perfect rounding out of his career developed at an early age. The outlook of his younger years was not the outlook of his later life. It was bounded by the New France of the long-gone past. The broader vision came when, in learning English, he absorbed the doctrines of Pitt, Brougham, Canning, and Gladstone with his education in their tongue. Pride of race yielded to pride of nationality. Now began his advocacy of the doctrine of conciliation, his pleadings with his fellow French-Canadians to sink all differences and work side by side with the Anglo-Canadians for the unity and progress of their common country. Here was the germ of the policy he has since developed steadily, one which has called for the exercise of diplomacy, insight, and self-control to a rare degree. On the one hand, his race and his religion were impedimenta; on the other, he was assailed as being more British than the British born. "I love England," was his reply in an impassioned speech at Montreal, "because under the banner of St. George my fellow-countrymen and myself have found far greater freedom than we could ever have hoped for had we remained subject to France."

Speaking both French and English with equal facility, he unites to the suppleness and grace of the Frenchman the calm and practical ratiocination characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon mind. His command of language parallels his control of thought, emotion, and movement. As a debater he is polished, keen, convincing; as a public speaker he presents clearly and in a popular way the salient points of the most intricate problem, and undoubtedly owes a large measure of his success to his magnetic personality and remarkable ability as an orator. From the outset of his political career his eloquence attracted attention. His maiden speech in the Quebec legislature evoked from his auditors an instant "Quel est cet étranger?" His early efforts in the Dominion Parliament gained for him the epithet "silver-tongued Laurier."

In appearance, Sir Wilfrid undoubtedly suggests the scholar rather than the political chieftain. His long, clean-shaven face, with deep-set eyes, mobile mouth, and high forehead, has a slightly ascetic cast and is an accurate index to the refinement of his nature. A first glance will suffice to show why it has been said of him that he abhors strife and prefers to gain his victories by the arts of peace rather than by the arts of war. But his public career is evidence that he is a good fighter; so, too, is the struggle he has waged against ill health. Nervous of temperament and frail of physique, a friend of his barristerial days records that "he passed amongst us as though he were a shadow, and seemed to us to say, 'Brothers, we must die.'" That under such a physical handicap he has accomplished so much must of itself heighten the admiration with which the man and his work are regarded to-day.



BEETHOVEN
From a painting by Julius Schmid



THE MAN BEETHOVEN[1]

BY DANIEL GREGORY MASON

THE student of biography is often disappointed to find the man who stands behind some great achievement so commonplace, so unequal, in his general character, to the single talent that has distinguished him. He is great by virtue of one faculty or set of faculties only, and not a roundedly great man, reserving more than he imparts, superior to his work. This is particularly true of artists, whose distinction often rests on some knack of hand or some keenness of eye, ear, or touch, unaccompanied by the pervasive vitality of character of which it should be the index and expression. With Beethoven the case is precisely the opposite. He belongs to that class of men, the hope of humanity, of which Emerson, in his essay on Character, says: "Somewhat resided in these men which begot an expectation that outran all their performance. The largest part of their power was latent." Beethoven was great as an artist, but he was even greater as a man.

Difficult as greatness is to define, we can safely assert that it reposes chiefly on two fundamental qualities—on faith in one's self, and on regard for others. Self-reliance, the perception of the sacredness of one's own instincts, convictions, and aspirations, unsanctioned though they may be by the common opinion, is the root of all valuable originality. On the other hand, genius itself is poor and profitless unless it works in the common atmosphere of humanity, unless it have the catholicity, the liberality, and the universality which the assertion of the petty self cannot give. The artist must have faith in himself, but this self must be his largest, widest, most impersonal self. He must have both the courage to be and the wisdom to know.

The reason that Beethoven has taken such hold on men's minds as to be placed by them with Shakespeare, Dante, and Michelangelo, in the group of supreme leaders and prophets, is that he had this self-reliance and this broad sympathy of true greatness. Seldom, as we shall see, has a man exhibited a stronger will, a more persistent selfhood, a more thoroughgoing distrust of convention and mere conservative custom. Yet in Beethoven this was combined with great power of assimilation from others, as is shown in the way he derived his technique and style from Haydn and Mozart; with a profound sense of the practical rights and needs of others, as is shown in his acceptance of the heavy responsibilities of his life; and with that wonderful universality of feeling which made his music an utterance of the emotions of all humanity.

Born in 1770, at Bonn on the Rhine, Ludwig van Beethoven was educated as a musician by his father, Johann van Beethoven, himself a court musician, though a man of weak, shiftless, and yet ambitious nature. The young Ludwig was subjected to endless practice and study, in the hope that he would prove as paying a piece of property as young Wolfgang Mozart, at that time astonishing Europe by his musical precocity. Thus directed, Beethoven made such good progress as to attract the attention of the Elector of Cologne, who sent him, in his twenty-second year, to Vienna, the musical capital of Europe. Here, befriended, like Hadyn and Mozart, by royal and noble patrons of music, and receiving, moreover, from the sale of his works a revenue which the growing popularity of music made now for the first time possible, he spent his life in moderate prosperity, devoting himself whole-heartedly to composition.

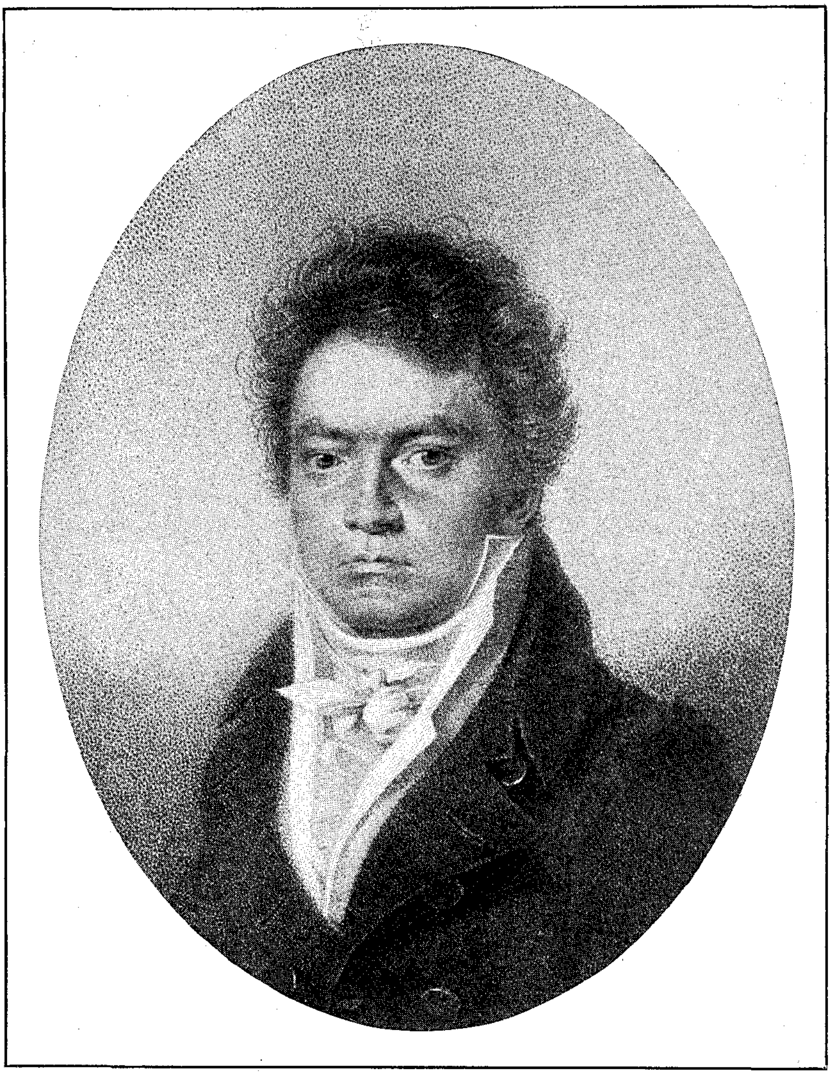
---

[1] This article, with others by Mr. Mason published in The Outlook, is included in the volume entitled "Beethoven and His Forerunners," by Daniel Gregory Mason, just published by the Macmillan Company, New York. It will be followed in the next issue of The Outlook by an article on "Beethoven as a Composer."—THE EDITORS.

It will thus be seen that Beethoven, profiting by the pioneer work of his forerunners in educating the popular taste, was in the financial sense more fortunate than they. Nevertheless it would be a mistake to suppose that on the whole his life was easier. It was, from several causes, a peculiarly difficult one. Beethoven was early afflicted with deafness, a malady indescribably trying to a man of his profession and temperament, and becoming constantly more severe as years advanced. Not only did it oblige him to give up playing in public and conducting, but it aggravated his natural sensitiveness to such a pitch that he became gloomy, suspicious, and morbidly solitary in his habits. He was also unfortunate in his relatives. His father was a shiftless incompetent, and ultimately a drunkard; his brothers were quite out of sympathy with his aims, and one of them, Johann, was so self-seeking and so treacherous that Beethoven scornfully named him his "pseudo-brother;" his nephew Carl was, as we shall see, the scourge of his later years. Finally, Beethoven's sensitiveness was so extreme that the ordinary annoyances of life—noises, distractions, physical discomforts, servants, casual acquaintances—were magnified by it into positive afflictions. In judging his character and actions it is necessary to remember these constant factors of difficulty and distress in his lot.

Beethoven had, in a peculiar degree, both the merits and the defects of the individualist. Not even Thoreau was more resolved to follow only the dictates of his own genius, to find his code of action within, in the impulses of his own heart and mind, rather than without, in the conventions, habits, and customs which guide the ordinary man. Like all idealists, he believed in the beauty and rightness of the whole world of human feeling, revealed to him by his naïve consciousness, not trimmed to suit prejudices or partial views of what is proper and admissible. Gifted with an emotional nature of rare richness and intensity, and with an intellect capable of dealing directly with experience on its own account, he lived the life and thought the thoughts that seemed good to him, quite indifferent to accepted views which happened to run counter. Thus his sincerity necessarily led him into an unconventionality, an indifference to established ways of acting and feeling and thinking, which, when circumstances pushed him still further away from the common human life, easily passed over into morbid eccentricity.

His unconventionality appears in all his actions and opinions, from the most trivial to the most momentous. Take, for instance, to begin with, the matter of personal appearance, dress, and demeanor. What an altogether unusual man it was that Carl Czerny, as a boy of ten, in 1801, was taken to visit! "We mounted," says Czerny, "five or six stories high to Beethoven's apartment, and were announced by a rather dirty-looking servant. In a very desolate room, with papers and articles of dress strewn in all directions, bare walls, a few chests, hardly a chair except the rickety one standing by the piano, there was a party of six or eight people. Beethoven was dressed in a jacket and trousers of long, dark goat's hair, which at once reminded me of the description of Robinson Crusoe I had just been reading. He had a shock of jet black hair (cut *à la* Titus) standing straight upright. A beard of several days' growth made his naturally dark face still blacker. I noticed also, with a child's



LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN

From a mezzotint engraving by Blasius Höfel, after a crayon drawing by Louis Letronne
Lent by Mr. Constantine Weikert

quick observation, that he had cotton-wool, which seemed to have been dipped in some yellow fluid, in both ears. His hands were covered with hair, and the fingers very broad, especially at the tips." The oddity in dress observed by Czerny was habitual with Beethoven. "In the summer of 1813," says Schindler, "he had neither a decent coat nor a whole shirt." His habit of dabbling his hands in water until he was thoroughly wet, while following out a musical thought, cannot have improved his clothes. Nor did his carriage set them off; he was extremely awkward with his body—could not dance in time, and generally cut himself when he shaved, which, however, he did infrequently.

Very marked was his unconventionality in social relations. So profound was his sense of personal worth and of the fatuity of arbitrary class distinctions that no aristocrat ever regarded his birth and breeding, no plutocrat ever regarded his wealth, with more intense pride than Beethoven felt in his democratic independence and self-sufficiency. That was a characteristic answer he made the court, in one of his numerous lawsuits, when asked if the "van" in his name indicated nobility. "*My* nobility," he said, "is here and here," pointing to his head and heart. When he was offered a Prussian order, as a recognition of artistic achievements, he preferred a payment of fifty ducats, and took the opportunity to express his contempt for some people's "longing and snapping after ribands." When his "pseudo-brother" Johann, a stupid but prosperous worldling, sent him a New Year's card signed "Johann van Beethoven, Land-owner," he returned it with the added inscription: "Ludwig van Beethoven, Brain-owner." But this wholesome self-respect, the result of a faith in himself and a discrimination between essences and accidents too rare among men, sometimes became exaggerated by passion into an impatient, egotistical pride less pleasant to note. When the court just mentioned, for example, refused, on the ground of his being a commoner, to hear his case, he was so angry that he threatened to leave the country—a reaction as childish as it was futile. On receiving, late in life, an honorary diploma from the Society of Friends of Music in the Austrian Empire, his impulse was to return it because he had not been earlier recognized. Nor was he inclined to forgive readily a fancied slight to his dignity; he was always getting embroiled with his friends on account of some insult he read into their conduct.

He was, indeed, too often the slave instead of the master of his own sensitiveness, and though his point of view as an individualist was higher than that of the herd, it had its own peculiar limitations. This is clearly illustrated by the following passage in one of his letters: "Kings and princes can indeed create professors and privy councilors and confer titles and decorations, but they cannot make great men—spirits that soar above the base turmoil of this world. When two persons like Goethe and myself meet, these grandees cannot fail to perceive what such as we consider great. Yesterday, on our way home, we met the whole Imperial family. We saw them coming some way off, when Goethe withdrew his arm from mine in order to stand aside; and, say what I would, I could not prevail on him to make another step in advance. I pressed down my hat more firmly on my head, buttoned up my greatcoat, and, crossing my arms behind me, I made my way through the thickest portion of the crowd. Princes and courtiers formed a lane for me. Archduke Rudolph took off his hat, and the Empress bowed to me first. These great ones of the earth *know me*. To my infinite amusement, I saw the procession defile past Goethe, who stood aside with his hat off, bowing profoundly. I afterwards took him sharply to task for this." In the sort of pride manifested by Beethoven on this occasion there is an element of the hysterical; had his sense of humor been applied to himself as well as to his companion, he would have been "infinitely amused" to behold himself, with his hat pressed firmly on his head and his greatcoat buttoned up, demanding for the aristocracy of genius that very servility which he despised when it was shown to the aristocracy of rank. It was Beethoven himself this time who, misled by an overweening pride, was hankering after the accident when he already possessed the essence.

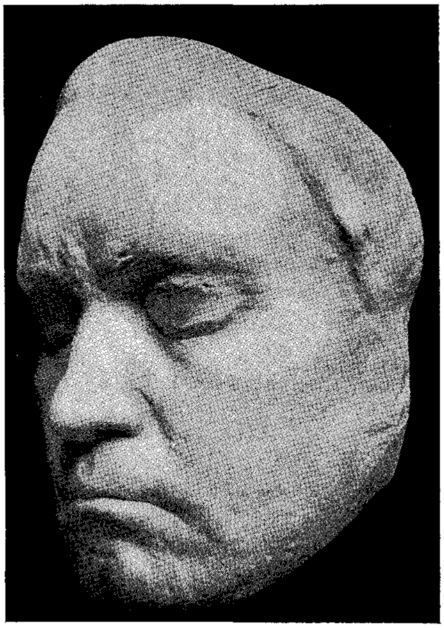
Examined by and large, however, Beethoven does not often disappoint us by failing to make that distinction between the nucleus of reality and its swathings which lay at the foundation of his greatness. Nowhere were his instinct for the real and his contempt for the superfluous more active than in his thoughts on religion, the deepest and most serious topic on which a man can think. Sturdily ignoring all his life the trappings of ritual and the narrow preciseness, as it seemed to him, of creeds and theologies, he as resolutely clung to the essence of religion, the belief in a universal, inclusive consciousness, and in the importance to it of right human effort. On the practical side, his religion was eminently positive, efficient, sane; it prompted him to full development of his genius without neglect of the responsibilities of ordinary life. Of the metaphysical side it is a sufficient description to say that there lay constantly on his desk, copied by his own hand, these sentences:

"I am that which is.

"I am all that is, that was, and that shall be. No mortal man has lifted my veil.

"He is alone by Himself, and to Him alone do all things owe their being."

Combined with the mental originality, the habit of deciding all questions for himself and as if they had never before received solutions, which made Beethoven so pronounced a nonconformist in all matters from his toilet to his religion, was a physical peculiarity that underlay much of what is grotesque about him. This was his intense nervous irritability. His moodiness, his sudden alternations of depressed and excited states, his bursts of uncontrollable anger, his wild pranks and practical jokes, were almost beyond doubt the result of an unstable nervous system. So restless was he that he was continually changing his lodgings; once it was because there was not enough sun, again because he disliked the water, another time because his landlord insisted on making him deep obeisances; in the later part of his life, when his habits were well known, he had difficulty in finding rooms anywhere in Vienna. He put little restraint upon his tongue; Schindler says that "the propriety of repressing offensive remarks was a thing that never entered his thoughts." He was so impatient that he often took the medicines intended for an entire day in two doses; so absent-minded that he often forgot them altogether. A badly cooked stew he threw at the waiter, eggs that were not fresh at the cook. To a lady who had asked for a lock of his hair he sent, at the suggestion of a friend, a lock cut from a goat's beard, and when the joke was discovered he apologized to the lady, but cut off all intercourse with the friend. An English observer wrote that "one unlucky question, one ill-judged piece of advice, was sufficient to estrange him from you forever." Even on his best friends and his patrons he wreaked his ill humors. When Prince Lobkowitz, to whom he owed much, had been so unfortunate as to offend him, he went into his courtyard, shook his fist at the house, and cried, "Lobkowitz donkey, Lobkowitz donkey!" It is not hard to see why casual acquaintances, who knew nothing of the noble qualities behind his stormy and perverse exterior, frequently thought him mad.



THE BEETHOVEN LIFE MASK

After his fortieth year, Beethoven's external difficulties and inward distresses reached an intensity and insistence that robbed him of all tranquillity, though they could not baffle his brave spirit. To his deafness, which had now become so extreme as to interfere with his work by confusing his sense of consonance and dissonance, were added digestive and other physical disorders. Solitude, enforced by the combination of deafness and extreme pride, preyed upon his spirits. His income was so seriously decreased by the deaths of some of his patrons, and by a depreciation in the value of currency, that he was reduced to the verge of want, and, what was even worse, obliged to consider the salability of his works. Made helpless by poverty, illness, and his absorption in thought, he was at the mercy of dishonest or incompetent servants, who gave him ill-cooked food, and used his manuscripts for wrapping up his old boots.

Worst of all, he was saddled with the care of his weak, profligate, and wholly irreverent, though dearly loved nephew, Carl, left his ward in 1815. This thoughtless young scapegrace, whom Beethoven affectionately called his son, rewarded all his care and love by squandering his hard-earned florins, by borrowing money underhandedly from his housekeeper, by neglecting the commissions with which he was obliged to intrust him; and finally, brought to despair by his own misdoing, he attempted suicide, was locked up in an asylum, and was eventually commanded by the civil authorities to leave Vienna. Beethoven was obliged, in October, 1826, to seek a refuge for him at the house of his "pseudo-brother," Johann, at Krems, fifty miles from Vienna. Their stay there, however, was a short one, for the two brothers were in constant disagreement, and early in December Beethoven, unable to endure it longer, set out with Carl, in an open wagon, for Vienna. After a two days' journey in the severe cold, he arrived at home thoroughly chilled and ill. He took to his bed, inflammation of the lungs set in, and before long a dropsy. He had to submit to four operations. As the doctors drew out the water, he said, grimly, "Better from my belly than from my pen." Rallying, he amused himself with the romances of Scott, but at last threw them down, exclaiming angrily, "The man writes for money." Soon he began to fail again. On March 24, rapidly sinking, he just found strength to whisper to the friends at his bedside: "Plaudite, amici, comœdia finita est." Two days later, March 26, 1827, he died.

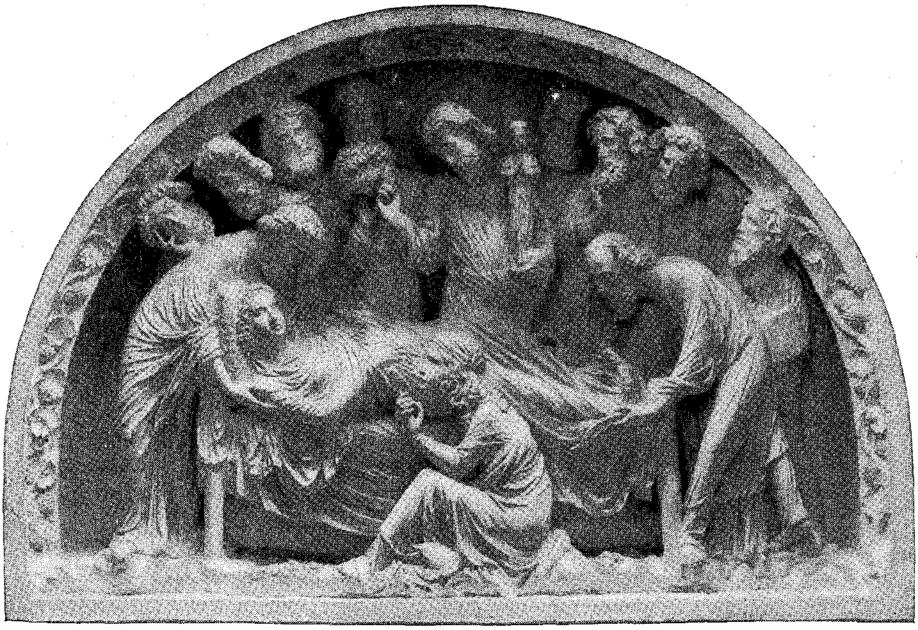
A New Year's Wish

By Edith Livingston Smith

This wish for you: that past rough roads unheeded
You march ahead,
Undaunted, with the hope of trust begotten
To win life's bread;
To wear a smile e'en when tears be your portion,
With sighs unsaid;

To find fair blooms from last year's brown leaves springing,
Upon your way;
To reap the worth of deeds gone by that left you
A bit more gray,
A bit more strong to live and love with others
From day to day.

In fruitful fields may Time think wise to give you
A gentle part;
With love of home and friends to twine about you
May this year start—
Blue skies to cheer, and peace of God to guide you,
O faithful heart!



THE DEATH OF MARY
Strassburg Cathedral, thirteenth century

The Inner Life in German Sculpture

By Kuno Francke

Curator of the Germanic Museum, Harvard University

Illustrated with photographs of casts in the Germanic Museum

IT is due, above all, to the munificence of the German Emperor, and to the ready response which his high-minded initiative has found with other friends of German culture both in America and Europe, that the Germanic Museum of Harvard University possesses a collection of reproductions of monumental works of German sculpture such as exists nowhere else on this side of the Atlantic and, for that matter, in very few museums abroad. As this fact is, I believe, not very widely known, it may be not inopportune, by a brief review of at least a few representative specimens of this remarkable collection, to bring out its unusual significance, and at the same time to throw light upon some features of German art which seem to deserve particular attention.

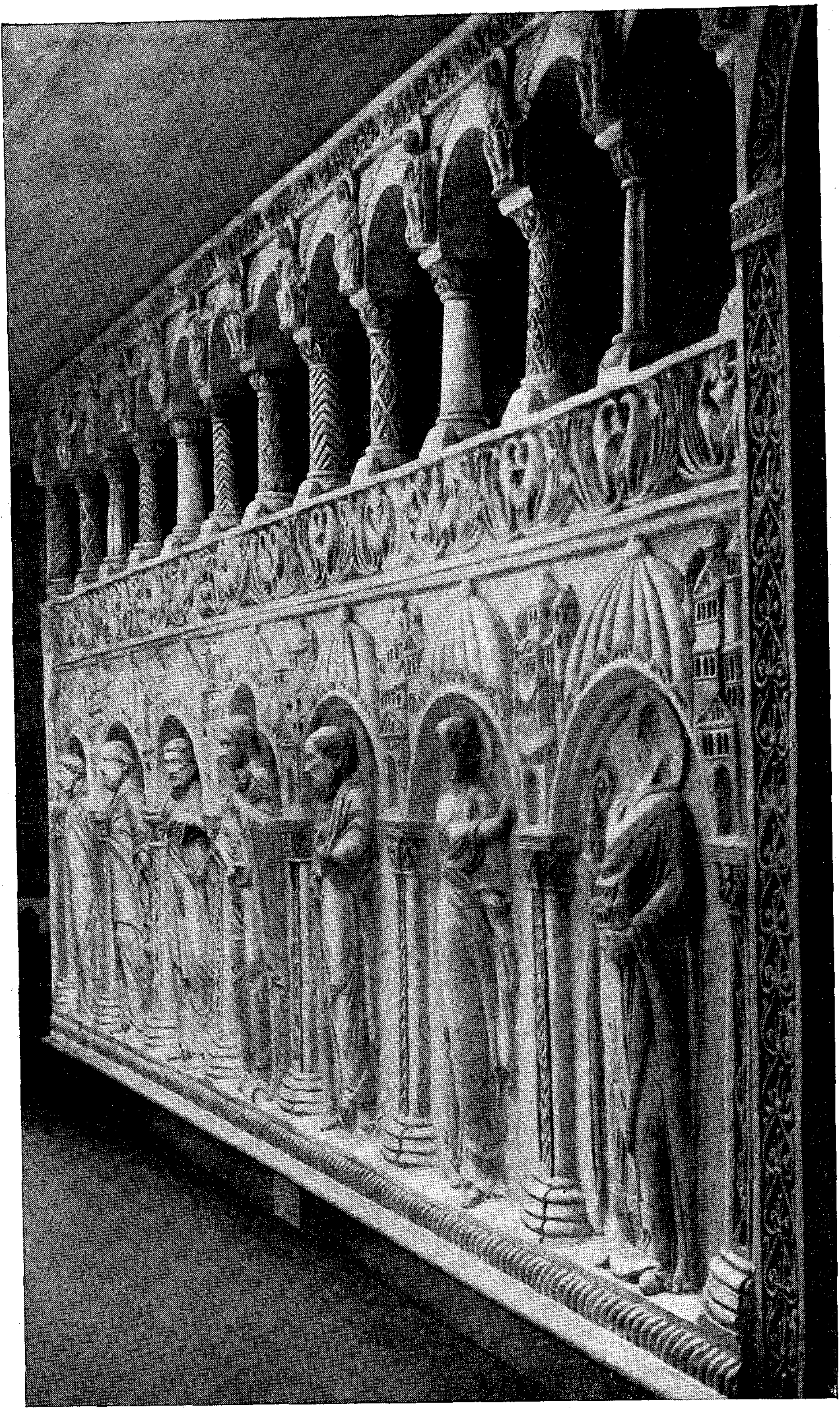
If we were to name one quality which more than any other distinguishes German plastic work from that of other nations, we probably should not go astray in designating it as intensity and vigor of the inner life. In beauty of form, in symmetry of proportions, the art of other nations, particularly the French and the Italian, has equaled and not infrequently surpassed the German work. In spiritual energy, in moral earnestness, in veracity of feeling, in depth of character, German sculpture has had few equals and no superiors. Particularly is this true of those epochs which in the Germanic Museum are most fully represented—the height of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance.

There can be no doubt that mediæval German sculpture, no less than mediæval German poetry, has received important suggestions and formative impulses from

France. Just as Wolfram von Eschenbach's "Parzival," Gottfried von Strassburg's "Tristan," and Walther von der Vogelweide's lyrics would have been impossible without the preceding activity of Chrétien de Troyes, Thomas of Brittany, and the Provençal troubadours, so the sculptures of Freiberg, Naumburg, Bamberg, Strassburg, would not be what they are without the influence of Chartres, Rheims, and Amiens. And yet one should be careful not to overestimate the influence of French models upon mediæval German sculpture. From the very beginning there is a decided note of individuality in the German work—an individuality which can hardly be accounted for except by taking recourse to fundamental traits of national temper.

The Frenchman, as a rule, seems to have little difficulty in expressing himself; he seems to be borne along by a popular sentiment in entire accord with his own ideals and views of life; he easily adapts himself to the general current; he is naturally graceful and communicative. The German is naturally self-centered and unresponsive; he often finds himself in opposition to the life surrounding him; and the more he has to say, the harder is it for him to say it. He struggles, he broods, he is burdened with his task, and only in supreme moments of concentrated energy does he pour out his whole self. Is it surprising that, with such national characteristics as these to start from, German sculpture of the Middle Ages, although strongly influenced by the art of France, should have maintained a spirit essentially different from that of French sculpture? If the French artist appeals to us chiefly by his mastery of form, by the universality of his imagination, by the refinement of his manner, the German makes his appeal chiefly through the energy of his personality, through the sturdiness of his purpose, through the homeliness of his speech, through his independence from conventional forms, through his identifying himself with his subject, through his devoutness of soul. French sculpture of the Middle Ages, therefore, preserves an even level of formal excellence and measured grace. German sculpture moves in leaps and bounds; from broad naturalism it passes over to fantastic mysticism; for the most part it is extreme and one-sided; in rare moments, however, it reaches a perfection of form combining the deepest longings of the heart with fullest comprehension of the visible world.

We are fortunate in having at least one group of monuments, showing essential characteristics of German art, from a time when German sculpture had not yet been affected by French influence: the bronze reliefs of the so-called Bernward Column and the portal of Hildesheim Cathedral, belonging to the beginning of the eleventh century. In these remarkable sculptures the German genius for homely truthfulness and directness of characterization manifests itself with a truly childlike simplicity. Crudeness is the most palpable quality of this art; but it is a crudeness thoroughly wholesome and full of power, and therefore refusing to submit to conventional canons. There is nothing in the art of France of the eleventh century which in animation and fullness of life could at all be compared with these Hildesheim monuments; and even the best French works of the beginning of the twelfth century, such as the impressive sculptures of Vézelay and Autun, show a far stricter adherence to conventional arrangement of drapery and grouping, a far closer affinity to the severe Byzantine manner. Nothing could exceed the plainness of speech and the instinctive grasp of essentials with which the Hildesheim artist tells his tale. How God the Father, after the fall of man, appears in the Garden of Eden, calling Adam to account, Adam on his part putting the blame upon Eve; how Cain deals the deadly blow to his brother; how the Virgin receives reverently and devoutly the blessed message of the Angel of Annunciation; how John the Baptist sermonizes to the bad king and the evil queen, the latter sitting in her husband's lap; how the daughter of Herodias dances at the king's feast—all this is told with a popular homeliness and freedom from restraint which betray truly indigenous art. It is hardly fanciful to say that in these Hildesheim



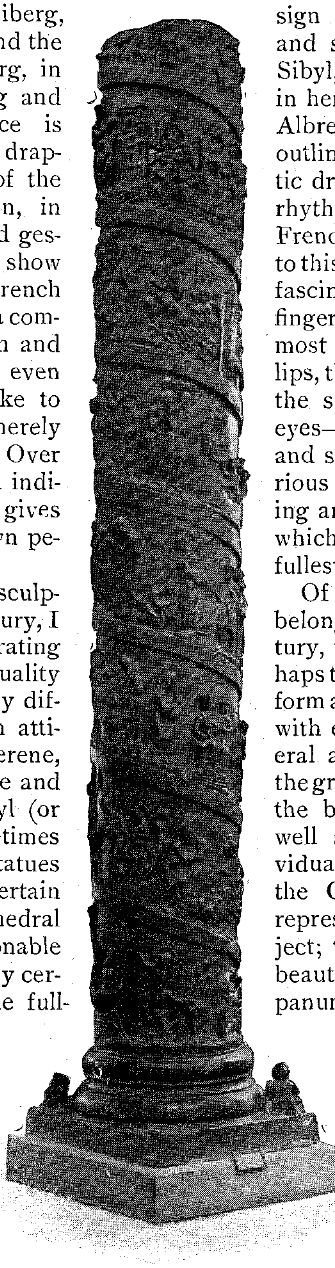
CHOIR-SCREEN AT ST. MICHAEL'S
Hildesheim, twelfth century

monuments we have a worthy counterpart to the simple and direct manner of popular German minnesong of the time previous to the introduction of courtly fashion from France.

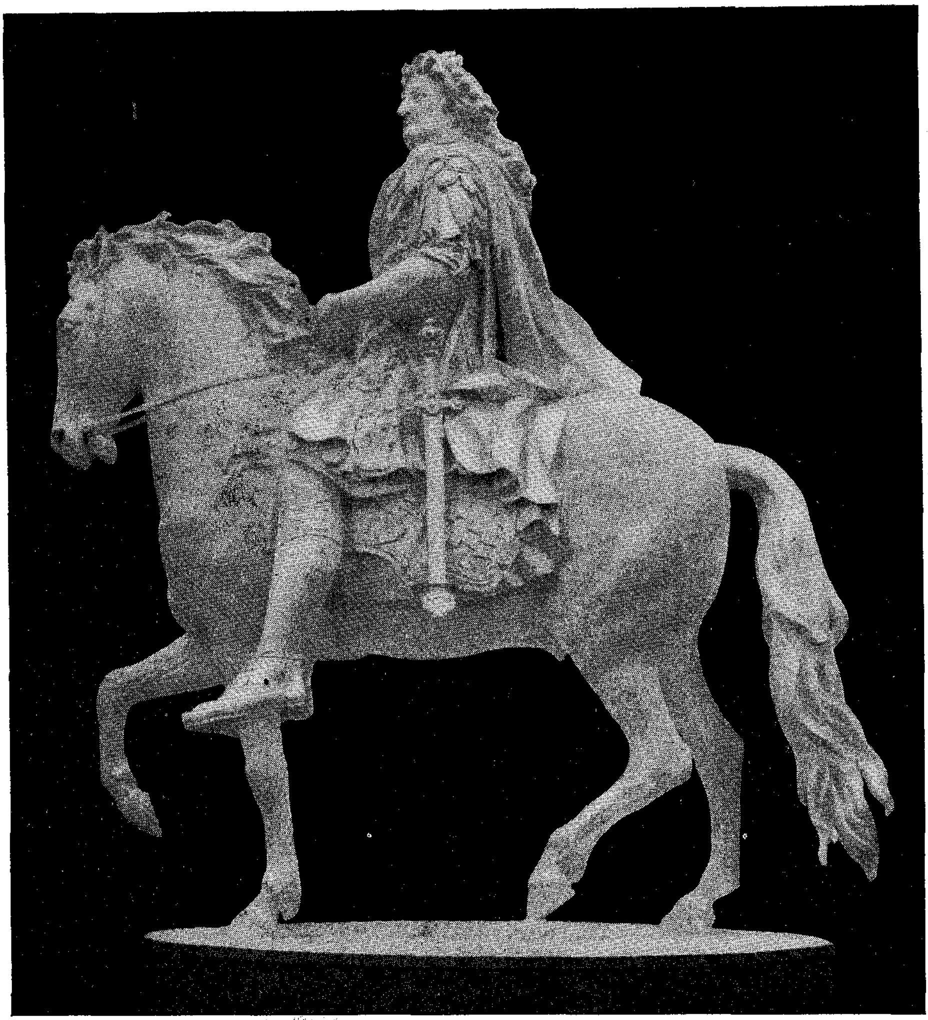
Most of the German plastic work from the height of the Middle Ages shows distinct traces of this courtly manner. In the Golden Gate of Freiberg, in the Founders' Statues and the Rood-Screen of Naumburg, in the sculptures of Bamberg and Strassburg, this influence is clearly discerned. In the drapery, in the arrangement of the hair, in facial expression, in peculiarities of bearing and gesture, all these monuments show a decided affinity to the French type, a clear adaptation to a common standard of decorum and chivalric etiquette. Yet even here it would be a mistake to think of the German work merely as a copy of the French. Over and over again the German individuality asserts itself and gives to these creations their own peculiar life.

Among the Bamberg sculptures of the thirteenth century, I would single out, as illustrating this distinctively German quality of mind, two statues widely differing from each other in attitude and temper: the serene, saintly empress Kunigunde and the stern, portentous Sibyl (or Elizabeth, as she is sometimes called). That both these statues had their prototypes in certain figures of Rheims Cathedral there can be no reasonable doubt; but it seems equally certain that what imparts the fullness of life to these figures is something not borrowed from any foreign model. French sculpture of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries has produced many a woman figure of greater freedom and gracefulness of movement than is seen in Kunigunde, the saintly patroness of Bamberg Cathedral; but I doubt whether French art of that time offers any parallel to the homely, naïve gesture of the hand with which this German woman seems to receive the blessing of heaven, the radiance of which is surrounding and transfiguring her. The very awkwardness of motion becomes here a sign of spiritual concentration and self-surrender. As to the Sibyl, we are justified in finding in her something of the spirit of Albrecht Dürer. The general outline of the body, the majestic drapery with its regular and rhythmic folds, are taken from French models; but all that gives to this figure its strange, uncanny fascination—the long, emaciated fingers, the sinewy neck, the almost masculine face, the thin lips, the protruding cheek-bones, the small, deep-cut, penetrating eyes—all this is the artist's own, and shows in him the same curious mixture of mystic brooding and naturalistic truthfulness which in Dürer was to find its fullest artistic embodiment.

Of the Strassburg monuments belonging to the thirteenth century, the Death of Mary is perhaps the finest example of French form and German feeling blended with each other. That the general arrangement of this scene, the grouping of the apostles about the bed of the dying Virgin, as well as the treatment of individual figures, were suggested to the German artist by French representations of the same subject; that, therefore, the singular beauty of this wonderful tympanum is pre-eminently a tribute to the artistic imagination of the French mind, no one familiar with the sculptures of Senlis or Notre Dame de Paris will deny. And yet, I hardly believe that among all the French representations of the death or burial of Mary there is one which be-



BERNWARD COLUMN
Hildesheim, eleventh century

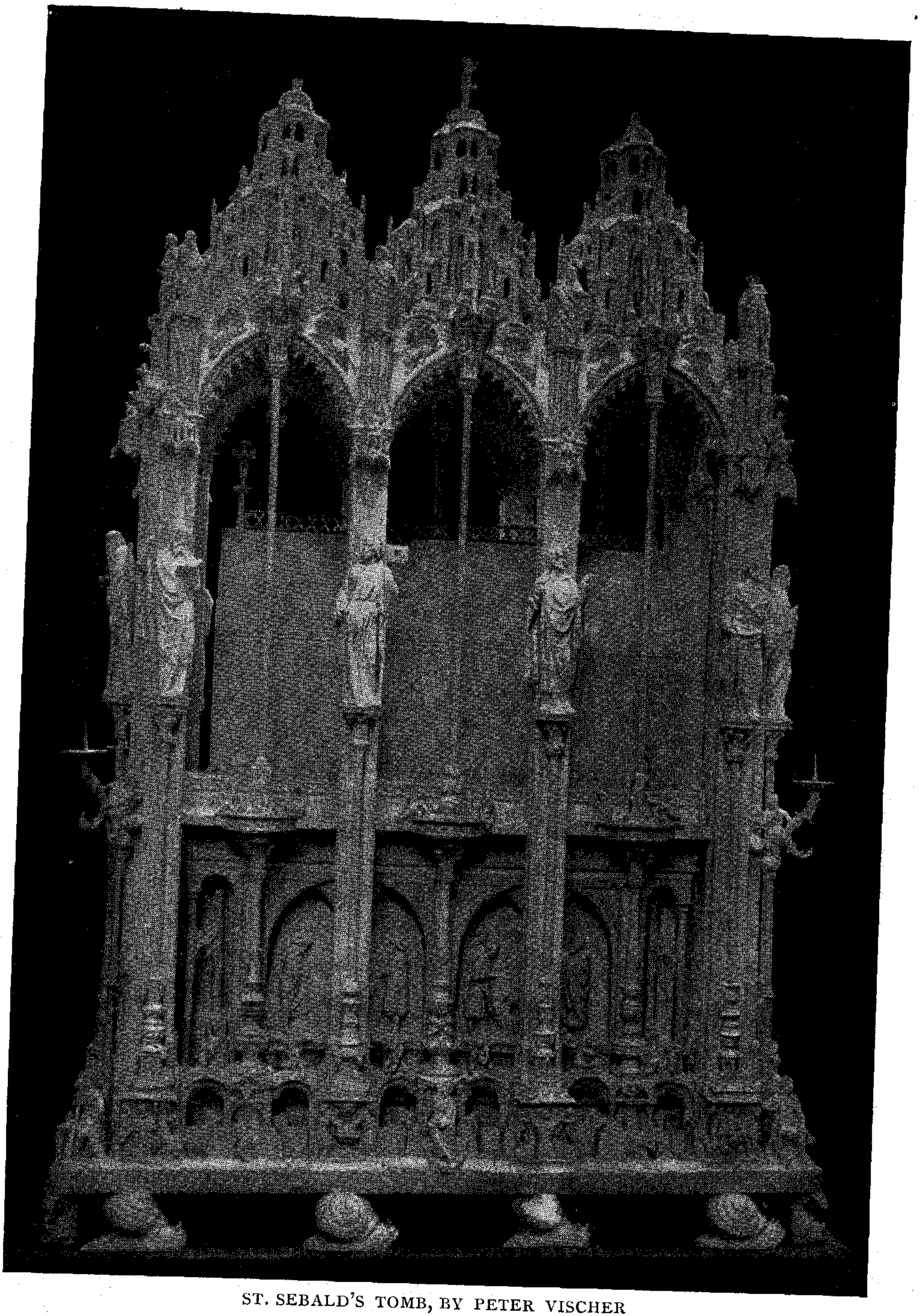


THE GREAT ELECTOR, BY ANDREAS SCHLÜTER

Berlin, seventeenth century

trays the same depth of religious sentiment or the same variety of individual emotion as does this Strassburg relief. Indeed, the whole history of sculpture knows of few creations in which the fundamental feelings of the human heart are more impressively brought out than in the hushed awe and grief of the apostles grouped about this death scene and the truly majestic equanimity and heroic composure of this Virgin.

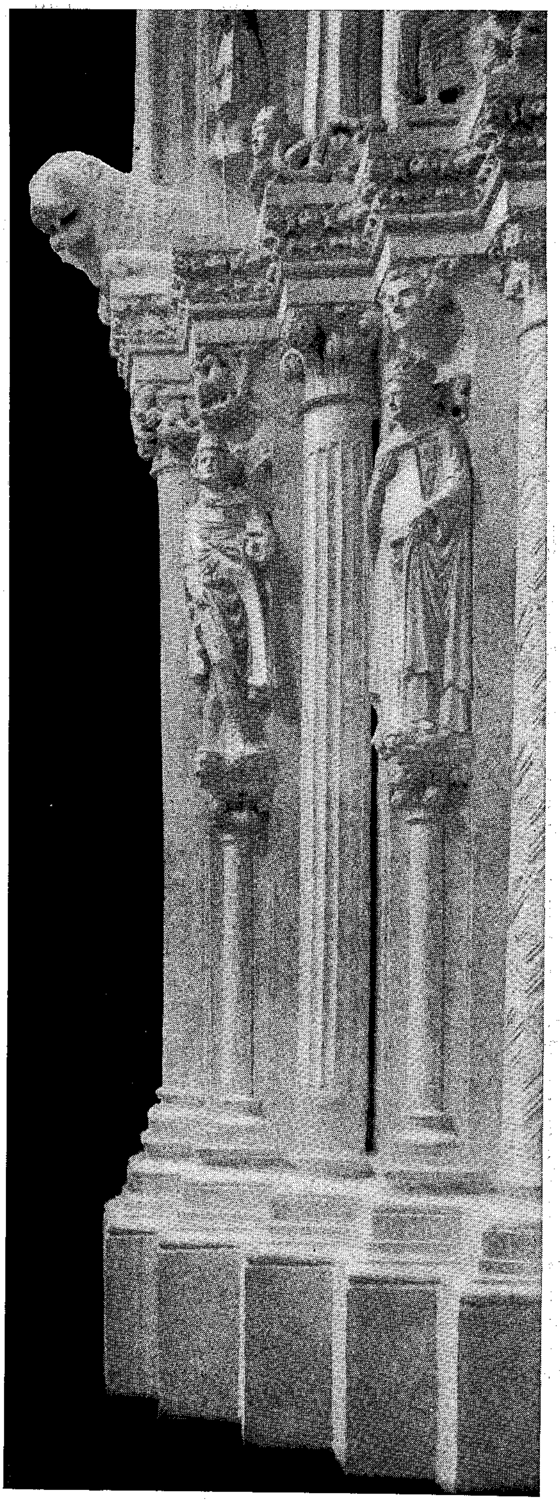
The climax, however, of German plastic art of the Middle Ages is to be found in the sculptures of the choir and the rood-screen of Naumburg Cathedral, also belonging to the thirteenth century. In these figures, particularly the twelve portrait statues of patrons and benefactors of the Naumburg bishopric, the intensity of the inner life, of which I spoke before as the most striking characteristic of mediæval German art, seems to have found its fullest and most adequate impersonation. Here there is no suggestion of labored submission to a conventional standard; here there is no discrepancy between spirit and form; here there is complete distinctness and vigor of individual life. Every one of these figures is a type by itself, a fully rounded personality. The Canoness standing erect, but with slightly inclined



ST. SEBALD'S TOMB, BY PETER VISCHER
Nuremberg, sixteenth century

head, thoughtfully gazing upon a book which she supports with one hand while the other turns over its leaves; the two pairs of a princely husband and wife, one of the men full of power and determination, the other of youthfully sanguine appearance, one of the women broadly smiling, the other with a gesture full of reserved dignity drawing her garment to her face; the young ecclesiastic, holding the missal in front of him, with his carefully arranged hair flowing from his tonsure; the various knights, one lurking out from behind his shield, another leaning upon his sword, others in still different postures and moods—there is not a figure among them which did not represent a particular individual at a particular moment, and which did not, without losing itself in capricious imitation of accidental trifles, reproduce life as it is. It is impossible in the face of such works of sculpture as these not to feel that they proceeded from artists deeply versed in the study of human character, fully alive to the problems of human conduct, keenly sensitive to impressions of any sort; in other words, fully developed, highly organized, complicated individuals. And it is equally impossible not to recognize in these figures types of German character, a race sturdy and upright, of strong passions, thoroughgoing both in worldly joys and in spiritual cravings; a race to whom life is a serious thing, a heavy task, a mysterious riddle, a portentous ideal.

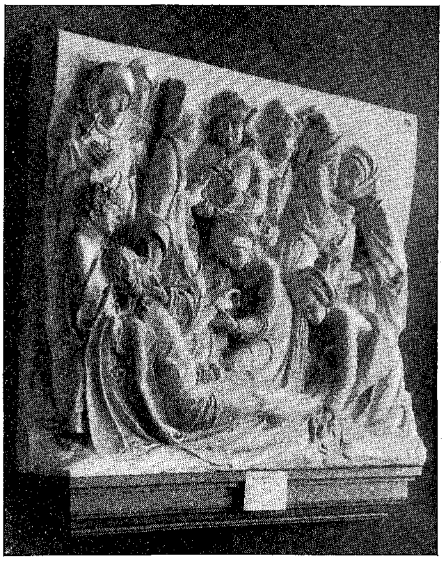
It is but natural that the Renaissance, which brought the decisive break with ecclesiastical formulas, which freed the individual from obsolete creeds, which substituted human aspirations for divine authority, should have given, in German sculpture, a new impetus to the native German tendency for unrestrained and fearless representation of the inner



DETAIL OF THE GOLDEN GATE
Freiberg, thirteenth century

life. Never has German sculpture been more frankly realistic than in the days of Adam Kraft, Peter Vischer, Hans Brüggemann, and Tilman Riemenschneider. Never has it brought forth, by the side of much that is cumbersome, heavy, and overcrowded with detail, such a wealth and variety of human types. Never has there been a more striking illustration of the fact that the realistic tendency in art is not so much the outcome of a desire to copy the outward forms of nature, as a symptom of intense inner activity discharging itself in forms imbued with the freedom, variety, and primitiveness of nature herself. Only two of the foremost productions of German realism belonging to the Renaissance may briefly be considered here: Adam Kraft's Entombment of the Saviour and Peter Vischer's Tomb of St. Sebald.

If we compare Adam Kraft's Entombment of Christ with the Strassburg Death of Mary mentioned before, we find in it less refinement of outline, less harmony of composition. There is a certain grossness in it, an apparently willful emphasis laid on the ordinary and commonplace. But, after all, this ordinary and commonplace exterior serves only to make us understand all the more fully the eternal human emotions throbbing beneath its surface. As in Rembrandt's paintings, we seem to have the most direct, untrammeled access to the secrets of the heart. The speechless woe expressed by Mary's clutching her son's head and drawing it to her lips with frantic ecstasy calls up before us the deepest tragedy of Christ's Passion, and stirs in us feelings that cannot die. Peter Vischer's Tomb of Saint Sebald is almost bewildering in the variety of its forms. It seems as though the artist had been driven to crowd into this monument his whole view of the universe. The dumb creation, the elemental forces of nature and history, the playful and the serious moods of the human breast, the great heroic figures of the Christian legend, and the workaday scenes and types of common life—all this is made to surround the resting-place of the saintly man whose earthly career has been run. And in it all, what an abundance of character, what a firm grasp of personality—most of all, perhaps, in the figure of the honest master himself, modestly standing in a niche at the back of the monument, his tools in his hands, the leather apron hung over his shoulders, the very embodiment of sturdy, sincere, devoted workmanship.


ENTOMBMENT OF CHRIST, BY ADAM KRAFT
Nuremberg, fifteenth century

That, even amid the artificiality and pompousness of the baroque period and of pseudo-classicism, German sculpture, in a few of its representatives at least, preserved its native truthfulness and vigor of the inner life, is proven by a monument which, through the grandeur of its proportions as well as its historical significance, was clearly marked out for the place of honor which it holds in the Germanic Museum: Schlüter's equestrian statue of the Great Elector of Brandenburg.

Frederick William, the founder of the Prussian monarchy, was a remarkable mixture of autocratic arbitrariness and single-minded devotion to the common weal. Ruthlessly overriding time-honored class privileges and local statutes, he established the sovereignty of the modern State in his widely scattered territories, and thus welded them together into a political whole. Obstinately adhering to a military absolutism even in matters of civil administration, he was also keenly

PORTRAIT STATUES
Naumburg Cathedral

alive to the demands of industrial progress and commercial expansion. A Prussian from foot to crown, zealously maintaining the prerogatives of his principality against other States of the empire, he was also the only German prince of his time who deeply felt for the national honor, the only one willing to risk his own State in defense of Germany. Could the sturdy greatness of this man, could the innermost secret of his personality, be more concretely and impressively brought before us than by this statue, erected in front of his castle at Berlin a few years after his death? Clad in the costume of a Roman Imperator, the marshal's staff in his right hand, with the left tightly grasping the reins and holding his horse in check, his head slightly thrown back so that the aquiline nose and the commanding eyes are in full sight, while the manelike hair flows in bold masses over neck and shoulders, he seems the very embodiment of seventeenth-century absolutism. But there is nothing vainglorious in this man, nothing that savors of a Charles II. or a Louis XV. His horse is not a showy thing of parade, but a doughty animal of tough sinews and heavy limbs; he rides it free and without stirrups; he knows what he is about; he is carrying his destiny in himself; and a victorious future hovers before his eyes.

I may perhaps be permitted to close with a reminiscence of a personal nature. In March, 1902, at the time when Prince Henry of Prussia was the guest of the American Nation, the German Emperor honored Harvard University by inviting me to an audience at the Royal Castle in Berlin. During this interview the Emperor showed his guest an album containing views of all the works of art which he intended to present to our museum, commenting upon every one of them with astonishing minuteness of knowledge and remarkable precision as well as breadth of judgment. When he came to the statue of the Great Elector, he was particularly emphatic in pointing out its artistic power and fullness of life, summing up his observations in the words: "If that man stood on the Capitoline Hill at Rome, instead of the Lange Brücke at Berlin, the whole world would be at his feet!"

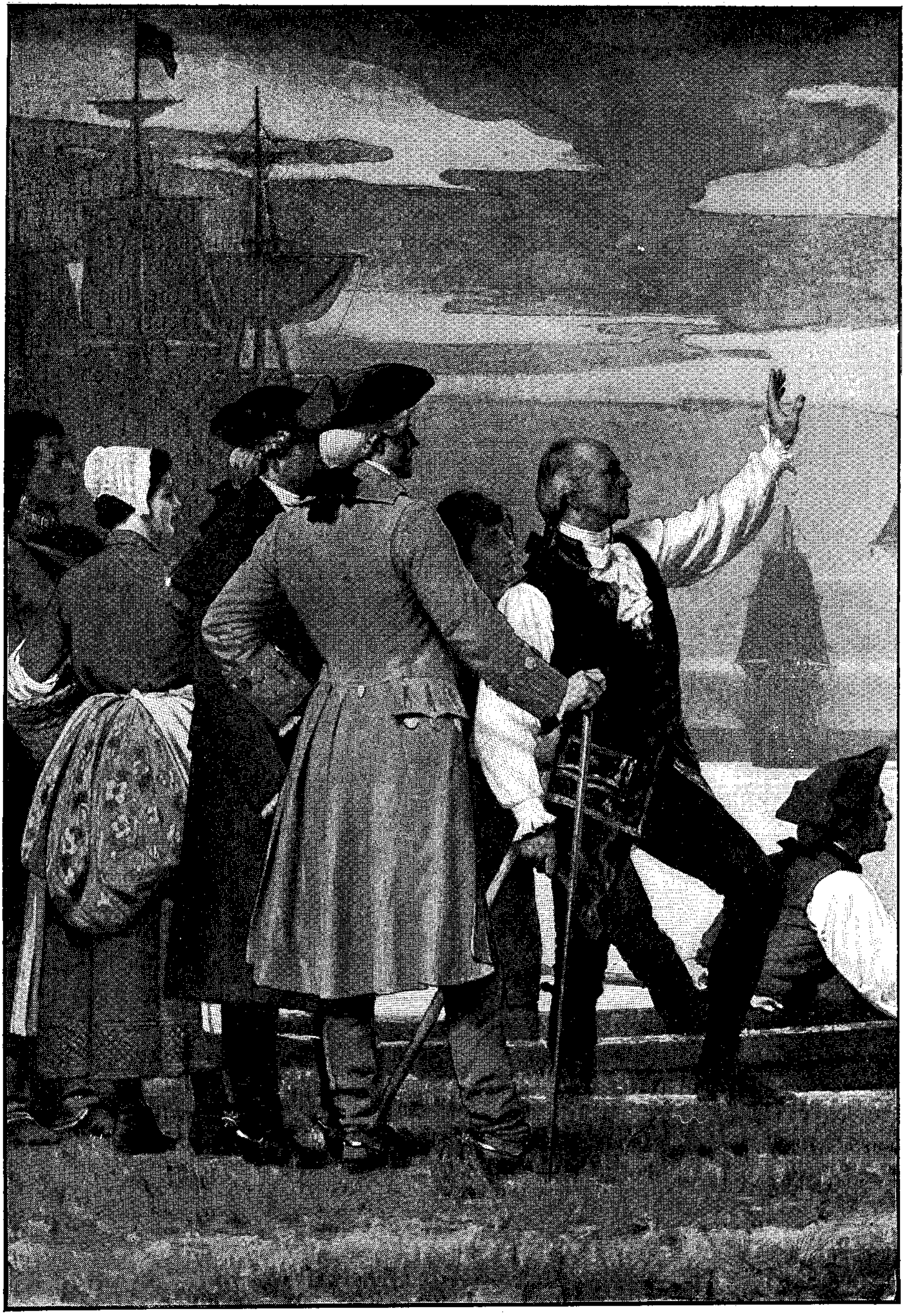
A Morning Pledge

By Charles P. Cleaves

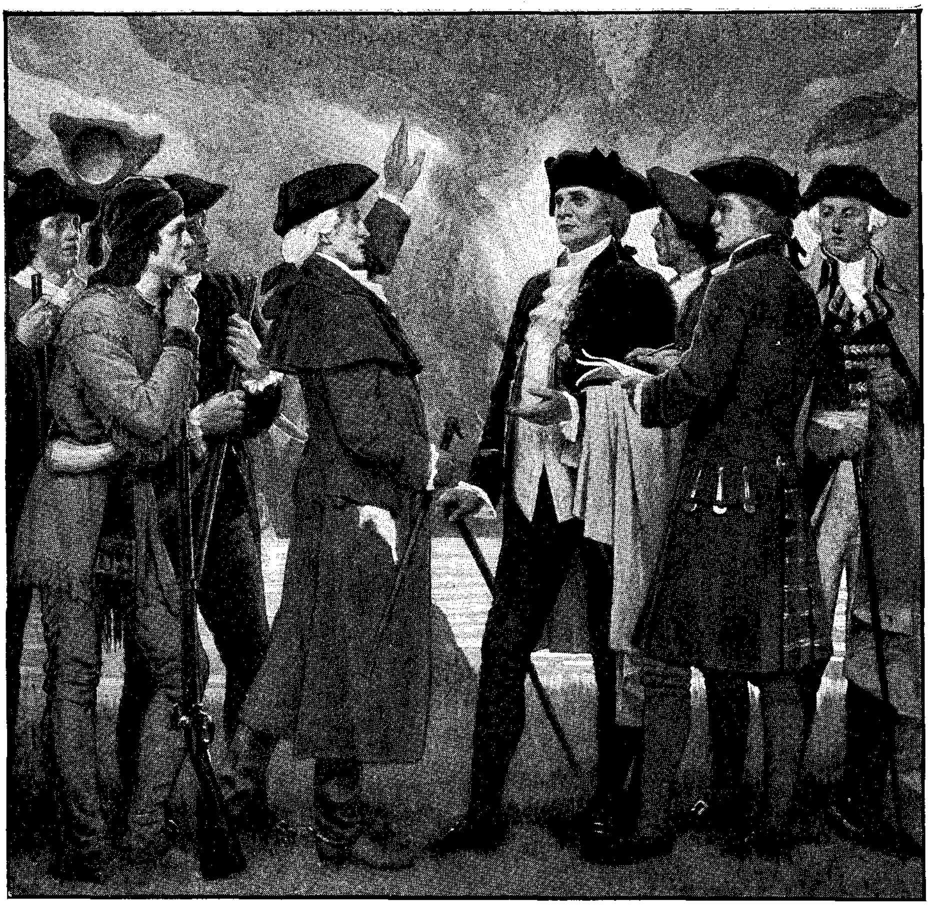
I will be glad all day for this cool draught
  And the clear drops I dash upon my brow;
For the fresh glint of sunlight on the tree
  And the bird singing on the bough.

I will be glad for that stored strength of life
  Which lasts the day because the spirit wills;
For the live air that wings from far and breathes
  The vigor of the everlasting hills.

What scope of toil, what loss or what reward,
  I do not know. It is enough that now
I pledge the day's good cheer with this cool draught
  And the drops dashed upon my brow.



STEWART LANDING AFTER SETTING FIRE TO THE PEGGY STEWART



DR. WARFIELD, CHARLES CARROLL, AND OTHER CITIZENS WITNESSING THE BURNING

The Burning of the Peggy Stewart

By Charles de Kay

Illustrated with reproductions of the mural paintings by C. Y. Turner in the Court-House at Baltimore

GREAT was the excitement at Annapolis on October the 19th, 1774. Men had poured in from the eastern shore with their guns in hand. Backwoodsmen in beaver-skin caps and deerskin coats had come from the interior. The small citizens of town and farm were gathered together, and rumors flew about that before evening some of the shipping in the harbor, and perhaps the house of Anthony Stewart, merchant and ship-owner, or that of the harbor-master himself, would be set afire, if . . .

It was all because of Anthony Stewart and his little fifty-ton brig, the Peggy Stewart, which had reached port from England a few days before with twenty-seven passengers and an assorted cargo which included a lot of cockets of "India goods," which were no other than chests of tea! The mild, dried weed of peace-loving China was worse than gunpowder in its explosive force among the Annapolitans. Had not the colonists made up their minds that they would not be taxed unless they were represented in Parliament? And had not substitutes for tea been found—leaves of the redroot and goldenrod—in order to thwart the tax? Had not ships with tea been met outside Sandy Hook by deputations of New Yorkers and solemnly warned away? And when those same ships made Boston, had there not been an irruption of the Iroquois from the Great Lakes—or some raiding party of Indians from somewhere—which party boarded the tea ships, broke the bales, and tumbled the tea into the harbor? Yet here was Anthony Stewart, not only bringing in the hated stuff, but daring, in the face of warnings, to pay the tax on it, in order to obtain his permit to land cargo and clear again for foreign parts!

Fiercest in his denunciation was Dr. Warfield, of Annapolis, who was like a madman in his hostility to Parliament, to the loyalists, to the Crown. It was he who was most blamed for exciting the passions of the mob that called itself the patriots; his work was this influx of backwoodsmen and fishermen, farmers and baysmen, aye, of men suspected of deeds on the high seas which would not well bear investigation, the least of them being violations of the navigation laws forbidding commerce with ports not in British hands. Dr. Warfield, so it was whispered, had counseled the mob to settle the whole business by putting the torch to the Peggy Stewart before a single chest of tea could be landed!

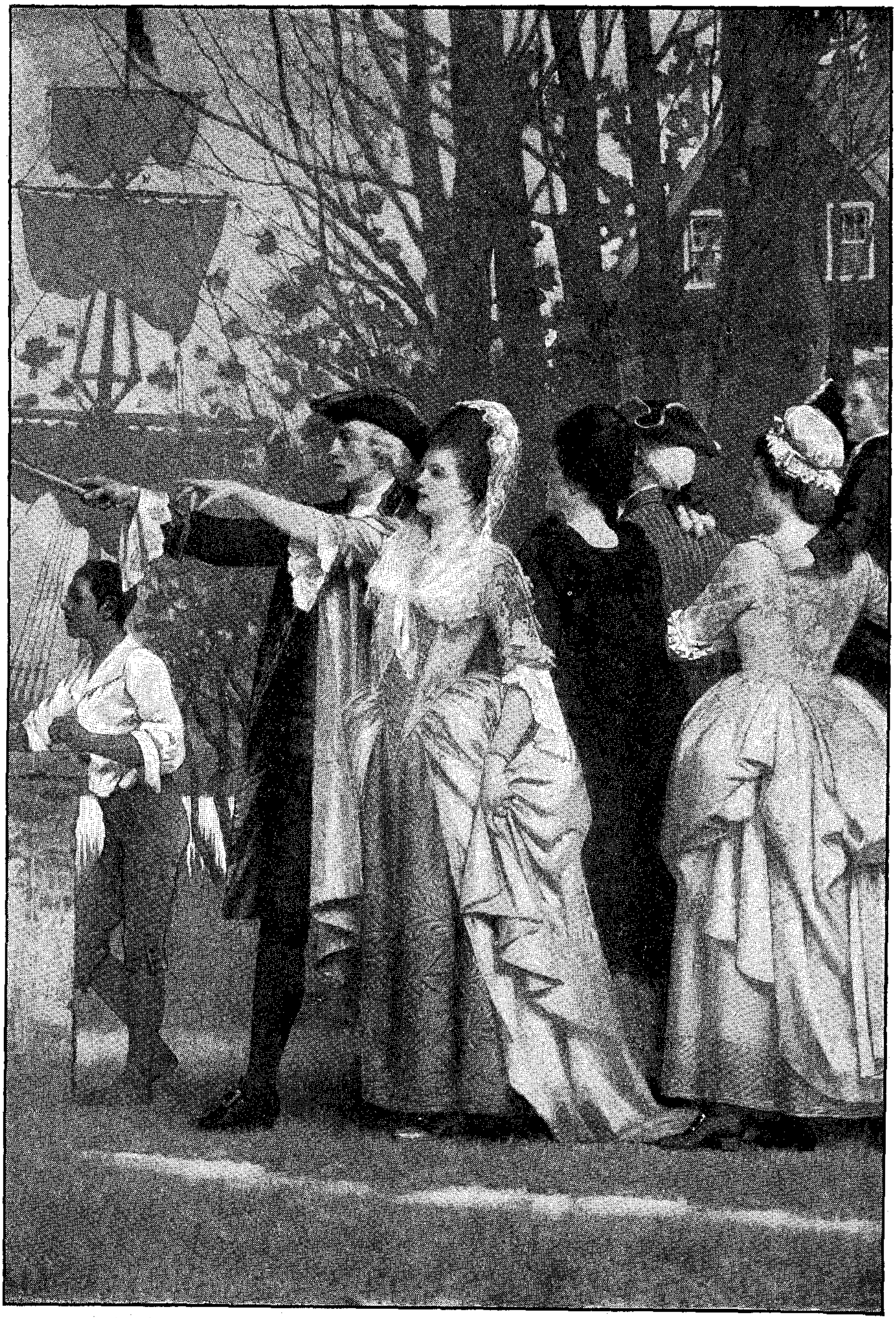
So the alarm spread that October morning, until the leading men of the community felt that something must be done to stem the discontent, or a serious riot might ensue. Charles Carroll of Carrollton, the head of the Committee of Safety, was summoned, and with him came the young Secretary of the Committee. Calling together certain gentlemen of Annapolis, Dr. Warfield, the officer of the port, and Anthony Stewart, ship's owner and consignee, Charles Carroll entered into a hurried consultation with them on the very shore where, a century later, the Naval Academy was to stand. The Peggy Stewart lay not far out by Windmill Point, and in groups here and there stood the citizens of the little town, sullenly gazing at the offending craft.

Suddenly things appeared to reach a climax. There was a complete silence in the party, as if one conclusion or another had been reached. From the little knot of well-dressed men three persons separated—Anthony Stewart and two gentlemen of the town. They made straight for the Peggy Stewart's boat lying by the shore, jumped in, and were rowed out to the little vessel, while the oratory ceased, the knots dissolved, the loungers in the taverns rose to their feet, and all eyes turned to spy what might come. Were they to see the tea-chests broken and tossed into the bay? Was the accursed stuff to be landed? If so, it would not go far before it was scattered along the beach, so ugly was the mood in the colony just then.

Stewart's house, with its tall gable, big roof, and low, comfortable windows, had its own group of spectators, among whom pretty Peggy, Anthony's daughter, after whom the brig was named, was not the least excited. There had been dark rumors of an attack on Stewart's home by the mob, enraged that he should have broken the rule against paying duty on tea; and the friends assembled on his grounds were nervous enough, in view of the squally state of things. Madame Stewart lay sick upstairs while all this coil was abroad. They, too, were watching the movements of the Committee of Safety, of Dr. Warfield, and of Anthony Stewart; they, too, held their breath when they saw the movement in the group of negotiators.

Not less agog were the sailors, the Indians, the negroes on the docks, where ships moored, and carts loaded fish and bricks and brought down for shipment bales of tobacco; where the apple-women displayed their wares, and the young girls liked to walk in couples on Sunday afternoons when no work was doing. It seemed as if the whole county had come to Annapolis and fixed that trim little craft, Pawtuxet built and scarcely four years old, with curious or baleful eyes.

Presently Anthony Stewart was seen to come on deck. He was in his shirt-sleeves, having left his coat in the boat. He handed certain books and what looked like a sextant to the sailor,



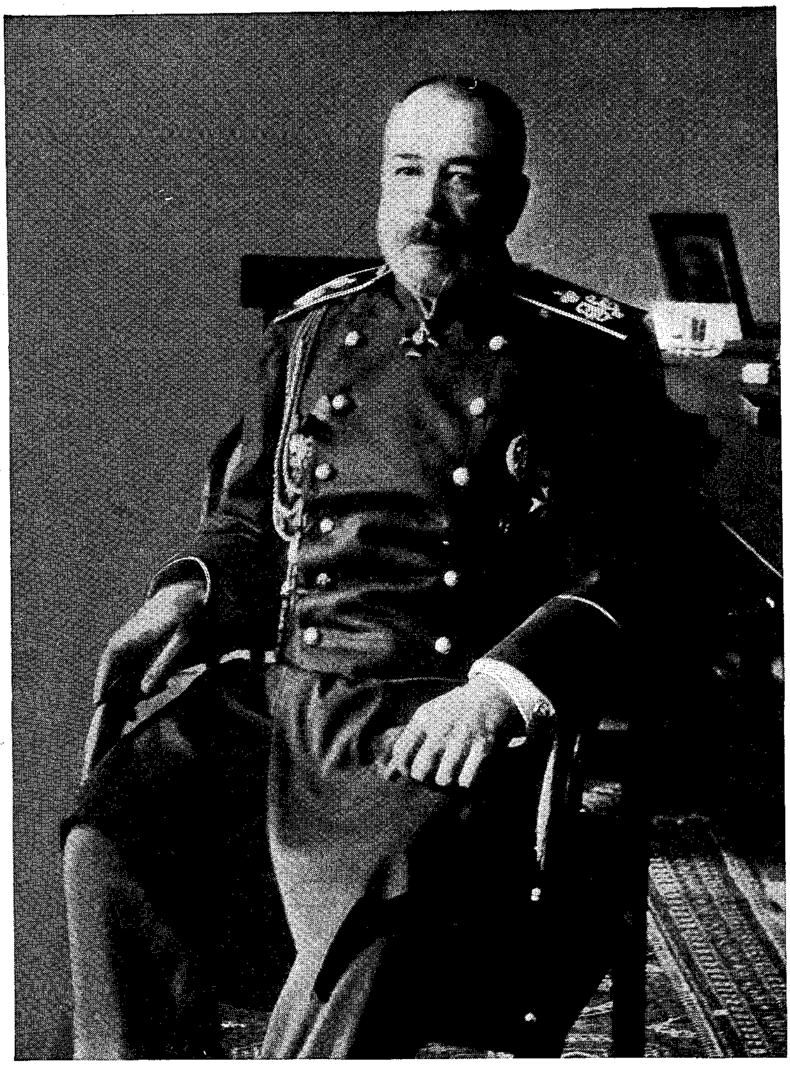
STEWART'S FAMILY IN THE GARDEN OF HIS HOME WATCHING THE BURNING who ran over the side and deposited them in the boat. Then he was observed to be striking fire with a flint and steel, and a puff of smoke showed that the tow was alight. Again he went below, and the two gentlemen who accompanied him passed to the ship's ladder, turned, and seemed to wait for something. Presently a thin line, an almost invisible line, of smoke rose near the mainmast, condensed, became actual, palpable. People gazed at each other. A murmur swept from group to group. From the lawn by Stewart's house there came a half-suppressed shriek—it was sweet Peg herself who saw the smoke and realized what was being done to her namesake. The murmur rose to an excited babble of tongues, and then, as Anthony Stewart came on deck with a lighted torch in his hand, there rose a cheer which scared every canvasback and blue heron for three miles round—a cheer one might have thought loud enough to reach Baltimore. There could no longer be a doubt. To solve the awkward question, Anthony Stewart had with his own hands set fire to the Peggy, and thus at once appeased the angry people and set an example which would deter further shipments of tea to innocent consignees.

When the news spread to Baltimore and Philadelphia and so onward to New York and Boston, the loyalists ground their teeth and talked of weakness in yielding to threats of a mob. But in such times the incident was soon forgot, for the ship was small and the loss did not fall on the revenues, only on the merchant, who, through fear of worse, had sacrificed the ship and cargo. But Annapolis has kept track of the incident —Annapolis, that gave to Washington City the model for her streets radiating from the Capitol as the streets of Annapolis radiate from the State-House; Annapolis, that slumbers apart from the bustling Naval Academy, has not forgot the Burning of the Peggy Stewart.

Since that day of riot and spectacular appeasing of the mob the little port has indeed changed, but not as many other cities on our coast have changed. Just by the shore, however, the new buildings of the Naval Academy have dwarfed the old town, and where the Peggy Stewart lay one sees the school-ship and the practice launch, the torpedo-boat and the ugly low-lying submarine.

The Burning of the Peggy Stewart has just been told by Mr. C. Y. Turner on the wall of the corridor in the Court-House at Baltimore—the corridor that leads to the Criminal court-room. Here we see Charles Carroll in rich red coat and embroidered waistcoat; Dr. Warfield in rusty bottle or bronze green and white tie wig; the Secretary of the Committee of Safety in scarlet, the British officer of the port in a uniform true to the period. Anthony Stewart, having fired his ship, lands from the boat with two witnesses in orange-yellow and bottle-green topcoats; about him stand trappers in deerskin coats with green trimmings, Indians, and citizens. Elsewhere is Anthony Stewart's house, with Peggy in a fine corn-colored gown embroidered with flowers, a quilted blue petticoat, and a cloak of changeable silk, pearl and rose. Near her are a lady in a rich crimson cloak, a young boy raised for a better view in the arms of a nurse who is clad in a greenish print, a negro mammy, a gentleman in fine coat with his powdered hair in a tie. The windows in the gable end of the house reflect the light of the burning vessel, which is seen fitfully through the masses of smoke.

Where this dramatic episode of the beginnings of the Revolution decorates the Court-House corridor there are no windows, so that the scene must be viewed under artificial lighting. The wall is pierced for two doors, and wainscoted with yellowish Sienna marbles, and divided into panels by engaged columns of Numidian. The glare from the burning vessel gives a yellow tinge to the atmosphere which harmonizes with the color of the marble wall and is not hurt by the artificial light. And what may well fill Baltimoreans with pride is the fact that the painter is a Marylander, and the existence of the wall-paintings is due to the Municipal Art Society of Baltimore, which has urged the decoration of the Court-House and supplied the funds for this particular picture of an episode in the history of the State.



Prince Peter Sviatopolk-Mirsky

THE new Russian Minister of the Interior, successor to the assassinated Von Plehve, has justified the hope that he stood for a more liberal policy than his predecessor by relaxing the arbitrary measures in Finland, and most of all by his tacit permission to the zemstvos' delegates to meet and frame a proposal for political reform, and by his consent to lay the plan before the Czar. The Prince is of ancient and noble family, is about forty-eight years old, is of the Orthodox faith, and is the son of a renowned soldier. He was at one time Assistant Minister of the Interior, and is therefore well acquainted with the duties of his present office. He has filled several administrative positions; the most important was that of Governor-General of Vilna. Personally he is described as a man of commanding appearance, with clear-cut, aristocratic, austere features, which would be almost forbidding if they were not relieved by the frank and loyal expression of his eyes. He is quoted as saying, "I am a determined advocate of decentralization. It is impossible to avoid progress. We should be invaded by it in spite of our resistance. Is it not preferable to welcome it and to assist in its realization?'

Katharine Bereshkovsky: A Russian Revolutionist

By Ernest Poole

"NOW, in a few months they will rise by millions." A deep, musical voice spoke in Russian quietly. "We shall sweep away the System of the Czar, and Russia shall be free. See"—she showed me bulletins that had followed her to New York. "Day and night they work. In place of sleep, a dream of freedom; in place of warmth and food and drink, the same dream. This dream is old in American breasts."

Her hair, once cut in prison, has grown again. A great wavy mass of gray frames a face broad, heavy, deep-lined with suffering. Her eyes, deep under high-arched brows, now flash the fires of her dream, now beam forth the warm affections of one whom hundreds call endearingly "Babushka"—little grandmother. Her voice, as she spoke through our interpreter, ran swiftly over her own sufferings, but rose passionately describing her country's degradation. Daughter of a nobleman and earnest philanthropist; then revolutionist, hard-labor convict, and exile for twenty-three years in Siberia; and now a heroic old woman of sixty-one, she has plunged again into the dangerous struggle for freedom. The Russian revolutionary movement is embodied in this one heroic figure.

"More than fifty years ago," she began, "Russia lay asleep. The peasants, starved, bowed low and staggering, broke out only here and there to burn an estate or butcher a landlord, to be flogged back into submission or death. So deep was their subservience that when, a wee girl of ten, I used to tell how I hated the bad, flogging Government, my old peasant nurse would beg me to whisper.

"My mother was deeply religious. Ignoring the false pomps of the Greek Church, she tried only to impress on her children the ethical teachings of Christ. The incongruity between those teachings and our life soon bewildered me. My mother told me to treat the servants as brothers and sisters, but when she found me chatting in the great kitchen, she sternly told me that I must not forget my place as a nobleman's daughter. She taught me Christ's command to give away all that I had and follow him, but when the next morning I went out and gave my handsome little cloak to a shivering peasant child, again she sharply reproved me. I had long spells of thinking.

"My father helped me think. He was a man of broad, liberal ideas. We read together many books of science and travel. Social science absorbed me. By sixteen I had read much of Voltaire, Rousseau, and Diderot, and I knew by heart the French Revolution. I was not confined to Russian, for I spoke French from babyhood, my German governess soon taught me German, and at that time the world's best thought was not garbled by Russian censorship. So trained, I could hardly be called an ignorant fanatic.

"Fired by such ideals, I saw the poor, degraded slaves around me, and longed to see them free. At first I believed that freedom could be reached through the Government. No revolutionary spirit had yet been kindled. It was the first great era of the Liberalists. The abolition of serfdom was soon to be effected; trial by jury to be instituted; and these promised reforms sent a social impulse sweeping through Russia. I was thrilled by the glad news; I read of thousands going to the peasants as doctors, schoolteachers, and nurses; I read of agricultural schools opened and of model farms laid out; all teaching the peasant to be free. Filled with young enthusiasm, I opened a little school near our estate.

"I found the peasant an abject creature, who grasped not even the meager rights he already had. He could think only of his mud hut and his plot of

KATHARINE BERESHKOVSKY

ground. As for Government, he knew only that in peace he must pay money; in war, lives. The new rumors had kindled his old heart-deep hope of freedom. The twenty peasants in my school, like the fifty millions in Russia, suspected that the proclamation had been hidden, and often went to the landowners demanding their freedom. At last the manifesto arrived.

"The peasant was free! No longer bound to the land, his landlord ordered him off. He was shown a little strip of the poorest soil, there to be free and starve. He was bewildered; he could not imagine himself without his old plot of land. For centuries past an estate had always been described as containing so many 'souls.' It was sold for so much per 'soul.' The 'soul' and the plot had always gone together. So the peasant had thought that his soul and his plot would be together freed. In dull but growing rage he refused to leave his plot for the wretched strip. 'Masters,' he cried, 'how can I nourish my little ones through a Russian winter? Such land means death.' This cry rose all over Russia.

"The Government appointed in every district an 'arbiter' to persuade the peasants. The arbiter failed. Then troops were quartered in their huts, homes were starved, old people were beaten by drunkards, daughters were violated. The peasants grew more wild, and then began the flogging. In a village like ours, where they refused to leave their plots, they were driven into line on the village street; every tenth man was called out and flogged with the knout; some died. Two weeks later, as they still held out, every fifth man was flogged. The poor ignorant creatures still held desperately to what they thought their rights; again the line, and now every man was dragged forward to the flogging. This process lasted five years all over Russia, until at last, bleeding and exhausted, the peasants gave in.

"I heard heartrending stories in my little school-house, and many more through my father, the arbiter of our district. The peasants thronged to our house day and night. Many were carried in crippled by the knout; sobbing wives told of husbands killed before their eyes. Often the poor wretches literally wallowed, clasping my father's knees, begging him to read again the manifesto and find it was a mistake, beseeching him to search for help in that mysterious region—the law court. From such interviews he came to me worn and haggard.

"I now saw how ineffectual were my attempts. I felt that tremendous economic and political changes must be made, but, still a Liberalist, I thought only of reform. To seek guidance, to find what older heads were thinking, I went, at nineteen, with my mother and sister, to St. Petersburg. Into our compartment on the train came a handsome young prince returning from official duties in Siberia. For hours he discussed with me the problems that were rushing upon us. His words thrilled like fire. Our excited voices rose steadily higher, until my mother begged me, as my nurse had done before, to speak low. The young prince is now an old man in exile. His name is Peter Kropotkin.

"In St. Petersburg I entered the central group of Liberalists—men and women of noble birth and university training, doctors, lawyers, journalists, novelists, poets, scientists, the most highly educated people in Russia. Since higher education for women was strictly forbidden, they had already become criminals by opening classes for women in the natural and political sciences. All these classes I eagerly joined, constantly attending their secret meetings. Again my mother grew frightened, and at last she took me home. During the next three years, however, I returned again and again, traveled to other cities, and met Liberal people all over Russia.

"Then my father called me home. Here I resolved to support myself and help the peasants. My father built me a small boarding-school for girls, and through the influence of my relatives I received many pupils. He built, too, a cottage, in which I could teach the peasants. I now drew closer to them. I began to realize the dull memory every peasant has of flogging and toil from time immemorial. I felt their subconscious but heart-deep longing for freedom.

"Three years later I married a liberal, broad-minded landowner, who took deep interest in the zemstvos, our district moot. He established for me a peasants' agricultural school. Several of the younger landowners became interested in our work. We met together frequently; and this was my last attempt at Liberalist reform.

"He is a poor patriot who will not thoroughly try his Government before he rises against it. We searched the laws and edicts; we found certain scant and long-neglected peasants' rights of local suffrage; and then we began showing the peasants how to use these rights they already had. They crowded to the local elections and began electing as judges, arbiters, and other officials the Liberals who honestly held the peasants' interests at heart. But when the more despotic landowners were ousted from the zemstvo and lost their source of (to use your language) 'graft,' their leader denounced us to the Minister of the Interior as a band of conspirators. Several of us were exiled to Siberia, my husband and I were put under police surveillance, and my father was deposed from office, without trial, as a 'dangerous man,' for allowing such criminals to be at large. Punished as criminals for teaching the peasant his legal rights, we saw the Government as it was, the System of Corruption, watching jealously through spies and secret police, that their peasant victim might not be taught anything that could make him think or act as a man.

"A startling event now occurred. A Liberalist named Netcharjev had already collected a revolutionary group. Discovered and arrested, their trial in 1871 was the first great event in the long struggle for freedom. Along the Great Siberian Road the procession of politicals began. Meanwhile their revolutionary documents had been published. Never again has the Government allowed this blunder. Those documents were read by thousands of Liberals like us. The spirit of revolution was kindled.

"I was at this time twenty-six years old. My husband, like me, had a whole life before him, and therefore I thought it only fair to speak frankly. I asked him if he were willing to suffer exile or death in this cause of freedom. He said that he was not. Then I left him.

"I went to Kief, joined a revolutionary group, and traveled from town to town, spreading our ideas among the liberals, both Jews and Russians. As our numbers swelled we resolved to reach the peasants themselves. We divided into two groups—the Lavrists, who believed in slowly educating the peasants to revolution; the Bacuninites, who believed in calling on the peasants to rise for freedom at once. To the Bacuninites I belonged, as did most of those who had lived close to the peasants.

"We put on peasant dress, to elude the police and break down the peasants' cringing distrust. I dressed in enormous bark shoes, coarse shirt and drawers, and heavy cloak. I used acid on my face and hands; I worked and ate with the peasants; I learned their speech; I traveled on foot, forging passports; I lived 'illegally.'

"By night I did my organizing. You desire a picture? A low room with mud floor and walls. Rafters just over your head, and still higher, thatch. The room was packed with men, women, and children. Two big fellows sat up on the high brick stove, with their dangling feet knocking occasional applause. These people had been gathered by my host—a brave peasant whom I picked out—and he in turn had chosen only those whom Siberia could not terrify. When I recalled their floggings; when I pointed to those who were crippled for life; to women whose husbands died under the lash—then men would cry out so fiercely that the three or four cattle in the next room would bellow and have to be quieted. Then I told them they themselves were to blame. They had only the most wretched strips of land. To be free and live, the people must own the land! From my cloak I would bring a book of fables written to teach our principles and stir the love of freedom. And then far into the night the firelight showed a circle of great broad faces and dilated eyes, staring with all the reverence every peasant has for that mysterious thing—a book.

"These books, twice as effective as oral work, were printed in secrecy at heavy expense. But many of us had libraries, jewels, costly gowns and furs to sell; and new recruits kept adding to our fund. We had no personal expenses.

"Often, betrayed by some peasant spy, I left a village quickly, before completing my work. Then the hut group was left to meet under a peasant who could read aloud those wonderful fables. So they dreamed, until a few weeks later another leader in disguise came to them.

"In that year of 1874 over two thousand educated people traveled among the peasants. Weary work, you say. Yes, when the peasants were slow and dull and the spirit of freedom seemed an illusion. But when that spirit grew real, one felt far from weary. Then, too, we had occasional grippings of hands with comrades. We could always encourage each other, for all had found the peasants eager; to own the land had been the dream of their fathers; their eagerness rose, and stout words of cheer were sent from one group to another. An underground system was started, a correspondence cipher was invented, the movement spread through thirty-six great provinces of Russia and became steadily better organized. So the People's Party was established.

"The System, alarmed by their spies, made wholesale arrests. I was under a peasant's name in Podolia. In my wallet was our manifesto, also maps showing the places already reached and those next to be organized. A servant-girl spied them and told the servant of the local police agent. An hour later he came rushing in and jerked the manifesto from my wallet. His eyes popping with excitement, he read the paper in a loud, thick voice. As that simple but stirring proclamation of freedom, equality, and love was read, the poor, ignorant people thought it the longed-for proclamation from the Czar. The news spread. Men, women, and children rushed up. The District Attorney came, and he too read it aloud. Then suddenly the chief of police arrived, glanced at the wild, joyous faces around, and seized the document. 'What is this?' he asked me, roughly. 'Propaganda,' I replied, 'with which the attorney, the gendarme, and the priest are viciously inciting the people.'

"In jail I was led down to the 'Black Hole.' As I came down, two besotted wretches were stumbling up. I was pushed in, the heavy door slammed, and bolts rattled in total darkness. At once I was sickened by the odor. I took a step forward and slipped, for the floor was soft with filth. I stood still until, deadly sick, I sank down on a pile of straw and rags. A minute later I was stung sharply back to consciousness, and sprang up covered with vermin. I leaned against the walls and found them damp. So I stood up all night in the middle of the hole. And this was the beginning of Siberia.

"I awaited trial in a new St. Petersburg prison. My cell was nine feet long, five feet wide, and seven feet high. It was clean, and a hole above gave plenty of air. My bed was an iron bracket, with mattress and pillow of straw, rough gray blanket, coarse sheet and pillow-case. I wore my own clothes.

"In solitary confinement? No. I joined a social club.

"On that first evening I lay in the dark telling myself that our struggle must go on in spite of this calamity, and yet fearful for it, as we fear for things we love. I lay motionless, and solitary confinement began to work on my mind, as the System had planned it should. Suddenly I sat up quickly. I could hear nothing, but as I started to lie down my ear approached again the iron pipe supporting my cot. Tick, tick, tickity, tick, tick. I felt along the pipe, and found that it went through to the next cell. Again I heard. Tick, tick, tick, tickity, tick. I had once heard a code planned at a meeting in Moscow, but I could not recall it. At last I had an idea. There are thirty-five letters in the Russian alphabet. I rapped. Once! Then twice! Then three times! So on until for the last letter I rapped thirty-five. No response. Again, slowly and distinctly. My heart was beating now. Steps came slowly down the corridor. The guard approached and passed my door. His steps died away. Suddenly—Tick!—Tick, tick!—Tick, tick, tick!—and through to thirty-five! Then slowly we spelled out words, and by this clumsy code the swifter code was taught me. After that, for three years, the pipe was almost always talking. How fast we talked! The pipe sounded so—" Her gray head bent over the table, her face was flushed, her eyes flashed back through forty years of danger and prison, and her strong, subtle fingers rolled out the ticks at lightning speed. "Our club had over a hundred members in solitary confinement; some in cells on either side of mine, some below and some above. Did we tell stories? Yes, and good ones! Young students, keen wits, high spirits!" She laughed merrily, becoming Babushka. "How some of those youngsters made love! A mere boy, two cells to my right, vowed he adored the young girl of nineteen five cells to my left on the floor above, whom he had never laid eyes on. I helped tick his gallant speeches and her responses continually along. They passed to the cell below hers, and were ticked up the heating-pipe to her by a sad little woman who grieved for her babies. Did they ever meet? Ah, Siberia is large as your States and France and England and Germany all together.

"Our club was not all a club of pleasure. Some died of consumption; others killed themselves, and others went insane. The pipe raved sometimes. It spoke many sad good-bys to wives and children. But the pipe was not often so, for a Revolutionist must smile though the heart be torn. We older ones continually urged the young girls to be strong, for they told us how they were taken out and brutally treated to make them give evidence. A very few broke down, but there were many young girls who endured unshaken months of this brutality.

"From new prisoners we heard cheering news. The fire of our Idea had spread among workmen as well as peasants; in the factories many were arrested, some were imprisoned here and joined our club, but were soon condemned into exile. Still the Idea spread. In 1877 came that tremendous demonstration on the Kazan Square in St. Petersburg. Hundreds were imprisoned; again many joined our club and were condemned, sent us last words of cheer along the pipe, and so were rushed off to Siberia.

"In 1878 we were tried. One hundred had died or gone insane. We one hundred and ninety-three were packed into a little hall. Over half had belonged to our club, and I had a strange shock as I now looked at these clubmates with whom I had daily talked. White, thin, and crippled, but still the same stout hearts! We nerved each other to refuse to be tried, for the trial we knew was to be a farce; the jury allowed us by law was not given us; we had only a jury of seven, of whom but one was a peasant. Our judges had been appointed by the Czar. They divided us into groups of ten or fifteen; the trials lasted half a year. When my turn came, I protested against this farce; for this I was at once taken out and my prison term was lengthened to five years as hard-labor convict in the mines. This is the punishment given to a murderer. My term served, I was a Siberian exile for life.

"Secretly at night, to avoid a demonstration, ten of us were led out. Other tens followed on successive nights. In the street below were eleven 'telegas'—heavy hooded vehicles with three horses each. Into one I was placed, a stout gendarme squeezed in on each side, to remain there two months. Just before my knees sat the driver. We went off at a gallop, and our five-thousand-mile journey began. The Great Siberian Road was feelingly described by Mr. Kennan. A succession of bumps of all sizes; our springless telegas jolted and bounced; my two big gendarmes lurched; our horses continually galloped, for they were changed every few hours; we bounced often a whole week without stopping over ten minutes day or night; we suffered agony from lack of sleep. Our officer ordered the gendarmes never to leave us. At times we women held shawls between the gendarmes and our friends. Three wives who had come to share their husbands' exile were treated the same. We were all dressed in convict clothes. The men had also heavy chains on feet and wrists; their heads were partly shaved. Our officer kept the money given him by our anxious friends at home, and gave us each the Government allowance of about five cents a day. For sleep we were placed in the *étapes* [wayside prisons]. Mr. Kennan has well described the cells—reeking, crawling, infected with scurvy, consumption, and typhoid. They had log walls roughly covered with plaster. The air was invariably noisome; the long bench on which we slept had no bedclothes. Through the walls we heard the endless jangling of fetters, the moaning of women, the cries of sick babies. On the walls were a mass of inscriptions, names of friends who had gone before us, news of death and insanity, and shrewd bits of advice for outwitting gendarmes. Some were freshly cut, but one worm-eaten love poem looked a century old. For along this Great Siberian Road over a million men, women, and children have dragged, two hundred and fifty thousand since 1875, people from every social class; murderers and degenerates side by side with tender girls who were exiled through the jealous wife of some petty town official.

"You keep asking me for scenes and stories. But you see we were thinking of our dream, and did not notice so much the life outside. Did any die? Yes, one by typhoid. Our officer rushed the sufferer on at full gallop, until his delirious cries from the jolting vehicle so roused our protests that he was left in the Irkutsk prison, where he died. Were there any children? Yes, one little wife had a baby ten months old, but the rest of us did all we could to help her, and the child survived the journey. Friends to say good-by? Ah, let me think! Yes; as we passed through Krasnoyarsk, a student's old mother had come from a distance to see him. Our officer refused to allow the boy to kiss her. She caught but a glimpse, the gendarmes jerked him back into the vehicle, and they galloped on. As I came by I saw her white, haggard old face. Then she fell by the roadside.

"On reaching the Kara mines I found that the hard-labor year was but eight months, and that my forty months in prison had been taken from my forty-eight month sentence. So, having stayed ten months, I left Kara—as I then hoped—forever. I was taken to Barguzin, a bleak little group of huts near the Arctic Circle. We arrived in February—forty-five degrees below zero. I began to look for work. Seeing a few forlorn little children, I proposed a school. The police agent forbade me, and showed his police rules from St. Petersburg, which forbid an exiled doctor to heal the sick or an exiled minister to comfort the dying. No educated person may use his powers to improve his hamlet. (Many politicals have hired out to the Cossacks at five cents a day.) Here were three young students, 'administrative' exiles, exiled for life without a trial because suspected by some gendarme or spy. We decided to escape, and searched two years for a guide to lead us a thousand miles to the Pacific. We found a bent old peasant who had made the journey years before. With him we set out one night, leading four pack-horses. We soon found the old man useless. We had maps and a compass, but these did little good in the Taiga, that region of forest crags and steep ravines, where we walked now toward heaven and now to the region below. Often I watched my poor stupid beast go rolling and snorting down a ravine, hoping as he passed each tree that the next would stop his fall. Then for hours we would use all our arts and energies to drag him up. It was beautiful weather by day, but bitterly cold by night. We had hardtack to eat, also pressed tea and a little tobacco. So we walked about six hundred miles; in a straight line, perhaps two hundred.

"Meanwhile the police had searched in vain. The Governor had telegraphed to St. Petersburg, and from there the command had come that we be found at any cost. The plan adopted was characteristic of the System. Fifty neighboring farmers were seized (in harvest time), and were exiled from farms and families until they brought us back. After weeks of search they found us in the Apple Mountains. Their leader shouted across the ravine that unless we gave in they must keep on our trail, and escape was impossible. As we went back, around each of us rode ten armed men.

"The three students were sent in different directions up into the worst of the Arctic wilderness—Yakutsk. Here each slept in a little 'yurt' [mud hut] with wild Mongolians and their cattle, sealed in winter, stifling, lined thick with rotting straw, rags, and animal filth. If the exile walked out to breathe, the watchful natives dragged him back. To such yurts two young girl friends of mine—Rosa Frank and Vera Sheftel, students from the medical college in St.

Petersburg—were sent, each alone, and spent years without a word from civilized people. In such places even men have gone insane. But I leave my story. Of the three students one is dead, another is dying of consumption, and the third escaped, returned to the old struggle in Russia, was caught, and given eight years as a hard-labor convict, and, having again escaped, is to-day renewing the struggle.

"As punishment for my attempt I was sentenced to four years' hard labor in Kara and to forty blows of the lash. Into my cell a physician came to see if I were strong enough to live through the agony. I saw at once that, afraid to flog a woman political without precedent, by this trick of declaring me too sick to be punished they wished to establish the precedent of the sentence, in order that others might be flogged in the future. I insisted that I was strong enough, and that the court had no right to record such a sentence unless they flogged me at once. The sentence was not carried out.

"Back in Kara I rejoiced to meet seventeen women politicals, with whom I lived in four low cells. Here we had books and writing materials, and were quite comfortable, discussing plans for the future struggle.

"A few weeks later eight of the men politicals escaped in pairs, leaving dummies in their places. As the guards never took more than a hasty look into that noisome cell, they did not discover the ruse for weeks. Then mounted Cossacks rode out. The man hunt spread. Some of the fugitives struggled through jungles, over mountains and through swamps a thousand miles to Vladivostok, saw the longed-for American vessels, and there on the docks were recaptured. All were brought back to Kara.

"For this we were all punished. One morning the Cossack guards entered our cells, seized us, tore off our clothes, and dressed us in convict suits alive with vermin. That scene cannot be described. One of us attempted suicide. Taken to an old prison, we were thrown into the 'black holes'—foul little stalls off a low, grimy hall which contained two big stoves and two little windows. Each of us had a stall six feet by five. On winter nights the stall doors were left open for heat, but in summer each was locked at night in her own black hole. For three months we did not use our bunks, but fought with candles and pails of scalding water, until at last the vermin were all killed. We had been put on the 'black hole diet' of black bread and water. For three years we never breathed the outside air. We struggled constantly against the outrages inflicted on us. After one outrage we lay like a row of dead women for nine days without touching food, until certain promises were finally exacted from the warden. This 'hunger strike' was used repeatedly. To thwart it we were often bound hand and foot while Cossacks tried to force food down our throats.

"Kara grew worse after I left. To hint at what happened, I tell briefly the story of my dear friend Maria, a woman of education and deep refinement. Shortly after my going Maria saw Madame Sigida strike an official who had repeatedly insulted the women. Two days later she watched Sigida die, bleeding from the lash; that night she saw three women commit suicide as a protest to the world; she knew that twenty men attempted suicide on the night following, and she determined to double the protest by assassinating the Governor of Trans-Baikal, who had ordered Sigida's flogging. At this time Maria was pregnant. Her prison term over, she left her husband and walked hundreds of miles to the Governor's house and shot him. She spent three months in a cold, dirty 'secret cell,' not long enough to lie down in or high enough to stand up in, wearing the cast-off suit of a convict, sleeping on the bare floor and tormented by vermin; she was then sentenced to be hanged. She hesitated now whether to save the life of her unborn child. She knew that if she revealed her condition her sentence would be changed to imprisonment. She decided to keep silent and sacrifice her child, that when the execution was over and her condition was discovered the effect on Russia might be still greater. Her condition, however, became apparent, and she was started off to the Irkutsk prison. It was midwinter, forty degrees below zero. She walked. She was given no overcoat and no boots, until some common criminals in the column gave her theirs. Her child was born dead in prison, and soon after she too died.

"Meanwhile I had been taken to Selenzensk, a little Buriat hamlet on the frontier of China, where Mr. Kennan met me."

Kennan speaks of her in these words: "Her face bore traces of much suffering, and her thick, dark, wavy hair, cut short in prison at the mines, was streaked here and there with gray. But not hardship nor exile nor penal servitude had been able to break her brave, finely tempered spirit, or to shake her convictions of honor or duty. . . . There was not another educated woman within a hundred miles; she was separated for life from family and friends, and she had, it seemed to me, nothing to look forward to except a few years more or less of hardship and privation, and at last burial in a lonely graveyard beside the Selenga River. . . . The unshaken courage with which this unfortunate woman contemplated her dreary future, and the faith she manifested in the ultimate triumph of liberty in her native country, were as touching as they were heroic. Almost the last words she said to me were: 'Mr. Kennan, we may die in exile, and our children may die in exile, and our children's children may die in exile, but something must come of it at last!'"

"The seven years that followed," she continued, "were the hardest of the twenty-three, for I spoke to but three Russian politicals, who stopped three weeks. In winter—from twenty to fifty below zero—I used to put my chair up on the brick stove and sit with my head close to the thatch." Hence the severe rheumatism that now affects her. "The Government had allowed me six dollars a month. My hut rent was fifty cents, wood a dollar and a half, food four dollars. My friends at home? Yes, they sent money, too, but of course I sent this to my Kara friends. At long intervals one of their many letters reached me—sometimes sewed in the lining of a Buriat cap. I grew almost frantic with loneliness, and to keep my sanity I would run out on the snow shouting passionate orations, or even playing the prima donna and singing grand opera arias to the bleak landscape, which never applauded.

"The seven years over, I was allowed to travel all through Siberia. I lived three years in Irkutsk, the main Siberian city, and many years besides in Tobolsk, Tiumen, and other smaller towns. Here, as my hardships ended, I saw the sufferings of others begin. By the increasing procession from Russia I knew that our work was spreading. With hundreds of comrades, I planned future work. In September, 1896, thoroughly reformed, I secured permission to return to Russia, and three hours later I was on the train.

"Our old 'People's Party' had become the 'Party of the Will of the People' and had died as thousands of its leaders were sent to exile or prison. In 1887 the Social Democratic party was formed, working mainly in the factories and mills. Here they found ready listeners, for the laborers, who had formed unions to mitigate their wretched existence, were often lashed to death. It was against the law to strike. Once when a labor leader had been arrested and a committee from the workers came to the prison to ask his release, they were shot down by the prison officials. Several times men were shot for parading on the first of May. Among the workers the new party gained strength until about 1900. Then all its Jewish members seceded and formed the 'Bund'—which favors immediate revolution. Others too seceded, and its power has slowly declined.

"The Social Revolutionist party, of which I am a member, began only five years ago, but it is now the most promising in the growing struggle for freedom. Like the Social Democrats, we strive for the Socialist commonwealth. But, unlike them, we believe that to secure our freedom the first step is to throw off the System of the Czar. To this standard—Freedom by Revolution—members from all parties rally. The Liberalist Miloshevski served for years on the Board of Aldermen and the Board of Education in his city, striving to lift the people out of the dense ignorance which made them slaves. For years he struggled to make the school education of real value. Constantly thwarted by the Government, as I myself had been, he was at last driven to our party, became a valuable worker, was captured, and is to-night at the silver mines of Nertchinsk, to which the Kara prisoners have been transferred. Through our secret reports we know that Akatooy is far more loathsome. Like Miloshevski, men of middle age, Liberals for twenty years, have seen their newspapers and magazines garbled to death by the censors, their friends exiled without trial, on the most absurd suspicions, and so at last they see that, whatever be their creed, first of all they must sweep away the System.

"To the peasant we teach the old lesson. To reach freedom—first, the land must be owned by the people; second, the System of the Czar must be swept away. There is not a province in Russia where our literature does not go. The underground mails run smoothly now. Scores of presses work ceaselessly in Switzerland, safe from capture. Not to take useless risks, our central committee is scattered all through Russia; it rarely meets, but it constantly plans through cipher letters and directs the local committees, which in turn guide the small local committees, and so down to the little peasant and laborer groups that meet to-night by thousands in huts and city tenements.

"These thousands of groups draw swiftly closer. Proclamations, open letters, and announcements pour through the underground mail. Our leaders constantly travel from group to group. As a leader, my story is typical. When, on reaching Russia eight years ago, I began again to travel, I noticed at once a vast difference. I no longer walked, but had money for the railroads, and so covered ten times the ground; for six years the railway compartment was my home. I had meetings on river boats by night, in city tenement rooms, in peasant huts, and in the forests, but now, unlike the old days, the way had always been prepared by some one before me. I was constantly protected. Once, in Odessa, the police came into the house where I was staying. Their suspicions had been aroused, and they made a search. I at once became an old peasant woman."

In a twinkling she had changed. Her shawl had come up over her head, her hands were clasped in her lap, her head nodded. A bent, decrepit old peasant looked from under the shawl with a vacant grin.

"My ruse succeeded. The next month, far down in the south, I was living as a Frenchwoman. On some rumor the police came along, examining passports in every house on the block. I slipped out while they searched the next house, and entered it just as they came to the house where I had stayed. Again, only eighteen months ago, I was in Kief with a young girl of seventeen, an active worker, who had been suspected and was under police surveillance. We slept together in her tiny tenement room. I had been there a week when the spies watching her window observed me with her. The next night suddenly a gendarme knocked and said, 'There is some one sleeping with you; why have you not reported to the police?' Fortunately, I was out at the time. She, being so young, was very frightened, but managed to reply, 'Only my grandmother, who has come to see me.' The moment he had gone she slipped out into the rain and found me at a secret meeting. There they dressed me in silks as a grand lady, and I drove to the railway station in style. I doubt if the police can ever arrest me again.

"Besides these constant communications from group to group by leaders and by printed words, we believe at times in demonstrations; for the excitement that comes with the sudden burst of speeches and enthusiasm, the arrests that follow, and the new victims started to Siberia—these help further to rouse the dull peasants.

"Some believe in the effectuality of 'terror.' In 1901 the Fighting League was organized. Its only business is so-called 'terror.' It has few active members, all strictly secret; none of us know their names. A long list of candidates eagerly wait to carry on the work. They have killed a dozen officials in the last three years. De Plehve, when Chief of Police in 1881, started riots against the Jews, and recently as Minister of the Interior he caused the Kishinev massacre, wishing to set the peasants at each other's throats, and so keep them down. For the same purpose he revived the use of the knout to lash men and women. It is men like him who are picked out to be assassinated.

"Few believe in assassination. Revolution by the whole people is our one object, and for this the time is near. The Japanese war has caused the deepest bitterness ever felt in Russia; to the six hundred and sixty-four thousand lives lost in a century of useless wars, now over a hundred thousand will be added; and every hamlet will mourn its dead. Then will our four hundred thousand workers call on the millions around them to rise for freedom. Arms? There are plenty. Why in recent riots have soldiers refused to fire on the crowd? Because all through the army are soldiers and even officers working secretly for the cause. Arms—yes, and brains—for in the universities and in every profession are wise, resolute men to guide the wild passions of revolt. In the zemstvos are hundreds of officials straining to hasten our struggle. So in this last year the movement has suddenly swelled. Already four hundred thousand strong! Day and night they work. In place of sleep and food and drink—the dream of freedom. Freedom to think and speak! Freedom to work! Justice to all! For this cause I shall travel three months in your free country. For this cause I have the honor of making to free Americans our appeal."

The Pot on the Fire

By Edith Rickert

"Author of the Reaper," etc., etc.

IF you have ever been in Bruges, you have doubtless seen the convent of St. Julien. You may have walked down the long passage with its ancient tapestries of Arras; you may have brooded over its hoard of enamel and crystal and gold, of vellum and carved oak and embroidered stuffs; you may have said a prayer at the shrine of that ancient saint incorrupt whose body floated on the sea among roses, and shed light to be a beacon to fishermen until at length it was found and drawn to land, here within to work miracles forever more. All these things you may have seen, and others, but I doubt—I very strongly doubt—whether you have seen there the finest cook in the world; and as it was my good fortune to know her, I will tell you the most strange story of her life as I have pieced it together, partly from her own words and partly from the account of one of the dear Sisters who is my friend.

I first saw Marie Ten Back sitting in the great hall among the lace-makers, whom the nuns foster for sweet St. Julien's sake. There are perhaps a hundred old women in gay knitted shawls and black caps and white, their withered fingers clicking and pointing the bobbins with the speed and skill of lifelong practice, their pale, bleared eyes bent upon the array of brass pins marching across the dark pillow as valenciennes or torchon is evolved. There is little speech among the workers. You may walk all the way down the great hall and hear no sound but the *cluck-y-cluck-y-cluck-y-cluck* of the tiny spindles. Through the glass doors at the far end you may see those that are bedridden with illness or sheer age, among them one that looks older than human creature should ever grow to be, dead you would say, but for the flicker of her eyelids. In a sunny vestibule between the dormitory and the hall of the lacemakers sit the idle few who cannot work; and among these I noted the sturdy figure of Marie. "Ah," says the good Sister, "she will not make lace; she will not do anything but cook," and adds with a sigh: "I suppose she is the finest cook in the world!"

Well, that you would scarcely have

guessed from the look of her. She is strong and stocky, with the powerful knotted hands of one that has done rough work, and a coarse-featured, wrinkled face, with deep-set, quick-glancing, intelligent eyes. I made friends with her and she told me the story of her life.

It seems she was daughter to the burgomaster of an ancient ville. From her account I picture him dimly as a man all beard and chest and gold-headed cane. In the prime of his life he had the honor of reading an address of welcome to the great Napoleon himself, and of being cut short and severely snubbed by the Imperial lips. He never recovered from the effects of that day of glory, and well-nigh made the lives of his fellow-citizens intolerable by his reminiscences of the event—I subjoin this last without the authority of Marie, but I have no doubt that it is true.

In this good man's life were two crosses: one, that until he drew near the confines of age he had no child to inherit after him; the other, that when his long-ailing patrician wife finally allowed him to lay immortelles on her tomb, and to wed the housekeeper whose delicate cooking alone had for some years kept his body and soul together, she produced no more satisfactory heir than Marie. He fairly broke his heart over the matter, and died soon after of an apoplexy, leaving a sufficient and even pleasing fortune to his widow.

With this she purchased a *patisserie* in Bruges and the owner thereof, and moreover laid aside a *dot* for Marie and a surplus sum to be invested in lottery tickets.

I cannot tell you much of Marie's youth; but I know that a toy kitchen was her first treasure, that she had a pot on the fire long before she could toddle, and that the chief accidents of her childhood were a series of distressing burns caused by her early interference in the conduct of the *patisserie*. And I know that while she was growing into womanhood the shop of her parents was spreading its reputation abroad through Bruges. And, again, since fortune follows the lucky, their lottery tickets, purchased unfailingly season after season for twenty-one years, won four several times considerable sums.

The result of all this was that when in the course of time her parents died, Marie awoke one day, as she was adding chicken bones to the *pot au feu*, to the fact that she was sole mistress of the *patisserie* and of a fortune.

Accordingly, she told me she had many suitors, chiefly of the apprentice kind, lively young fellows who longed to set up for themselves in fine pastry with a smooth-haired, red-cheeked girl to sell the same. But her ambition soared above the counter; she wanted scope and the free use of her money in the exercise of her one great talent. She sold the *patisserie* to great advantage, and retired to the country with her money-bags literally piled in the bottom of a donkey-cart.

She chuckled in her old age at the memory of how she had outwitted them all—greedy 'prentices, penniless officers, and the various rag-tag and bobtail that sought to wed the burgomaster's daughter, who owned a pastry-shop and a fortune.

There were rumors enough afloat, and tongues wagged scandalously in Flemish as well as in French: she had eloped with an English *milord;* she was fled to Paris to be a *grande dame;* she was lying murdered for her riches at the bottom of a well. . . . Marie could not remember a quarter of the tales that old Vrouw Smits brought back on market-days to the little farm where the truant hugged herself in joy over her escape, and gave herself unmolested to the delights of cookery.

After all, the plan was childishly simple. Vrouw Smits in her youth had been Marie's *bonne;* in her middle age she was a widow left with a tiny market-garden on the road to Sluys. Every Saturday she drove a donkey-cart into Bruges, supplementing her green stuff with home-made spice-bread. And until Marie fled to her she lived quite alone. What better opportunity and outlet for her abilities could Marie have hoped to find than this?

No seven-league pen could get over the list of delicacies that she conceived and created. She knew no books and few rules; but she had an instinct for the blending of elements, a nice touch for proportion and measure and weight. She all but achieved the impossible in making something out of nothing; that was perhaps her chief pride.

Be it understood that she had no joy in cooking for herself. Nor could she do much for poor old Vrouw Smits, in that, being practically toothless and frail of digestion, the widow subsisted for the most part upon pap and milk sop, broth and coffee.

Lacking an appreciative family, Marie therefore cooked for the public. This does not mean that she sold her goods in open market. Not at all. She knew dimly that such a process would be like casting pearls before swine. No; she was a burgomaster's daughter, and she dispensed her rare dishes in charity.

Now you may well conceive that these donations created some disturbance in the ancient borough of Bruges. Every Saturday morning, wooden-faced Vrouw Smits had, in addition to her ordinary stock in trade, a vast basket of dainties that she found the means to send to some worthy institution (favoring each in turn), without bringing upon herself the gibes and inquisitive questions of the market folk. At close of day she rode again along the Sluys road, her basket full of spices and condiments and strange expensive materials, with now and again a copper saucepan, or a cooking-dish of fine glazed earthenware, or a new-fangled culinary implement. You must never forget, as I was never allowed to do, that Marie's father had been burgomaster.

I began to say that these mysterious gifts caused disturbance; they were at times positively embarrassing. Alas for the old lace-makers of St. Julien! There was an epidemic of indigestion among them the one and only time they were allowed to partake of *pâté de foie gras*. The patients at the hospital of St. Jean suffered perilously the one day that the basket of Vrouw Smits ran the gauntlet of watching doctors. The orphans of St. Sauveur sickened of their daily fare after a banquet of candied figs and chestnut paste. Even the high-minded *Béguines* were corrupted from their ancient simplicity, and warmed-over *entré s* might have been seen upon the tables of their midday meal. As to the outside poor, I cannot attempt to say—nor could Sister, though she shook her head as she alluded to the topic—how much havoc dear innocent Marie wrought among them with her rich and succulent dainties. But I gather that if fate had not intervened, the population of Bruges would have lessened in number, increased in bulk, and developed into a decaying race of gormands.

It is idle now to speculate why Marie was not discovered. Belgians were not enterprising in those days. The laity was content to swallow greedily; the clergy protested now and again, not against quantity, but against exceeding richness of quality. With the armor of a close mouth, Vrouw Smits parried such questions as were asked; and so for more than twenty years Marie continued her good works undiscovered. Her secret charities had become an institution in Bruges, when suddenly one morning she awoke to the fact that she had opened up her last money-bag. She could not in any wise understand how that which had seemed to her endless could so have wasted itself away; but the bare fact overwhelmed her. She did not cook on that day, but sat in the fireless kitchen among her copper and earthenware brooding and wondering, until even stupid old Vrouw Smits had pity of her state, and, although it was not a Saturday, harnessed the ancient donkey to the unsteady cart and drove along the Sluys road to the convent of St. Julien to take counsel with the Mother Superior.

She was awestruck and frightened as she followed the Sister along the tapestried passage to the dim little room where the Mother received her guests. There, when, after long telling of her beads, she was admitted to an interview, she for the first time in twenty years unsealed her lips and told Marie's tale.

I take it that this Mother Superior is not devoid of humor, for when she had heard the whole, she said dryly: "Bring her to us and she shall learn to make lace. For the good of our souls and her own salvation we must not let her cook."

This was well said, good Mother Superior; but when Marie herself jogged along in the donkey-cart, none too willingly coming to the convent of which she had been an unknown benefactress these many years past—when she came thus and, with the full consciousness of the charity she had bestowed, refused to lay finger on a bobbin, what was to do then?

You could not turn out, penniless, shelterless, into the streets, a woman who had so often fed your poor. You could not let her sit idle as a bad example to the others. You could not compel her to make lace when she refused to learn. Ah! one day there came to the Mother a direct inspiration, and she murmured a thankful prayer that her problem was solved.

"Marie," she said, pausing by the burgomaster's daughter, who sat apart from her companions and sulked, "it was the sin of pride that brought you low, but by humility you shall be raised. After to-day you shall cook again. You shall go to the woodshed and boil the turnips and potatoes for the pigs."

Marie but half understood. Small blame to her if she interpreted this speech to mean that one day she might be raised, step by step, until she came to preside over the nuns' kitchen. How far the Mother was moved by moral purpose, how far by a sense of humor, how far by direct inspiration, I am unable to say; but the immediate result was altogether outside the limits of her prophetic powers.

The next morning Marie was taken out into the shed, with its heaps of wood and vegetables, which was to be her new kitchen, and which, together with the hen-house and the pig-sty, lent a familiar domestic air to the convent inclosure.

Picture her thus: an interior by Teniers or Ryckaert, smoky, dark, untidy, and a bent, withered woman in a scant gown of faded butcher's blue, with a little black shawl on her shoulders and a knitted black cap over her ears—a short, clumsy woman shuffling about in her *sabots*, now stooping to blow up a sullen fire, now stirring the untempting mess, her face sharpened, I fear me, with bitterness at her present lot.

But, you will say, she could not always be boiling pottage for the pigs. By no means! Like many another inspiration, the good Mother's idea spread. Marie was set to cook the clothes and the starch of a Monday, to cook the coppers at cleaning time, to cook the glue if by chance it was needed, to cook the paste when the nuns were papering; to cook anything and everything that could not be eaten. It was Nemesis upon her—a brilliant, perhaps a just, Nemesis; but I say it was hard.

A clear, frosty morning in February, when she had been but a few weeks in her new humility, she was coughing in her outhouse, her eyes reddened and watery with smoke, her heart rebelling against the hand that consented to stir pigs' porridge after concocting delicacies for charitable donations—that very morning into her hour of trial came relief through the convent carpenter.

He looked in and saw her stooping over her task, coughing for the reek of the place, and opened acquaintance.

Now you must know that, as the only man allowed on the premises, the carpenter was a peculiar and carefully selected personage. He could not have told you how old he was; nor will I venture to guess, further than that he was safely past his threescore.

He was not, as you might well suppose, a bachelor, a misogynist. On the contrary, he had been much married, having buried his third wife many years before he entered the service of the convent. For the rest, he was lame and sufficiently unprepossessing in appearance and manner to be secure against turning the head of the most romantic novice that ever entered whitewashed cell.

On this February morning he came in to light his pipe and to grumble at the smoke that drifted out upon him as he repaired the old hen-house. Perhaps by virtue of having listened to his complaints, Marie felt free to begin upon hers. He had small sympathy, being a firm and devoted adherent of the Reverend Mother. Moreover, he was skeptical about her prowess. Any woman could cook—his three wives had been marvels in the kitchen. Only—what good was it to him when they all died off, one after the other? But in the end, what did a man want with a cook when he had his own two hands to make gruel and coffee, and when bread and sausage could be bought at the next shop? Trust women for letting their tongues run away with them. His first, now . . .

But Marie sharply bade him be about his work, or he would get more of her tongue.

If only he had omitted his parting jeer about the pigs' messes that she was preparing!

Her hands went as high as her head in angry protest: "Give me but a dish and something to put into it and you should soon see! But as for women's tongues . . ."

The carpenter, whose name was Benoist, baptized how I know not unless it be Gabriel, went away with a sheepish grin and the gleam of a plan in his eye.

On the morrow, about midday, he returned in a new red kerchief, and without a word drew from recesses of his blue smock two eggs, pinches of salt and pepper, a little oil, a bunch of fine herbs, and a tiny frying-pan.

"Now, then," says he in his croaking Flemish, and no more.

"What then?" She was scornful. "Can I cook in such a thing?"

"It was that of my third wife," says he, simply, and pulled at his earring; whereupon she seized it and pushed him away so abruptly that he, having one foot half out of its *sabot*, nearly toppled over.

"And what is it that I can make of nothing?" Her accents were despairing. What herbs he had brought I cannot tell; but it seems that they were all wrong, and that there was no reasonable hope of anything more coming from the concoction than another pigs' mess.

Perhaps the fine irony of the last thought was lost upon Benoist, for he observed, meditatively: "My second knew all that is to be known of omelettes."

Clash went the saucepan on the coals. How Marie managed this particular triumph I do not know; but I have seen her in the divine madness at other times. In the end she set it smoking before Benoist and stood with her arms akimbo, fiercely challenging his approval.

He tasted gingerly, rolled a morsel on his tongue, for it was hot as a red coal, grew ruminative with fixed gaze, and presently, as the omelette cooled, tenderly reminiscent.

"Ah!" he shook his head. "She was a good woman and"—he finished the dish—"a good cook."

"Do you pretend to me, maker-of-hen-houses—me, daughter of a burgomaster—?"

"Madame"—he bowed as he had seen the gentry do—"I do you homage. In omelettes I am willing to say you are a woman of mark."

Marie threw out tragic hands: "But, in the name of God, what is it that I cannot make? Bring me and you shall see."

From that day forth Benoist had a hot midday meal instead of cold sausage or cheese; and the pigs squealed fifteen minutes, sometimes half an hour, before the mess of turnips appeared.

No one can doubt that it was wicked—very wicked. Even if it may not be classed strictly among the mortal sins, it was one that cried aloud for confession and penance. There were three distinct grounds on which the cook should have been stung by remorse: she was deceiving the Mother and the Sisters; she was awakening in the abstemious Benoist, long inured to gruel and cold sausage, a new love for flesh-pots; she was sadly neglecting the pigs.

It was wicked, Marie knew very well. Confession bubbled to her lips, but she hardened her heart and refrained. And all the while that the vernal sun was turning to the earth and sweetening the grasses, the carpenter puttered at the old hen-house and various odd jobs about the buildings, his heart warmed and lightened by Marie's skill; and she stole away to the secret bliss of her cookery and purchased her happiness with the pigs' discomfort.

But no happiness is static in this pendent world, least of all that which is plucked slyly aside from the path of duty. There came a day when the Reverend Mother, looking from her window, observed that the hen-house progressed but slowly; also that at the moment of her gazing no Benoist was visible. She leaned out into the sunshine, the better to search the garden, and a strange savory smell was insinuated into her nostrils. The Mother Superior sniffed critically, being a bit of a cook and more of a connoisseur. Besides, she knew what was for dinner; and, further, the kitchen was not near enough to her window to have caused such a distinct olfactory disturbance and a resultant watering of the mouth.

You ask me why she had never noticed it before? My own theory is that this was the first day on which she had opened her windows to the spring.

She smelled a while, then pondered, then descended as swiftly and silently and blackly as a tropic night.

Benoist saw her coming down the passage and felt himself trapped. Escape being out of the question, his first thought was to save as much of the situation—that is, of the dish before him—as he could, and do the penance afterwards; therefore he—gobbled. Marie, absently poking the bubbling turnips, had no eyes for the portly figure in the doorway.

"Benoist!"

He grew purple choking over the last morsel, then heaved a sigh of satisfaction. He had won the race.

"Reverend Mother!"

"What are you doing?"

"Eating my dinner, Mother."

"And where did you get your dinner?"

He shrugged and glanced at Marie.

"I see. You have been deceiving me. You hungered, Benoist, after the flesh-pots of Egypt, and you—Marie—shame! Go in now. I will never trust you to feed the pigs again."

Marie had turned to obey, outwardly meek, when there came an amazing development in the form of the voice of Benoist, commanding her to stop.

The Reverend Mother stared, growing purple.

"She is to come home with me," mumbled the carpenter.

"My good man"—the Mother was quite breathless.

"Because she shall be my wife."

It was Marie's turn to gasp and cross herself. This was the first she had heard of such a matter. Benoist, the invincible Benoist, hard-won to acknowledge the merits of her cookery—had he indeed resolved to make her his fourth?

"Marie, what have you to say to this?" demanded the Mother, reproachfully.

Marie shook her head, because she could not find any words at all.

"It's not, you see, Mother, as if she was one of the Sisters . . ."

"Benoist!" gasped the Mother.

"Yes, yes, Reverend Mother. I say it is not so. Besides, we are old enough. I will buy her food and she shall cook for me. A good bargain—not? And then you will have so much room for another, you see."

The Mother perceived clearly that there was sense in his words, and, with a little gesture of washing her hands, left them to their fate.

Marie was still awe-struck, and would have run after to implore pardon; but Benoist jerked her roughly to the right about and pulled her arm through his.

"Come," says he.

"And where?"

"To the notary."

As in a dream, she went.

But do you think that this is the end of her story? By no means! Her little day of bliss was tempered with remorse; for so thoroughly did the gormand tastes of Benoist return under her skillful care that they imperiled his old age, and, after some ten years or so, made an end of him altogether.

And when Marie had buried him safely, what was there for her to do but to sell out her few sticks and go back to her old prison?

The Mother Superior was older by this time and perhaps wiser. She looked at the refugee kindly but sadly.

"So, Marie, you are come back to us once more? But I said I would never let you feed the pigs again, and lace you will not learn, and there must be no idlers here, so what can I do with you?"

"It is not for me to choose, Reverend Mother. I have lived my life and I am old now. I will do what you wish. I will scrub the floors, or wash the cups, or I will learn the lace."

"I suppose it is true," mused the

Mother, with her hands in her lap, "as they all tell me, that you are the greatest cook in Bruges."

"I do not know, Mother. I always pleased Benoist. He admitted—in the end—that I stood to his third wife as the belfry over the city . . ."

"And if of Bruges, then of the world," said the Mother, firmly. "It is a pity not to use your talents. In moderation, Marie, there is no harm. Coffee, now, and gruel for the old women—you might try. The Sisters, no; but the lace-makers, yes. You shall go into the breakfast kitchen and you shall boil the eggs, the potatoes, and all; and give thanks to God that He has restored you to your former use."

She was thankful—is thankful—to be harbored safe as last among copper saucepans, with the steamy smells of the caldrons in her nose and the cheerful sound of coffee-grinding in her ears.

Inch by inch she has fought to enlarge this kingdom of hers, until now it is within an ace of including the province of bread-making. That won, she will have but one hope to live for: that some day she may graciously be allowed to preside over the nuns' own kitchen. I do not myself think there is much chance of this, unless she outlives the present Mother Superior and the next proves a dame less careful in sweeping the Sisters' path clear of every cobweb of temptation. But whether she attains her desire or not, she lives now in dreams of that far, good time, forgetful of her fame, ignorant of the curiosity of her own life, growing old serenely, glad of heart in that God has granted her in this world her place by the pot on the fire.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

Air de Ballet. By A. Hervey. Clayton F. Summy Co., Chicago. 75c.

Americans (The). By Hugo Münsterberg. Translated by Edwin B. Holt, Ph.D. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. 6×9¼ in. 619 pages. $2.50, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Buccaneers (The). By Henry M. Hyde. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 4½×7¾ in. 236 pages. $1.20, net.

A strenuous story of a business battle between a masterful individual manufacturer and a would-be trust. There is vigor and go in the novel, which is a rather unusually good specimen of its class.

Cabbages and Kings. By O. Henry. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 344 pages. $1.50.

Pure burlesque, but lively, ingenious, and slangily humorous. South American intrigue, Yankee resource, the colossal impudence of the American "fakir," and the romance of unusual love complications, are all worked together into a semi-connected story, parts of which have already been used as magazine tales.

Calendar of Omar Khayyam: Being Excerpts from the Quatrains of the Poet of Naishapur as Translated by Edward Fitzgerald. Now set to Pictures by Blanche McManus. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 4½×11½ in. 28 pages. $1.

A long, effectively made calendar for the year, a special feature of which is the presentation of selections from the Rubáiyát, with illustrations which are intended to be Oriental but are rarely successful.

Defective Santa Claus (A). By James Whitcomb Riley. Illustrated. The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, Ind. 5×8 in. 81 pages. $1, net.

A jolly Christmas poem with equally jolly pictures.

Educational Broth. By Frederic Allison Tupper. C. W. Bardeen, Syracuse, New York. 5×7¾ in. 211 pages.

Emanuel Burden. By Hilaire Belloc. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×8 in. 312 pages. $1.50.

A brilliantly written satire dealing with the speculative methods fostered, or at least made possible, by the modern Imperialistic movement in England; presenting a contrast between solid old English methods and the "booming" methods of the later day. Mr. Belloc treats his subject with the greatest gravity, and no small part of the humor of his satire lies in its travesty of many contemporary biographies, in which the value of small incidents is greatly exaggerated, uninteresting details of family life are furnished, and insignificant pedigrees traced back as if they led to royal sources. An Englishman would appreciate the satire much more than an American, because of more intimate knowledge of the conditions with which it deals; but the story is sufficiently distinct in its satirical outlines to make the purpose of the author clear to an

American reader and to give the story, for an American, interest.

English Church History. Four Lectures by the Rev. Alfred Plummer, M.A., D.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×8 in. 179 pages. $1, net.

Faiths and Folklore: A Dictionary of National Beliefs, Superstitions, and Popular Customs, Past and Current, with their Classical and Foreign Analogues Described and Illustrated. By W. Carew Hazlitt. In 2 vols. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 6¼×9 in. $6, net.

This is really a new edition of Brand and Ellis's "Popular Antiquities of Great Britain," but it is now for the first time alphabetically arranged—an immense improvement—and has also been enlarged and improved. The title, as given above, sufficiently indicates the classes of topics treated. The work is a rarely quaint storehouse of legend, allusion, antiquarian information, and bygone usages.

Four Little Pieces for the Piano. By Caroline Kohlsaal. (40c.) Clayton F. Summy Co., Chicago.

Heath's Memoirs of the American War: *Reprinted from the Original Edition of 1798.* Introduction and Notes by Rufus Rockwell Wilson. The A. Wessels Co., New York. 5½×8¼ in. 435 pages. $2.50, net.

This is the third and decidedly the most important of the "Source Books of American History" thus far issued under the direction of Rufus Rockwell Wilson. General Heath's memoirs, which were originally published in 1798, and, so far as we are aware, have hitherto been reprinted only in a limited edition, are of direct value to the student of the War of the Revolution, constituting a first-hand account of many of the operations connected therewith, and assisting to an appreciation of the men and conditions of the period. The author served as a Major-General in the American army throughout the long conflict, his military activity dating from the battle of Concord, where he took part in the harrying of the retreating British, and terminating only with the dissolution of the army in 1783. Mr. Wilson gathers from the pages of his journal that he was "a soldier better fitted for muster service and barrack duty than for active command in the field," but this estimate hardly conveys a fair idea of the brave and patriotic New England officer. It is true that as the result of a futile demonstration against New York in 1777 he was temporarily removed from field service, yet we find him two years later in command of the troops on the Hudson, and afterward employed to hold Clinton in check while Washington hurried his forces to Yorktown, a commission the commander-in-chief would scarcely have intrusted to one fit only for "muster service and barrack duty." Whatever success attended his efforts, General Heath appears to have been diligent in performance, not without resource, sympathetic, and observant. His journal mirrors with commendable fidelity the gloom as well as the grandeur of the struggle, the sufferings from disease, famine, and exposure, the discontent expressed in open mutiny, the patriotism that bore all uncomplainingly, treacherous actions side by side with heroic deeds. In its present form it should command a wide audience, its value to the modern student being increased by the intelligent annotations of its present editor.

Hermann und Dorothea. By Goethe. Edited by Philip Schuyler Allen. Ginn & Co., Boston. 4½×6¾ in. 257 pages. 60c. (Postage, 5c.)

India. By Colonel Sir Thomas Hungerford Holdich, K.C.M.G., K.C.I.E., C.B., R.E. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 6×9½ in. 375 pages. $2.50, net.

The author does wisely to avoid statistics and details in describing the geographical configurations of India. After a survey of Early India, he proceeds to a study of the geography of the frontiers bordering Baluchistan and Afghanistan; he describes Kashmir, the Himalayas, and the Peninsula, then Assam, Burma, and Ceylon. He tells us about the people, the political geography, the agriculture, revenues, railways, minerals, and climate, and he puts India before us as we will not find it elsewhere. The work is amply indexed, and is provided with a wealth of maps and diagrams which have the authority of the Survey of India to support them. Sir Thomas Holdich was formerly the Superintendent of that Survey. His volume has the ring of authority on every page. It is equally valuable for steady reading or as a book of reference.

Instructive Pieces for the Piano. By Hubbard William Harris. **Caprice** (40c.), **Elves' Frolic** (40c.). Clayton F. Summy Co., Chicago, Ill.

Judith of Bethulia. By Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 98 pages. $1, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Mediæval Art: From the Peace of the Church to the Eve of the Renaissance, 312-1350. By W. R. Lethaby. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5½×8 in. 315 pages. $2, net.

The title of this book seems a misnomer. While architecture was emphatically the art of mediæval times, yet "art" comprised also other departments, to which Mr. Lethaby pays little attention. His survey begins with "the peace of the Church" in 312, and continues to 1350, a date which marked the decline of "Frenchness" in Gothic architecture. He has much to tell us about the ages of Constantine and Justinian, of Byzantine, Romanesque, and Gothic art. He journeys with us to Constantinople, through Italy, France, Germany, England, Belgium, Spain, and Switzerland. His book is crowded with illustrations, yet there is not one too many. He shows us, what cannot be too often emphasized, that unity in diversity may be found throughout the thousand years of mediæval art, which thus really form an entirely organic period.

Myself, Duty, and Destiny, by the Great Teachers of Mankind. Lafayette Charles Loomis. The Loomis Fund, Washington, D. C. 5½×9 in. 119 pages.

Narratives of the Career of Hernando de Soto in the Conquest of Florida (1530–1542) as Told by a Gentleman of Elvas, by Luya Hernandez de Biedma, and by Rodrigo Ranjel. Edited by Edward Gaylord Bourne. In 2 vols. Illustrated. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. 4¼×7 in. $2, net.

The three most important contemporary narratives relating to the expedition of De Soto have been edited and translated by Professor E. G. Bourne, of Yale, in order to place them within the reach of every one interested in the early history of our country. The classical history of the Gentleman of Elvas, and the Relation of the Conquest of Florida by De Biedma, have been supplemented for the first time by Professor Bourne's translation of the minutely detailed journal of Ranjel, De Soto's secretary. The first two are in the translation of Buckingham Smith. Although Hakluyt had made a translation of the Gentleman of Elvas, a more modern rendering was thought better for the purpose. The volumes will be regarded as a valuable and convenient addition to both history and literature.

Nibelungen (The): Translated into Rhymed English Verse by George Henry Needler. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 349 pages. $1.75, net.

A version in English in which the original meters are preserved; carefully and faithfully done; with two elaborate introductions covering the Saga, its history, development, and various forms; and the later Lied, its history, development, various forms, and the editions through which it has passed; a very satisfactory piece of work.

On Holy Scripture and Criticism: Addresses and Sermons. By Herbert Edward Ryle, D.D. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 190 pages. $1.25.

Addresses on the Bible delivered on various occasions make up the contents of this volume. The Bishop of Winchester believes that the modern, scientific study of the Bible, so far from injuring the Bible, will increase its value by making the truth more accessible. Nothing of the polemical is discernible in what he writes. None of these lectures pretends to contribute new knowledge on the subject of Biblical Criticism; but all of them undertake to lead people to see that reverence for the Christian Scriptures is compatible with the spirit that welcomes the most painstaking scrutiny of their origin and nature.

Pebbles and Pearls: A Collection of Poems in Patches. By Cleland Kernestaffe. The Broadway Publishing Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 198 pages.

Rebels of the New South. By Walter Marion Raymond. Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago. 5¼×8 in. 294 pages. $1.

Thomas Gainsborough, R.A. By A. E. Fletcher. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 234 pages. $1.25, net.

Mr. Fletcher's is the latest of the rapidly increasing number of Gainsborough biographies. His is a good biography, but not a remarkable book of criticism. For that one will seek Sir Walter Armstrong's book; not that entire satisfaction is to had from it either. If, in the present volume, we are not taught much as to Gainsborough's technique, we do gain a good picture of Gainsborough's age and of its degradation in taste; of Gainsborough's family; of the famous Bath period (the turning point in the painter's career); of Gainsborough's landscape work and its relations to Constable's; of the London life, the King's favor, the Acadamy, and, finally, the noble passing. Of the great triumvirate of English portrait painters—Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Romney—working at the same time, Gainsborough was not only the most brilliant artist in, but was also the founder of, the English landscape school.

Tragedie of Julius Cæsar (The). By William Shakespeare. (First Folio Edition.) Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 50c., net.

Travels of Marco Polo (The), the Venetian. The Translation of Marsden, Revised by Thomas Wright, F.S.A. (The Caxton Thin Paper Classics.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 4×6½ in. 461 pages. $1.25, net.

A recent addition to the Caxton Classics, bound in flexible leather, artistically printed, and a delight to the eye. The Travels are presented with a revision of Marsden's and Wright's notes; and a series of maps, a list of some contemporaneous events, and a complete index have been added.

Verrocchio. By Maud Cruttwell. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5½×8 in. 264 pages. $2, net.

To her biographies of Mantegna and the Robbias our author now presents one of Verrocchio, perhaps the least known and appreciated of fifteenth-century masters. Inferior to Donatello and Leonardo in imagination, he was inferior to none in mere technical ability. The great statue of the Colleoni is not only Verrocchio's masterwork, but one of the half-dozen greatest equestrian pieces of all time. It is the embodiment of superb virile power; it is certainly not the work of "un esprit limité et un caractère bourgeois," as Müntz once called Verrocchio. That his contemporaries realized Verrocchio's worth, if some moderns do not, is evident from the fact that no one save Donatello exercised such a powerful and prolonged influence on Florentine art. But even the contemporaries were more affected by Verrocchio's particular innovations than by his general aim. The biographer brings out these distinctions with much clearness. She leaves us with an impression not to be gained by other reading of the exaltation of the Verrocchio ideal. Only by his thorough knowledge of anatomy and of technique could the artist portray, whether by chisel or brush, the human form in its full strength and beauty, the freedom of its movement and the subtle expression of its emotion. The biographer and critic renders an equally important service in discriminating between Verrocchio's own work and those far feebler achievements of his followers sometimes attributed to him.